

SAINT GEORGE



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THE FIRST PART OF A NEW VOLUME.

SAINT GEORGE

SAINT GEORGE WAS FOUNDED IN 1898 AS THE JOURNAL OF THE RUSKIN SOCIETY OF BIRMINGHAM; IN 1901 THE JOURNAL OF THE RUSKIN UNION, LONDON, WAS INCORPORATED WITH IT, AND IT NOW APPEARS AS THE AMALGAMATED JOURNAL OF THESE SOCIETIES, AND AS A NATIONAL REVIEW DEALING WITH LITERATURE, ART AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS IN A BROAD AND PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT.

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THE CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER INCLUDE THE FOLLOWING :

JOHN RUSKIN. By the Right Hon. Lord Avebury.

THE ARTIST'S LIFE. By John Oliver Hobbes.

UNE VISION. Par F. Verdier.

THE QUEEN OF THE AIR. By R. Warwick Bond, M.A.

SOME NOTES ON IMPERIALISM. By Henry Wilson.

REVIEWS.

AUTOTYPE FRONTISPIECE: JOHN RUSKIN.

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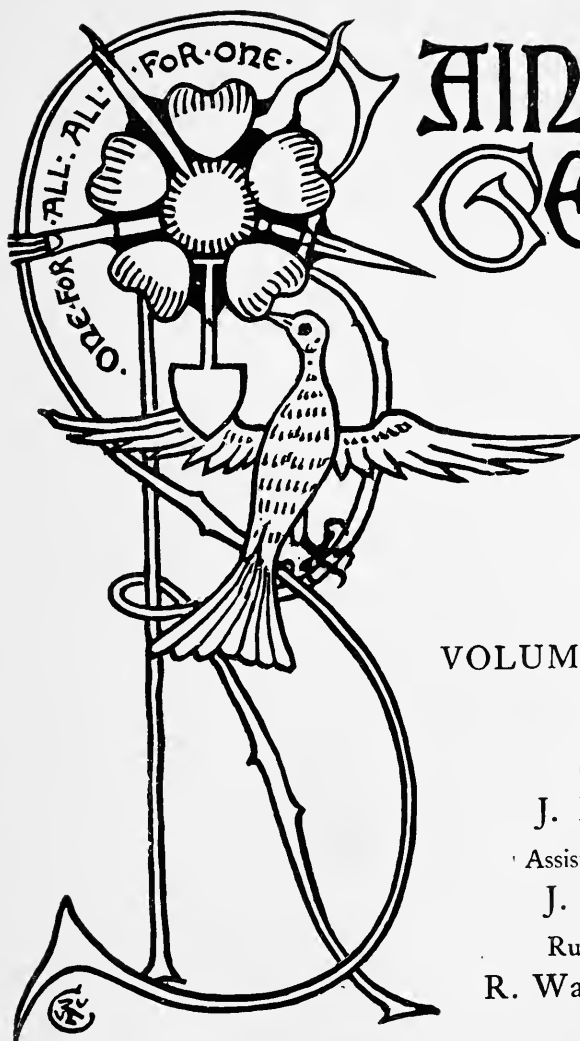
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JOHN RUSKIN

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Autotype : John Ruskin. From the medallion portrait by Onslow Ford, R.A., in Westminster Abbey.

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No. 21. Vol. VI.

January, 1903.

JOHN RUSKIN.*

By the Right Hon. Lord Avebury, P.C., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D.

 ACCEPTED with pleasure the honour of the Presidency which you have been good enough to confer on me for several reasons, but especially because I was glad of the opportunity of expressing my admiration and affection for the great man in whose honour your association has been founded.

He was a friend for a great many years past; I am an intense admirer of his writings, especially of his great power of word painting—for he was as great an artist with the pen as with the pencil. I was warmly attached to him personally. His opinions were not always mine, but I think we agreed more often than not, and our differences never in any way formed a cloud or a shadow between us.

I remember, for instance, receiving a great shock when, some years ago, having ventured to draw up a list of a hundred books which I thought everyone might read with advantage, I suddenly found two nights afterwards, in the *Pall Mall*, a criticism by Mr. Ruskin, condemning what he called “the rubbish and poison” I recommended. But I confess to being somewhat relieved when, on looking through the books which he had struck out of my list, I found they included, amongst others, Marcus Aurelius, Aristotle,

* Being the Presidential Address delivered to the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, 21st Oct., 1902.

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Confucius, Thomas A Kempis, Kingsley, Thackeray, Macaulay, and Emerson, so that I hope I had not done so much harm after all.

Another subject on which we entirely differed was on the relations of insects to flowers. Once when he was with us on a visit I endeavoured to convince him on the point, but only succeeded in making him rather unhappy and left him entirely unconverted. Some time afterwards, however, in his volume of letters published as "*Hortus Inclusus*," I was very much interested and rather pleased to find the following account of that discussion. "I have been made so miserable by Sir John Lubbock's views on flowers and insects, that I must come and whine with you. He says, and really as if he knew it, that insects, chiefly bees, entirely originate flowers; that all scent, colour, pretty form, is owing to bees; that flowers which insects do not care for have no scent, colour, nor honey. It seems to me, that it is likelier that the flowers which have no scent, colour, nor honey, don't get any attention from the bees. But the man really knows so much about it, and has tried so many pretty experiments, that he makes me miserable." I am very sorry that I made him miserable, but do not quite understand why he was so.

During the siege of Paris, as Ruskin mentions in *Fors Clavigera*, Cardinal Manning, Prof. Huxley, Mr. Knowles, Ruskin and I formed ourselves into a committee and prepared to send relief into the great city. When it seemed that the proper moment had arrived we approached the then Lord Mayor, and a representative committee was formed, under whose auspices large supplies were eventually forwarded.

Nor can I ever forget a memorable day spent with him many years ago at Avebury. He was not prepared for the wonder and interest of that classical spot, not having any idea that we possessed in this country so marvellous a monument, and his wonder and enthusiasm were delightful!

But I must not allow myself to wander further into personal reminiscences.

Ruskin's childhood does not seem to have been happy. It is true that his father and mother were most worthy people, and kind to him in their way, but they do not seem to have realised that children cannot be really happy unless love is shown as well as felt. My parents were, he says, "visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and the moon; only I should have been annoyed and puzzled if either of them had gone out (how much, now, when both are darkened!)—still less did I love God; not that I had any quarrel with Him, or fear of Him; but simply found what people told me was His service, disagreeable; and what people told me was His book, not entertaining."* "I had nothing animate to care for, in a childish way, but myself, some nests of ants, which the gardener would never leave undisturbed for me, and a sociable bird or two; though I never had the sense of perseverance to make one really tame."†

Nor does he appear to think that his health was very wisely watched. As he pathetically observes—"And if only then my father and mother had seen the real strengths and weaknesses of their little John;—if they had given me but a shaggy scrap of a Welsh pony, and left me in charge of a good Welsh guide, and of his wife, if I needed any coddling, they would have made a man of me there and then, and afterwards the comfort of their hearts, and probably the first geologist of my time in Europe."‡

Considering, however, how delicate he was, it is quite possible that his father and mother were right.

Nor did he get that knowledge of himself which boys acquire from one another, and which is one of the most valuable elements of a public school education. He was thrown back upon himself, without finding his own level, and, being clever, well-meaning, and with great powers of expression, he gradually developed the conviction, as he himself tells us, that he had "an instinct of impartial

* *Fors*, vol. v., p. 166.

† *Fors*, vol. v., p. 160.

‡ *Præterita*, vol. i., p. 157.

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and reverent judgment, which fits me for the final work, to which if to anything, I am appointed."

This judgment,—it is fair to admit, this "impartial and reverent," but somewhat stern and severe judgment, he exercises throughout his writings, with unswerving confidence; and as Mr. F. Harrison tells us in his admirable life of Ruskin, in the full persuasion that he was always right and "everybody else was always wrong."

Though much interested in natural history he had no great opinion of naturalists. "The only piece of natural history," he says, "worth the name in the English language, that I know of, is in the few lines of Milton on the Creation. The only example of a proper manner of contribution to natural history is in White's letters from Selborne."

In the seventh volume of *Fors*, p. 91, he quotes with approval a letter of Carlyle's, in which he says with contemptuous superiority, "a good sort of man is this Darwin, and well meaning, but with very little intellect." Neither Carlyle, however, or Ruskin, seem to have ever rightly grasped the theory of Evolution. He says, for instance, "We might safely, even sufficiently, represent the general manner of conclusion in the Darwinian system by the statement that if you fasten a hair-brush to a mill-wheel, with the handle forward, so as to develop itself into a neck by moving always in the same direction, and within continual hearing of a steam-whistle, after a certain number of revolutions the hair-brush will fall in love with the whistle, they will marry, lay an egg, and the produce will be a nightingale."* This is an amusing skit, but Mr. Darwin would, I need not say, have been much astonished to find himself credited with such a theory.

Again, though he has criticised Botanists with some severity, he admits that "I haven't the least idea, for instance, myself, what an Oak blossom is like."†

* *Love's Meinie*, p. 30.

† *Proserpina*, p. 75.

On Political Economy he was especially severe. "I have told you, elsewhere, we are always first to study national character in the highest and purest examples. But if our knowledge is to be complete, we have to study also the special diseases of national character. And in exact opposition to the most solemn virtue of Scotland, the domestic truth and tenderness breathed in all Scottish song, you have this special disease and mortal cancer, this woody-fibriness, literally, of temper and thought: the consummation of which into pure lignite, or rather black Devil's charcoal—the sap of the birks of Aberfeldy become cinder, and the blessed juices of them, deadly gas—you may know in its pure blackness best in the work of the greatest of these ground-growing Scotchmen, Adam Smith."*

He would have entirely sympathised with Mr. Gladstone in the attempt to banish Political Economy to Jupiter and Saturn—a policy the results of which in Ireland have not yet been crowned with much success.

Turning from Science to Commerce he instructs his pupils that "Capitalists are many of them rogues, and most of them stupid persons, who have no idea of any object of human existence other than money-making, gambling, and Champagne-bibbing."†

He is especially severe on what he calls "usury," by which he means not unduly high interest, but any interest at all. It is no question of degree, "the first farthing they take more than their hundred, be it sooner or later, is usury."‡

Commerce, moreover, is robbery and fraud. "Our merchants say openly that no man can become rich by honest dealing."§

You who belong to a prosperous and energetic business community will, I am sure, agree with me that our merchants would say nothing of the kind.

* *Proserpina*, p. 138.

† *Forst*, vol. vi, p. 205.

‡ *Forst*, vol. 6, p. 247.

§ *Forst*, vol. 7, p. 5.

Speaking of his own father, Ruskin in his touching epitaph says "He was an entirely honest merchant, and his memory is to all who keep it, dear and hopeful." He would have been juster to English men of business and, I am convinced, nearer to the truth, if he had been guided in his judgment more by his memory of his father and less by the melancholy, but happily exceptional, literature of the Bankruptcy Courts.

He pours scorn on the maxim, that you should sell in the dearest, and buy in the cheapest, market; not realising that by doing so you sell to those most in need of your goods, and buy from those most in need of your money.

Ruskin seems to have been under the not uncommon impression that in business if one man makes a profit, another must make a loss: that if one man lends money and is the richer for receiving interest, the borrower must be impoverished by paying it.

You will, however, I think, agree with me that no business can be permanent which is not advantageous to both buyer and seller.

Some men, no doubt, have enriched themselves, temporarily, by speculation or unfair dealing, but such persons almost always overreach, and, finally, ruin themselves, and, I believe it to be very rare for anyone to make a fortune for life except by fair and honest dealings.

Of railways he makes short work. I should like, he says, "to destroy most of the railroads in England, and all the railroads in Wales."*

But Railway Directors must not complain. They are, if not in good, at any rate they form part of a large company. Others are quite as severely, if not more severely, handled.

"Have the Arkwrights," he asks, "and the Stephensons then done nothing but harm? Nothing; but the root of all the mischief is not in Arkwrights or Stephensons; nor in rogues or mechanics. The great root of it is the crime of the squire."†

* *Fors*, vol. i., p. 5.

† *Fors*, vol. iv., p. 173.

"The action of the squire for the last fifty years has been, broadly, to take the food from the ground of his estate, and carry it to London."* . . . This is all the worse, because "all the land in England was first taken by force, and is now kept by force."†

"Modern education," he tells us, "for the most part signifies giving people the faculty of thinking wrong on every conceivable subject of importance to them." Sir Walter Scott, he tells us, "had the blessing of a totally neglected education."‡

"There is, indeed," he admits, "much difference in this respect between the tendencies of different branches of knowledge; it being a sure rule that exactly in proportion as they are inferior, nugatory, or limited in scope, their power of feeding pride is greater. Thus philology, logic, rhetoric, and the other sciences of the schools, being for the most part ridiculous and trifling, have so pestilent an effect upon those who are devoted to them, that their students cannot conceive of any other sciences than these, but fancy that all education ends in the knowledge of words: but the true and great sciences, more especially natural history, make men gentle and modest in proportion to the largeness of their apprehension and just perception of the infiniteness of the things they can never know."§

Political Economists are classed with the Press, and, he says, "the lies which, under the title of 'Political Economy,' have been taught by the ill educated, and mostly dishonest commercial men who at present govern the press of the country," while literary men, he affirms, "say anything they can get paid to say."||

The Clergy are, perhaps, most severely handled of all. They "preach as hirelings,"¶ and, what is worse, "as a body, teach a

* *Fors*, vol. vii., p. 5.

† *Fors*, vol. vii., p. 5.

‡ *S. and L.*, p. 32.

§ *Stones of Venice*, p. 59.

|| *Loc. Cit.*, p. 205.

¶ *Fors*, v., p. 183.

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false gospel for hire." He does not make sufficient allowance for the difficulties inherited by the present generation from their ancestors having endeavoured to reconcile the two Testaments—Judaism and Christianity.

Some of the difficulties indeed are inherent in language. Ruskin is not himself always consistent with himself.

Anyone who took all Ruskin's sayings literally would soon become a puzzled, saddened, and suspicious man. But it would not be reasonable to do so. I sometimes think that every sect in Christendom could prove their tenets out of the Bible if you omit to consider other passages. But the text must be taken with the context, the spirit is more important than the letter.

In Ruskin's writings the expressions are sometimes extravagant, the facts incorrect, the opinions contradictory; but the spirit is always true and noble: his counsels, as Mr. Collingwood says, were Counsels of Perfection; his warnings are in many cases just, and the more we take them to heart the better for us.

Moreover, against these severe and even harsh judgments may be set many other genial and generous passages. For instance. He protests nobly against the neglect and even cruelty with which scientific men were treated during the dark ages.

"The man who discovered the telescope, and first saw Heaven, was paid with a dungeon; the man who invented the microscope, and first saw Earth, died of starvation, driven from his home."

In one or two places he speaks somewhat severely of Professor Tyndall. These I will not quote, but elsewhere the writer says: "Let me, in thanking Professor Tyndall for the true wonder of this piece of work, ask his pardon, and that of all masters in physical science, for any words of mine, either in the following pages or elsewhere, that may ever seem to fail in the respect due to their great powers of thought."*

Speaking in one place of capitalists, he says, "Employers! It is a noble title. If, indeed, they have found you idle, and given

* *Queen of the Air*, vii., Preface.

you employment, wisely,—let us no more call them ‘Men’ of Business: quite the best sort of Guardian Angel.”*

Again, he qualifies his previous statements as regards usury and rent, by saying, “All rent is usury, but it may often be right and wise to receive rent, and so long as our National Debt exists it is well that the good Saint (St. George) should buy as much stock of it as he can.”† None of us can do more!

As regards usury, and the evil done by bankers, I was amused to find that he was himself the fortunate possessor of some thousands of pounds of Bank of England stock; so that I was able to claim him as a brother banker after all. He has, however, justified his position by saying: “I hold bank stock and I take the interest of it, because, though taking interest is in the abstract as wrong as war, the entire fabric of society is at present so connected with both usury and war, that it is not possible violently to withdraw, nor wisely to set an example of withdrawing, from either evil.”

His position, indeed, is not, it seems to me, quite logical. He says: “All interest is usury; but there is a vital difference between exacting the interest of an already contracted debt, and taking part in a business which consists in enabling new ones to be contracted. As a banker, I derange and corrupt the whole system of the commerce of the country; but as a stock-holder I merely buy the right to tax it annually—which, under present circumstances, I am entirely content to do.”‡

So that a private banker who works for his living is, in his view, “deranging and corrupting the whole system of commerce of the country,” while the shareholder who sits at home and takes his dividends is open to no such criticism.

His dicta about land, however, are perhaps those which are most likely to be taken literally and seriously. By far the largest

* *Fors*, i., p. 5.

† *Fors*, vii., p. 239.

‡ *Fors*, vii., p. 236.

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part of the land of England has been bought by the present owners and their ancestors. Their right to it is as good as any one's right to any other property. Ruskin himself says: "The true answer, in this matter, as in all others, is the best. Some land has been bought; some, won by cultivation, but the greater part, in Europe, seized: originally by force of hand. You may think, in that case, you would be justified in trying to seize some yourselves, in the same way. If you could, you, and your children, would only hold it by the same title as its present holders. If it is a bad one, you had better not so hold it; if a good one, you had better let the present holders alone."*

In this answer I do not think he sufficiently dwells on the very large amount which the present owners hold by right of purchase.

He himself is one of the number. He bought his beautiful place at Brantwood, and the property in Marylebone, so admirably managed by Miss Hill.

Moreover, his ideal body, the St. George's Guild, were to hold land, which was to be let on lease and the tenantry were to have no voice whatever "as to the use made of the rent."†

Ruskin, it is hardly necessary to say, was a strong advocate of freedom, or perhaps I should rather say, of deserving freedom. "Indeed, the first point we have all to determine is not how free we are, but what kind of creatures we are. It is of small importance to any of us whether we get liberty; but of the greatest that we deserve it. Whether we can win it, fate must determine; but that we will be worthy of it, we may ourselves determine; and the sorrowfullest fate of all that we can suffer, is to have it, without deserving it."‡

He did not, however, realise that this was incompatible with much Government interference.

Moreover, his ideal of Government is that "the first duty of

* *Forst.*, i., p. 4.

† *Forst.*, v., p. 277.

‡ *The Queen of the Air*, p. 181.

Government is to see that the people have food, fuel, and clothes,"* but a previous duty is to "see that every man has done his day's work before he gets his dinner"!† "And it is the duty of magistrates, and other persons in authority, but especially of all bishops, to know thoroughly the numbers, means of subsistence, and modes of life of the poorest persons in the community, and to be sure that they at least are virtuous and comfortable."‡

In that case the number of magistrates must be greatly increased, and the bench of Bishops must be lengthened! Some think that Government inspection is already carried quite far enough. A paternal Government makes a childish people.

I will not presume to criticise Ruskin's views on Art, but may say something with reference to his admiration of Nature.

The love of beauty was almost a religion with him, and he has certainly done much to educate others to enjoy it. He strongly opposes the statement by Schiller in his letter on æsthetic culture, that the sense of beauty never farthered the performance of a single duty. "Although this gross and inconceivable falsity will hardly be accepted by any one in so many words, seeing that . . . it is not possible for a Christian man to walk across so much as a rod of the natural earth, with mind unagitated and rightly poised, without receiving strength and hope, from stone, flower, leaf or sound."

"It is to be noted, also, that it ministered as much to luxury as to pride. Not to luxury of the eye; that is a holy luxury: Nature ministers to that in her painted meadows, and sculptured forests, and gilded heavens; the Gothic builder ministered to that in his twisted traceries, and deep-wrought foliage, and burning casements."‡

From the same point of view he maintains that the use of the seed is to produce the flower; not that of the flower to produce the seed.

* *Fors*, vi., p. 220.

† *Loc. Cit.*, p. 222.

‡ *Stones of Venice*, p. 70.

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"But the flower is the end of the seed—not the seed of the flower. You are fond of cherries, perhaps; and think that the use of cherry blossom is to produce cherries. Not at all. The use of cherries is to produce cherry blossom; just as the use of bulbs is to produce hyacinths—not of hyacinths to produce bulbs."*

He even seemed to think that usefulness was fatal to beauty. "Thus, when we are told that the leaves of a plant are occupied in decomposing carbonic acid, or preparing oxygen for us, we begin to look upon it with some such indifference as upon a gasometer. It has become a machine; some of our sense of its happiness is gone; its emanation of inherent life is no longer pure. The bending trunk, waving to and fro in the wind above the waterfall is beautiful because it is happy, though it is perfectly useless to us. The same trunk, hewn down and thrown across the stream, has lost its beauty. It serves as a bridge,—it has become useful; and its beauty is gone."

On such a question I would not venture to put my opinion against Ruskin's, but if usefulness is not an element in beauty, surely it is no flaw. However this may be, to his love of beauty we are indebted for his exquisite descriptions of Nature.

Mountains appear to have been his greatest delight. "To myself," he says in *Modern Painters*, "mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery; in them, and in the forms of inferior landscape that lead to them, my affections are wholly bound up; and though I can look with happy admiration at the lowland flowers, and woods, and open skies, the happiness is tranquil and cold, like that of examining detached flowers in a conservatory, or reading a pleasant book." Mountains "seem to have been built for the human race, as at once their schools and cathedrals; full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons to the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshipper.

* *Proserpina*, p. 73.

And of these great cathedrals of the Earth, with their gates of rock, pavements of cloud, choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow, and vaults of purple traversed by the continued stars."

Of water he speaks with equal beauty and enthusiasm. "Of all inorganic substances, acting in their own proper nature, and without assistance or combination, water is most wonderful. If we think of it as the source of all the changefulness and beauty which we have seen in the clouds; then as the instrument by which the earth we have contemplated was modelled into symmetry, and its crags chiselled into grace; then as, in the form of snow, it robes the mountains it has made, with that transcendent light which we could not have conceived if we had not seen; then as it exists in the foam of the torrent, in the iris which spans it, in the morning mist which rises from it, in the deep crystalline pools which mirror its hanging shore, in the broad lake and glancing river; finally, in that which is to all human minds the best emblem of unwearied, unconquerable power, the wild, various, fantastic, tameless unity of the sea; what shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element, for glory and for beauty? or how shall we follow its eternal cheerfulness of feeling? It is like trying to paint a soul."

I do not wonder at his impatience with technical descriptions of animals and plants. Vivid, however, as his own are, they would be useless for natural history purposes. Speaking, for instance, of the swallow, he says: "You can only rightly describe the bird by the resemblances, and images of what it seems to have changed from—then adding the fantastic and beautiful contrast of the unimaginable change. It is an owl that has been trained by the Graces. It is a bat that loves the morning light. It is the aerial reflection of a dolphin. It is the tender domestication of a trout."

This is charming, fairy-like and fantastic. Knowing swallows as we do, we see the truth and beauty of the description, but if we had not seen the bird, I doubt whether the description would give us any idea of what it was like, and it would certainly not help us to identify it.

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For its own purpose, however, it is admirable. Or take again the following picture of the Common House Fly. "I believe that we can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house fly. Nor free only, but brave; and irreverent to a degree, which I think no human republican could by any philosophy exalt himself to. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is king or clown whom he teases; and in every step of his swift mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence and self-confidence, and conviction of the world's having been made for flies. Strike at him with your hand, and to him the mechanical fact and external aspect of the matter is what to you it would be if an acre of red clay, ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground in one massive field, hovered over you in the air for a second, and came crashing down with an aim He steps out of the way of your hand, and alights on the back of it. You cannot terrify him, nor govern him, nor persuade him, nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion on all matters; not an unwise one, usually, for his own end; and will ask no advice of yours. He has no work to do, no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earthworm has his digging; the bee her gathering and building; the spider her cunning network; the ant her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves, or people of vulgar business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber—a black incarnation of caprice—wandering, investigating, flitting, flirting, feasting, at his will, he rises with an angry republican buzz—what freedom is like his?" *

Or the following of a serpent:—"That rivulet of smooth silver—how does it flow, think you? It literally rows on the earth, with every scale for an oar; it bites the dust with the ridges of its body. Watch it when it moves slowly: a wave, but without a wind! a current, but with no fall! all the body

• *The Queen of the Air*, p. 179.

moving at the same instant, yet some of it to one side, some to another, or some forward, and the rest of the coil backwards; but all with the same calm will and equal way—no contraction, no extension; one soundless, causeless march of sequent rings, and spectral procession of spotted dust, with dissolution in its fangs, dislocation in its coils. Startle it; the winding stream will become a twisted arrow; the wave of poisoned life will lash through the grass like a cast lance. It scarcely breathes with its one lung (the other shrivelled and abortive); it is passive to the sun and shade, and is cold or hot like a stone; yet ‘it can out-climb the monkey, out-swim the fish, out-leap the zebra, out-wrestle the athlete, and crush the tiger.’ It is a divine hieroglyph of the demoniac power of the earth,—of the entire earthly nature. As the bird is the clothed power of the air, so this is the clothed power of the dust; as the bird the symbol of the spirit of life, so this of the grasp and sting of death.”*

None, perhaps, is more charming than his picture of the squirrel: there is no animal “so beautiful, so happy, so wonderful, as the squirrel.” “Innocent in all his ways, harmless in his food, playful as a kitten, but without cruelty, and surpassing the fantastic dexterity of the monkey, with the grace and the brightness of a bird, the little dark-eyed miracle of the forest glances from branch to branch more like a sunbeam than a living creature: it leaps, and darts, and twines, where it will (a chamois is slow to it, and a panther clumsy; grotesque as a gnome, gentle as a fairy, delicate as the silken plumes of the rush, beautiful and strong like the spiral of a fern); it haunts you, listens for you, hides from you, looks for you, loves you, as if the angel that walks with your children had made it himself for their heavenly plaything.”†

I might quote many other delightful descriptions; as, for instance, that of the nightshade as a “Primrose with a curse upon

* *The Queen of the Air*, p. 87.

† *Deucalion*, p. 235.

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it," the comparison of the grape hyacinth of Southern Europe to a "cluster of grapes and a hive of honey distilled and compressed together into one small boss of celled and beaded blue," the large Alpine Gentian, "which makes the earth as much like heaven as it can."

In *Modern Painters* he says that "the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something, and tell what it saw in a plain way." This he has indeed done in a way which is plain and very beautiful. He has shown us many things which we might never have seen for ourselves, and for this we owe him a deep debt of gratitude.

But even more than for these glorious descriptions of scenery, these vivid pictures of animals and plants, we owe him a deep debt of gratitude for his lessons in charity, faith, and conduct.

"The strength of a nation does not depend on the extent of territory, nor on the number of people. The strength is in the men—in their unity and virtue."

"Our danger in life is, not death, but temptation."

"You do not learn that you may live; but live that you may learn."

"What we think, or what we know, or what we believe, is in the end of little consequence. The only thing of consequence is what we do."

"A true wife in her husband's house, is his servant; it is in his heart that she is Queen."

"That rest which is indeed glorious is that of the chamois couched breathless on its granite bed, not of the stalled ox over its fodder."

"Joy should come from our own hearts."

"If for any rebuke that we utter of men's vices, we put forth a claim on their hearts . . . there would be fewer deaf children sitting in the market place."

"Whenever in any religious faith, dark or bright, we allow our

minds to dwell upon the points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong, and in the devil's power."*

If ever disposed to speak harshly to those we love it would be well to bear in mind his warning that "he who has once stood beside the grave, to look back on the companionship which has been for ever closed, feeling how impotent there are the wild love and the keen sorrow to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust."

Some people seem to think that this world is necessarily a place of trouble and anxiety, of turmoil and unrest. But as Shakespeare well said :

"All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are, to the wise man, ports and happy havens."

That was also Ruskin's view. All men, he says, "may enjoy, though few can achieve." And in one of his most exquisite passages—with which I will conclude—he tells how we may secure peace, if we really care for it.

We complain, he says, "of the want of many things—we want votes, we want liberty, we want amusement, we want money. Which of us feels, or knows, that he wants peace?"


"There are two ways of getting it, if you want it.

"The first is wholly in your own power; to make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. . . . None of us yet know, for none of us have yet been taught in youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of previous and restful thoughts; which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands, for our souls to live in."

* *Sesame and Lilies*, p. 170.

THE ARTIST'S LIFE.

By Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes).

Y first intention was to have called this address "The Literary Life." I wanted to give a picture of the spiritual and active discipline of those engaged in the career of literature. On consideration the term seemed too narrow for my purpose, and I felt that by saying "The Artist's Life," I should meet your kind interest and my subject with greater clearness. But, as I come from three generations of Presbyterian divines, I am never easy unless I have a text. My text will be the following story:

A peasant once consulted a nerve specialist about his son. "They tell me," said he, "that my son has Art. What is an Artist?" "An artist," said the physician, "is a person who thinks more than there is to think, feels more than there is to feel, and sees more than there is to see." The peasant clapped his hands. "We were afraid," said he, "that he was only a bad boy; I see the poor little soul is really quite mad. If we put him in a cage, under a curtain, people will pay us to look at him." "If you keep him in a cage," said the doctor, "his great gifts will perish. You must give him over to the wisdom of Divine Providence." "Oh, no," said the peasant, firmly, "because, in that case, he will leave his happy home and go to Paris!"

Now, I believe, that this story illustrates the attitude of many kind and prudent people with regard to the mysterious organism known as the artistic temperament. How can we know that a child is an artist? How, in that painful event, is he to be educated? Is he mad, or bad, or both? Is he to be encouraged or discouraged? Shall we keep him at home or let him seek new worlds? Will he not go instinctively rather toward evil and

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disorder than toward goodness and common sense? In the search for truth, will he not go deep into the mud and concentrate all his attention on humiliating realities in order to describe them later with persistent emphasis? It is easy to understand the alarm of any father when his son or his daughter betrays an overwhelming inclination for poetry, painting, music or literature. Why, the very love affairs—apart from the money affairs—of any artistic being are the wonder and often the scandal of orderly society. They are generally in debt, and always in love: frequently in debt to the wrong persons, and eternally in love with the unsuitable. Turner, as a youth, broke his spirit over an unhappy attachment: he took his mended, more mature heart through curious adventures, but the early accident is regarded as the first cause of his ultimate eccentricities. Schumann's brain, beyond doubt, was affected by the strain, anxieties, and suspense of a long, uncertain engagement. Balzac corresponded with Madame de Hanska for sixteen years, and died four months after his marriage. Brahms never married at all. "It is as hard to marry," said he, "as it is to write an opera. I shall attempt neither."

Yet the debts, the love, the marriages,—things which, after all, touch most young men,—are small considerations in comparison with the enormous strain of following life and the arts at the same time. It is, however, the strain involved in every profession, trade, or pursuit. Creative work, so called, may be the most exhausting labour possible, and those who possess productive genius, as a rule, though not invariably, die young, but eminent men in every department have not won honour either by brooding alone or avoiding the ordinary responsibilities of friendship, of home ties, of business, of social pleasures and social duties. "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening." He does not choose his labour, he is called to it, and the call, whether it be to the Church, the House of Commons, the counting-house, the Stock Exchange, the open field, engi-

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neering, the shop, the library, the studio, or the concert-room, the call is so imperative, so irresistible, that no opposition, no difficulty, no discouragement, no failure, no illness, no physical exhaustion is able to deaden its effects.

We live at a time when most men and women have progressive, analytical minds. Humanity and the world do not explain themselves naturally or easily. We cannot know life by any diligent consideration of permanent laws and fashions that pass away. Mere rules will not satisfy the thoughtful, there is an insatiable curiosity about the why and the wherefore. When we hear that this is so, we next wonder whether it *need* be so, especially when the rule seems to press unfairly upon us, or upon those we love. In other words, there is an immense impatience of the unnecessary.

We all wish to reduce the pain, confusion, disappointments and tyrannies of life to the lowest possible minimum. And so, daily, practical experience offers more instruction upon formidable enigmas than any meditation or science can ever give. That is why we often say that an energetic life is the happiest. There is no time to think. I prefer to say that there is no time to *exaggerate* our thoughts and emotions.

Now, artists, as a class, are seldom happy. They have intense sensitiveness, and, in comparison with the individuals with whom they may be obliged to spend their days, they must always seem to be morbid, fantastic, unreasonable. They do this very thing of which I have been speaking: they exaggerate. They think more than there is to think, feel more than there is to feel, see more than there is to see. How many great men, I wonder, have been called impossible by their relatives? Few things present such painful examples of human blundering as the early education and training of great men. The boyish genius does not merely possess within himself abnormal and excessive capacities for suffering, but he is actually made to exercise that capacity to its fullest power before he has learnt self-restraint, before he can have gained any sort of wisdom, before he has had time to observe the trials

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of other people. Childhood is the period of egoism: from the first years till one and twenty—and perhaps longer—we are all extraordinarily interested in our own history, our own ideas, and our own desires, and when these are rudely disturbed, interfered with, or harshly considered, the shock is hard to bear.

Robert Schumann and Balzac, for instance, were tormented by their well-meaning and affectionate parents into the belief that it was their duty to study for the law. Schumann's correspondence in his youth on the subject of his uncongenial drill makes a poignant chapter in the chronicle of human despair. Balzac's mother, who adored him, managed to torture and irritate her son to the end of his days: when she is seventy-two, he complains, "she writes to me, a man of fifty, as though I were a child of five." During his last and fatal illness, her tactless, alarming letters hastened the end: her jealousy and bitterness over the woman he loved almost prevented the marriage which he had been planning for sixteen years. It speaks much for the nobility of both Schumann and Balzac that they bore this tyrannical foolishness with heroic fortitude, nor did they doubt the great, if selfish, love behind the wrong judgment. Lord Byron's hatred of his mother is well known: Turner never spoke of his at all. When Lady Holland sent Charles Fox to Harrow, she apologised to the headmaster for her son's stupidity. Now the really dull boy and the impossible man are always self-satisfied. A born dunce knows that he is a dunce. He is allowed to play while others are driven to work or to consume their hearts in wounded pride. When the poet spoke of ignorance being bliss, he meant it! But Balzac was sent home from college as a boy who was really mentally deficient. In later life he explained his condition as that of a congestion of ideas. He had so much in his head that his entire life was not long enough in which to express it.

On the other hand, of course, we must own that not everyone that is hard to live with is of necessity an artist. How is a man to know that he has an artistic temperament? He may not

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be an artist merely because he is unhappy at home, or because he is easily wounded by doubt, or because he is constitutionally more delicate than his relatives. Certain things are common to all mankind, and the tendency, in various degrees, to down-heartedness, love-sickness, bad temper, and admiration for the moon does not involve, *a priori*, the creative impulse. The story is told of a distinguished lawyer, who declared that while it was perfectly true to say that he had no digestion, it was a malicious lie to pretend that he troubled in the least about the ridiculous destiny of his preposterous fellow-creatures!

It comes to this, that while we may all possess sincerity, and we must all possess human nature, it is for the artist to be so much the master of his nerves, his heart, his soul, and his mind, that he can translate his impressions exactly, without over-statement, confusion, or false sentiment. Every work of art is the outcome of its creator's personality. It is easy to announce this truth, but it is not so easy to explain it. Perhaps I can bring it home to all of you by the very common experience we must all have had of re-visiting a once familiar spot after some change in our own lives. The place must be the same, but our view of it will depend entirely upon our mood at the moment. We may like it more, we may not like it so much, we may wish we had kept our remembrance as it was, yet, perhaps, the very day we are turning away from it in disappointment, to someone else it may represent the brightest land-mark of their youth. This is in the case of mere scenes: as a man is within, so he judges what is without—but take a character. We all know what is meant by a Dickens character, or a Thackeray character. They have a certain mould. We say of such and such a person that they might have stepped out of one of Walter Scott's incomparable romances, or one of Miss Austen's novels. We know a Gainsborough portrait at sight: we do not need a catalogue to recognize the Sargent of the year at the Royal Academy. Musicians can often tell at a first hearing the compositions of Wagner, Beethoven, Mozart, or Brahms. The highest

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art is admitted to be creative. Balzac's people, at the time he wrote, were not considered, by everybody, life-like. They were called monsters when they were bad, and artificial or insipid when they were good. What is meant by being life-like? We ought to say, I think, that what a strong man's brain can conceive of as possible, ought to be accepted as possible. This same complaint of unreality was urged against Dickens. He mentioned in one of his letters that the original Mr. Pecksniff and Mrs. Nickleby sat in front of him on chairs, and asked him whether such people really existed! Balzac writes—"Cousin Bette will be a terrible story, for the principal character is a blend of my mother, your aunt, and our friend Madame Valmore." "Romance," he says elsewhere, "may be a splendid lie, but it must be true in its details." Many adroit writers are too apt to give the literary temperament to each of their characters, and many learned critics demand a critical attitude in all those of whom they read. This is wrong, surely. People of action, and stories usually concern people of action, act very much more by instinct than by reflection. Prolonged thought, and the habit of weighing pros and cons is peculiar to writers, and there can be no greater error than to give these professional mental processes to the dashing heroes and the headstrong, emotional heroines of fiction. The only unanswerable test which we can apply to all creations of fancy is the test of time. The greater the imaginative gift the less commonplace are its conceptions. Emerson has well said in one of his Essays that farce and comic opera are always better acted than tragedy because all actors can understand the trivial and ordinary, but only the most distinguished can give the accent and expression of sublime drama.

We know that there are, broadly, three schools of writing. There is the romance of observation, and the romance of imagination, and the study of documents. Now we get, frequently, very powerful and instructive productions based on documents, second-hand evidence and the like, but it is really lazy and fruitless work

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compared with the compositions of those who live and study at the same time. Balzac, in the preface to the final edition of his collected works, writes: "Chance is the greatest of all romancers; in order to be productive, one has only to watch the events and people of each day. French society is the historian: I am only the secretary." The real point, therefore, of all I may say in the course of this lecture will be in defence of an artist working in the normal conditions and under the sane restrictions of ordinary life.

In educating the artistic temperament, it must be given strength and then it must be given liberty. Not *license*—not *more* liberty than we give to a banker, a member of Parliament, a judge, or a millionaire, but *as much*. We are too ready to provide a cage for our fine intellects.

If we hear of an artist with an unhappy home, and various sentimental entanglements, we say, "How shocking these geniuses are!" The same stories told of a stockbroker meet with the genial criticism, "Ah, he's a man of the world!" Virtue, moreover, has its follies as well as dissipation and discontent: the best can be unwise, the best can make mistakes, the best betray their humanity, the best are not, at every point, irreproachable: that is why the best are so charming—their faults are our delight and our solace, and if we want to find creatures more unhappy and more misunderstood than the poets, we need only consider the lives of the Saints. The Christian is exhorted gladly to suffer labours, sorrows, trials, vexations, anxieties, necessities, sicknesses, injuries, detractions, rebukes, humiliations, confusions, corrections, and contempt! These things lead toward virtue: they also lead toward art.

Balzac was born in 1799. His father was what would correspond nowadays to a King's Counsel; his mother was the daughter of a Director of the Hospitals of Paris. As I have already said, he was sent back from school at the age of fourteen, ill-used, punished, and disgraced, as a boy who was mentally deficient. His parents bowed, as wise citizens, under the supposed affliction.

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They were not unkind to the misunderstood lad ; he regained his health ; he was made to take long walks ; he became the inseparable companion of his younger sister. When he offered an intelligent observation, his mother would exclaim : " Ah, you little know what a good thing you said then ! " She implied it was a case of the fool speaking truth. In the course of time, however, he went to a lawyer's office, but his interest in legislature was wholly that of a critic. He brings a great deal of it into his novels ; many of his famous characters belong to the legal profession, but he refused to follow it himself. He was, therefore, sent away from his comfortable home to a wretched lodging in Paris, through the mistaken policy of his mother, who thought that hardship, as she called it, would bring him to his senses. He was given a bed, a table, and a few chairs, he had an allowance which was altogether insufficient for his wants, and his parents must have been satisfied at the account of his privations and the misery of his mind. But, to their astonishment, he still preferred his attic in solitude to his home life among perpetual misunderstandings. He remained there for eighteen months, and succeeded in finishing a tragedy which filled his family and advisers with gloom. He was so much reduced in health that they decided, to his regret, it was cheaper to keep him at home, and he was called back to endure taunts there for about five years. During this period he wrote ten novels, in forty volumes, which were published under pseudonyms, because he regarded them as mere attempts at his art. Although he succeeded in getting these productions published, they were not profitable. No one, with the exception of his sister and a devoted woman, believed in him. Tormented by his family, who refused to allow him seventy-five pounds a year until he could make a better living, he went into the printing business with a young friend. Here again he was continually jeered at, as a person of artistic tastes who ventured to meddle in practical matters. He went through a great many disagreeable experiences ; he displayed in all of them discernment, resource, and shrewdness, the vast intelligence which

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was inseparable from all his undertakings, but, as his foresight was not supported by his relations, he had to sell the business after twelve years, at the moment of harvest, to his partner, who made a fortune out of the foundry alone. It was the debt involved by these affairs which haunted Balzac to the end of his life. He made, eventually, very large sums of money, but the severe handicap of this speculation, which proved so excellent for other people, was the chief burden of his entire career.

"I go on with my toil," he says in one of his letters, "God alone knows how, because God alone knows why."

He followed from the beginning a rigorous and abnormal method of work. He wrote sometimes for twenty-four hours at a stretch. It was his practice to go to bed at six o'clock in the evening and begin his labours at midnight, continuing them for sixteen hours or longer, maintaining this average for six weeks or two months or more, then he would plunge again into society and apparently forget that there was such a thing as literature in the world. Long periods of intense application were followed by shorter periods of relaxation. He made frequent visits to the provinces and yearly trips abroad. He travelled a great deal; his friends often lost all trace of him. He bought a little house, which was the scene of much generous, if eccentric, hospitality, and it was from there that he dated many of his letters which were written really in Russia, Germany, and elsewhere. This, of course, was at the height of his fame. As a struggling youth he wrote, under great discouragement, to his sister, that his two sole and immense desires were to be celebrated and to be loved. He speaks, too, of his "infernal patience," a patience which sustained him under crushing disappointments and the most curious want of faith in his power on the part of his nearest connections. When one of his first productions was sent to a learned acquaintance of his father's, it was returned with the comment—"Well, your son writes a good hand." Another Professor declared that whatever Balzac might do in the future it would not be in the way of

literature. It was hardly surprising that he was often heard to say that it was his friends and not his enemies who had given him the most trouble. But, as pain was unavoidable, and inasmuch as he had his entire future to carve, he owned that he preferred the thrusts of a sword to the pricks of a pin. We cannot be surprised to have him declare that his best inspirations always came after his hours of extreme agony. Once he wrote in irony to an accomplished amateur: "You are very fortunate to be able to follow Art for Art's sake! There are several men in me—first, there is the financier, then the artist, and then the man of feeling." He was utterly wretched in each character, indeed, it is fatiguing to read of his fatigue. As a financier he never ceased to complain of his debts, his burdens, the sums he made and the greater sums he owed. He carried this mania to such an extreme degree that some of his associates declared that these serious liabilities existed in his imagination only. They may not have been so heavy as he seemed to think, but it is certain that he was no sooner in a position to shew independence than he had to provide a pension for his mother, that he helped his brother-in-law, his sisters and their children, that he gave with the right hand and with the left, in season and out of season, that he never forgot a kindness, that he repaid the smallest service with most costly and beautiful presents, that he had himself the taste for luxurious surroundings. His system of work made it necessary for him to move in the highest as well as in the humblest society; his interests were too wide and manifold to be kept in one groove or sustained in any one environment; the world was his inheritance, and when he met the powerful he regarded them as his cousins and not his patrons, his comrades, not his masters. A Prime Minister's income would have been insufficient for his needs; he had no such income, he had nothing approaching such an income, and it is painful to read of his own mother dunning for money at the time of his marriage and reminding him that there is still a heavy bill attached to domestic felicity.

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But, if he magnified his private anxieties, and I hope so, as an artist he was perfectly sane. Just in his estimate of others, he was wholly able to measure the value of his own work. He came in for the usual amount of praise and blame which is the common and healthy lot of all men and women engaged in public life, but he never seems to have been dismayed, in any way, by adverse or unintelligent criticism. In some of his less popular romances, he brings in a great deal of scientific matter, which, at his own time, was considered absurd. Recent discoveries in medical science have proved him right—very much as Goethe's researches in the same direction have been so valuable to professional botanists and others. When Balzac's sister complained that his more learned productions were not esteemed, he replied:—"They will be understood some day."

It was his habit to write three or four books at a time. This method, which has been and is followed by all great painters, is beyond question the right one. It is the one sure safeguard against veiled autobiography, which is the fatal danger to those who concentrate for too long a period on any one group of characters and any one particular set of scenes. Balzac's novels are, therefore, well balanced. They are always impersonal, always just, and, in order to describe life, one must shew, not merely a knowledge of men and the spirit of criticism, but a strong sense of justice. A sense of justice is, perhaps, the most important of all, because our whole attitude towards ourselves, each other and the world depends wholly on this instinct for what is fair. And not for what is fair according to our own ideal scale of things as they ought to be, but for what is fair, seeing that things are as they are, admitting freely, for instance, that fire burns, that pain hurts, that happiness is worth striving for. I know many admirable people who can be just enough if you will only admit that there is neither pain nor sorrow. Sometimes they are of a melancholy cast, then you need only say that everyone is wretched and the world is a mockery: they can be tolerant arguing from that

basis. But Balzac never allowed his private emotions to disturb his view of life. If he saw his own reflection through tears, he brushed them away when he surveyed mankind.

"I have a horror," he writes to his sister, "of betraying my own feelings in literature," and again, in another letter, he says, when he complains that he is too much absorbed in his art—(she was the kind of woman who first tormented him because he did not work, and was jealous afterwards because it absorbed the greater part of his time)—he says: "Do not mistake the selfishness of labour for selfishness in me. Why add to my burdens by this constant suspicion of my heart?" In a less rhetorical confidence to a less exacting correspondent, he confesses—"I wrote one book with my feet in mustard and the other with my head in opium." It would be impossible to discover in either composition any evidence of these two influences. He sacrificed his health, his pleasures, the time he might have spent in recreation, the time he ought to have spent in sleep—everything, in fact, which makes existence possible, one would say—to this passion for writing.

In spite, however, of his industry he was a man who lived, *during his leisure*, a normal life. His novels shew an intimate knowledge of the details of the household. He had a number of close friends, and many of his strongest works were composed in various home circles, with all the turmoil of domestic cares around him, and any amount of that talk which is called "small"—which is, in fact, the talk which makes up the tragedies, the happiness, the action of life.

When he retired to his lodgings, he kept up a close correspondence with a number of individuals who confided in him all they could tell of themselves and their surroundings. His sympathy never failed, and it was because he was sympathetic rather than inquisitive that he heard so much. He was never the callous gossip-monger anxious for facts and impatient of explanations. He knew too well that explanation is the buried treasure of life: he could never be given too many explanations.

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It was not until the age of thirty that he signed a book with his own name, and his success from that time was never for a moment in doubt. His talent was acknowledged. He was not known then as he is known now, after a century of consideration: he was too wise a man to have expected the enthusiasm which can never fall to a great artist's lot during his own life-time, but success he had, and fame he had. It is also reassuring to know that three of his greatest works were executed during the last years of his life; it was his physical strength—not his art—that failed.

It would seem to me inexcusable to refer you to the terrible struggles of the great novelist if it were not for the note of peace in his last year when he writes: "All happiness is made of courage and work. I have seen many hard days, yet with energy and above all my illusions, I have always gained the better of despair." To an old friend, he wrote, three days after his marriage, when death already held his heart: "I have married the one woman I have ever loved, whom I love more than ever, and whom I shall love till I die. This union is, I believe, the recompense God held in reserve for my many adversities, my years of work, my difficulties endured and conquered. My childhood was unhappy, my youth was embittered, but I have had a brilliant summer and a sweet autumn." His health had gone: his sight was going: every movement was painful: his private worries were by no means at an end, yet he says: "I have even paid too little for my joy: twenty-five years of toil and struggle are nothing for an affection so splendid, so radiant, so complete. My sorrows, my anxieties are all explained."

Love was the greatest influence in his work. He defined it as "the bread of the soul." It began with the affection for his sister, then there was the woman friend, who for twelve years devoted two hours daily to him, either in seeing him or writing to him. It is well known that she helped him financially when his family refused to come to the rescue. Other attachments

were formed after her death. Why not? We find him writing to Madame de Hanska with whom he corresponded for sixteen years: "You are the first, the last, the continual thought of my life." No one can read his letters to that lady and doubt the sincerity of his devotion and the extraordinary power she exercised over his mind. At the height of his fame, and about five years before the end—which occurred when he was fifty-one—he writes to her: "I don't need the world, I long for home, my own place, all the rest is a vain dream; it has been the secret aim of my steps, my actions, my ideas, my efforts, my works." In other words, he was always looking forward to a life of repose and means and a happy marriage with this ideal. He lived to see this dream fulfilled, but his health was shattered by the prodigious struggle made to achieve these ambitions.

"Immense success and great affection were the joy of his life," wrote his sister, in the introduction to his correspondence; "there were also supreme desolations—nothing is mediocre in the souls of those who are endowed with exquisite sensibilities and acute intelligence."

Brahms was born when Balzac was just becoming known, in 1833. The composer was the son of a musician, and it was not considered singular or undignified that he should have a passion for music. He led, therefore, the simple home life of a burgess with his own people, his piano and his books, a fit prelude to the later period when, his reputation established, he lived for thirty years in the same quiet house in the same quiet street. At the age of fourteen, he made his first appearance as a pianist, but although he met with applause, he resumed a rigorous apprenticeship—practising, studying, composing, we are told, for five years. Then he played again, as an accompanist only, but Joachim, by chance, happened to be among the audience, and the distinguished violinist, with his invariable kindness, recognised the boy's talent. "He will have a great artistic career," he said; "he is the most considerable musician of his age that I have ever met."

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The friendship with Joachim led to a friendship with Liszt, but the second turning point in his career was the introduction to Robert Schumann, to whom he presented himself all but penniless—he had been unfortunate in a concert engagement—and covered with dust after a walk of many miles; he could not afford his railway fare. It may be that if Schumann himself had not suffered such anguish, such misgivings, such hardship, in his own early life, he would not have been able to sympathise so warmly with the beginner. He loved the magic of his music, he felt the beauty of his playing, he recognised the sane and virile genius; his enthusiasm took a practical form, and he himself sent Brahms' compositions to the cautious company of great publishers. He called him the "young eagle," and foretold his future celebrity. This friendship only lasted for some five months, for Schumann's own career came to its tragic end at that time. But Brahms was already counted among the rising men, and he was offered an official appointment, which he accepted. During the four years which followed the holding of this post he remained quiet. It was supposed that his had been one of those not uncommon cases where precocious ability was followed by premature decline, but in 1859 he suddenly presented his Pianoforte Concerto in D Minor. A well-known critic tells us that its reception for the moment was most unfavourable. The audience listened in pure bewilderment, and the leading newspaper of the day described its orchestral part as a series of lacerating discords. Sustained by his remembrance of Schumann's advice that success is not a precarious life in another's breath, but a thing which comes by the will of God, Brahms took the composition to Hamburg, his native town, where it met with full appreciation. A second and more popular work was given later without any controversy, and then he resigned his official post, feeling, no doubt, that his best hours were wasting in routine and drudgery.

He returned home, but there he found, perhaps, too much mental repose. It was, perhaps, enervating. There is not stimulus

when every effort is met not half-way, but all the way. One may well ask how ought one to treat the artistic temperament. At any rate, Brahms left this delightful and harmonious circle to join one of Schumann's pupils in a little town near Zurich. Here he gave lessons, played in public, and brought out some noble compositions. At the of thirty he grew once more dissatisfied with his surroundings: he saw himself being drawn into a coterie: he felt a craving for some imperial capital—the voices from the distant great city rang through his dream—so he went to Vienna, there, of course, to encounter the usual difficulties of professional life. No man had fewer enemies, but his music did not appeal to every hearer, and the first judgments were seriously adverse. Some people found his music deficient in feeling. It was too intellectual, too academic, too cold, they said. On the other hand, it had immense vigour and variety, and, although I wish to put aside all personal tastes and prejudices, I may say that to me Brahms seems the Robert Browning among musicians. He was writing at a time when over-statement in every branch of art was becoming the fashion, hysterical, morbid styles of expression were considered more artistic than the purer, graver manner of the classics. I am inclined to think that if his own history, as the general public understood it, had possessed more alarming elements his work would at once have assumed a certain scandalous value. It is too often supposed that because a life is outwardly simple and undisturbed, the person living it must be somewhat phlegmatic, frigid, and inaccessible to the most stirring possibilities of experience. Someone has said, in opposition to this superficial theorising, that more is learnt in one hour of self-mastery than in twenty years of self-indulgence. In any event, Brahms died so recently—1897—that it is not possible for us to know his intimate life as we know the lives of Balzac and Turner. In his method of work he resembled Balzac, years of vigorous activity were followed by periods of almost entire repose. His songs and his music—songs which once heard are unforgettable, and music which might

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almost be called a new utterance in its originality and strength and romantic passion—tell all that we need to know, and all that he wished us to know of his soul.

Turner was the son of a hair-dresser: his mother was a woman of ungovernable temper who died insane. His father's shop window, which was full of powder puffs, curling tongs, and dummies in cauliflower wigs, faced a studio which belonged to a society of artists, and the boy, no doubt, would often look from the shop door at the artistic and theatrical young men who frequented the opposite house. At five years of age he went with his father to a rich customer's mansion. The small child was struck with a figure of a rampant lion engraved on a silver salver. He came home and, to the delight of his parents, drew this animal from memory, and the wig-maker, with the sure instinct of a skilled craftsman, exclaimed:—"It is all settled, William is going to be a painter." The boy, however, was allowed to play among the vegetable baskets in Covent Garden until he was ten, and then he was sent to a day school in Brentford. There he distinguished himself by fighting the school bully, who sneered at his father the barber. Reason and art may be the gifts of God, but so are the emotions, and it is reassuring to know that a dreamy lad with a feeling for sunsets could also, under provocation, punch heads! Without going into all the details of his life, which are deeply interesting, I must concern myself only with the main outline.

In course of time he was apprenticed to an architect, but while he could paint blue sky and grass tufts on his master's designs, he was unable to manage the elementary laws of geometrical drawing. He, too, was taken home as a failure. "He is no use," said the master, "he will never do anything. Make him a tinker." He was given, nevertheless, a second trial, and he was a second time sent home. His father, a man of firm will, then paid £200, a large sum in those days, to place the unpromising boy with an architectural draughtsman. Here he did better, and began to earn that abstract quantity which we call a living. At twenty-one he

became a drawing master, and at twenty-five, so rapid was his advancement, he became an Associate of the Royal Academy.

But between these two steps there was a love affair. He was engaged to a young girl at the time of his first setting out for a home tour in Wales or Yorkshire. He was then twenty-one. The marriage was to take place on his return. He worked incessantly: he wrote constantly for two years, and although he received no replies, his faith remained firm and his ambition, based rather on the wish to prove his love than the desire to demonstrate his own superb gifts, only grew in intensity. He arrived, after his wanderings, one week before the girl's wedding took place with another man. It seems that her step-mother had intercepted all his letters, she herself had lost all hope, and, at last, piqued, humiliated and overborne by advice, she had accepted an old admirer.

This would have been a blow to the hardest man. To Turner it meant, at the time, the mockery of his work, the end of his belief in the truth, the constancy, the affection of good women. He left her in bitter grief. He called down curses on the marriage, declaring that he would never marry himself. He kept his own vow, and the curses, one is grieved to read, took effect. That early disappointment altered his entire nature. He became suspicious, he acquired what Ruskin called "faithlessness." "And yet in ten years," Ruskin continues, "I have never heard Turner say one depreciating word of living man or of a man's work. I have never seen him look an unkind or blameful look."

The great hour in his career was the publication in 1845, when Turner himself was past sixty, of Mr. Ruskin's first volume of *Modern Painters*. This fact is too well known to pursue at any length at all.

His great friend in middle life was Chantry, the sculptor. Chantry was always allowed to make jokes about the pictures. Turner would chuckle for days when Chantry pretended to warm his hands at the famous orange chrome skies. "I see," said

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Chantry once, "that you are painting an advertisement for the Sun Fire Insurance!" Humour of this crude kind did not wound the disillusioned and reserved man. But with regard to other criticism, Ruskin has told us that Turner was acutely sensitive to censure. "Owing to his natural kindness, he felt it for himself or for others, not as criticism, but as cruelty. He knew that however little his power could be seen, he had, at least, done as much as ought to have saved him from wanton insult; and the attacks upon him in his later years were to him not merely contemptible in their ignorance, but amazing in their ingratitude." These words may sound strong to us nowadays, but it seems that in *Punch* and in some other comic periodicals a good deal of fun was made at the expense of the old painter. In reading over these skits I do not feel that the least malice was intended; they might jar on our present idea of good taste—such things would not be written now about a man of Turner's age and reputation. Thackeray, who was among the scoffers, lived to regret very bitterly his sarcasm at the great artist's expense. Turner differed both from Balzac and from Brahms in caring at all about the ordinary published estimate of his work. Probably, he was more timid than either of the great men I have mentioned. After all, his sympathies were with inanimate beauty, and the storm and stress and strife of human beings were alien to his temperament.

What I particularly wish to dwell on, however, is Turner's method of work. It was precisely that of Balzac. His plan was to absorb whatever he saw quietly, and then, when the impulse seized him, work out the result of his observation and his own marvellous gifts of imagination into the pictures which are now the wonder of Europe. He would walk from twenty to twenty-five miles a day, watch the sky, the road-sides, the hedges and fields. He was never heard to rhapsodize about scenery. He made rapid sketches and finished them later from memory. He wrote his pictures first. I was shown one of his sketches by a friend the other day, and I was told a story in connection with it. It

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seems that a great lover of his pictures invited him to his country house to paint a favourite view. Turner came down, made himself agreeable at meals and fished all day. At the end of a week or two, his host thought he might, without seeming a Shylock, ask a timid question about the proposed work of art. "Oh," said Turner, "the picture's all right. You can come to my room if you like and see it." His comforted host followed him, feeling, perhaps, a certain remorse for doubting his friend's integrity, and entered the room. "There it is," said Turner, handing him a sheet of paper with these words written upon it: "Trees here, river there, clouds." I need not dwell on the despair, the mortification, the hopelessness which afflicted his admirer, but the picture was finished in Turner's own way and in his own time. It is now considered one of his loveliest productions.

Turner's pictures were inventions; they were seldom topographically correct. He would reduce a whole day's journey into one sketch. They followed Balzac's definition of romance—splendid lies, but true in the details. His was creative art in the highest meaning of the phrase.

It is very characteristic of him that no one enjoyed his exquisite pictures so much as he did himself. He hated to part with them, and, whenever one was sold, he felt that he had suffered an actual bereavement. In his later years his miserly habits and his sharpness in making bargains were seriously misunderstood. His house in Queen Anne Street is said to have resembled a ruin in a desert; notes for hundreds, cheques for thousands were offered again and again for the pictures and engravings which he kept there. The offers were invariably refused. He died, attended by strangers, in the little house at Chelsea, which looked on to the river and has a railed-in roof from which he could observe sky effects. He had engaged the cottage under an assumed name, and, in the neighbourhood, he was regarded as an old Admiral in reduced circumstances. When he died, at the age of seventy-six, much shattered by a laborious career, he left effects which were sworn

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under £170,000—a fortune accumulated, not for his own pleasure, or out of avarice, but for the families of struggling artists. It had been his secret aim to collect a legacy for his poor associates in art.

What we find in the education of artists then is this, that Balzac, the son of a lawyer, received too little sympathy; Brahms, the son of a musician, received perhaps too much; and Turner, who was despised by his teacher, the architect, was always believed in by his father, the hairdresser. It is true that the old man never praised him much for his beautiful work, but he had an immense respect for him when he found he could earn even a few shillings.

The explanation of these different policies may be found in the fact that to the successful barrister in 1830 literature would have seemed a descent, to the older Brahms, music merely carried on the family tradition, to the wig-maker, the profession of art seemed a distinct social advance. And so we always find that, when men of artistic talent were born in what are called humble circumstances, they received far greater encouragement than if they belonged to the well-to-do middle class. In professional and official circles artists of every kind were then considered prodigal, restless, immoral, slothful in business, discreditable generally. I say this because none of us care to think that there was any deliberate unkindness in the up-bringing of the great men to whom I have referred. They would not be so treated in these days. The spirit of the Renaissance, in this respect, is once more prevailing, and it is always bound to revive and prevail, because Apollo and the Muses are as immortal as the Law and the Prophets.

Dante, a sound Christian, said that long ago. On the other hand, we must admit that very young persons with refined tastes come to fancy that to lose patience with the business of this life is to become spiritually minded. They also come to fancy that in order to excel in any of the arts it is right to seek out wild companions, to visit strange haunts, to scoff at the respectable, to despise simple things, to defy etiquette. I say etiquette, because

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few honestly wish, in their hearts, to defy the higher rules which govern life. Many young, charming people like to be thought rather wicked and dangerous and desperate. The less they know of real sin and real evil, the more anxious are they to get a reputation for dark and turbulent passions. We know of a little girl who was commended for her good conduct at the expense of a rebellious relative. She became bored at the recital of her many merits and deeply interested in the shortcomings of her fallen sister. "After all," she said, "I, too, can be very bad if I like, and my lies are far worse than Caroline's." The average young lion, but especially the average young lioness, is like this little girl: she wishes it distinctly understood that for outrageous and unfeeling conduct, she has capacities beyond the conception of all the Carolines, past, present, and to come.

Student life, on the whole, for those who make any mark is pleasant because the tasks are congenial, the comrades are kind, the interest never flags. But it means hard work, and it demands an independent spirit. If tragic experiences come, they must not be deliberately sought: cold-blooded curiosity, premeditated imprudence, stimulated feeling teach nothing except bitterness and give nothing except artificiality. One true love will bestow a deeper insight into the world than years of gallantry. One unexpected, untold sorrow is a surer discipline than any number of elaborate, acknowledged, and paraded griefs.

"It is not genius that is so rare," said Goethe, "but sincerity." He was not referring to mere heartiness and good-will, mere candour and straightforwardness; he meant the sincerity which enables a man to meet his own private feelings squarely, without fear and without hope—without the fear of finding them too small or without the hope of making them magnificent. This gift is the first and greatest of all. There are artists who cannot give expression to their natures: they cannot draw, or compose, or write, but they have the artist's soul. A brilliant poet once said of his old boatman: "If that man had my technique, he

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would be with Virgil, and if I had his rich temperament, I could hope to stand by Homer.”

One point is especially worthy of remark in the careers of the three men I have chosen to speak about. Balzac was helped and believed in by devoted women, whereas Brahms and Turner were supported wholly by men. It was Joachim, Liszt, and Schumann who fought the battles of young Brahms. It was John Ruskin who made Turner's fame ring through the entire world. It would be interesting to trace in the works of the three the particular attributes which made them appeal so strongly in one case to feminine, in the other cases to masculine faith. A ready reply would be that women like novels, whereas men, as a rule, do not. But Balzac's novels are more read by men than by women. His style is uncompromising; he is never a sentimentalist; his portraits of women are not altogether flattering. It is true that he wrote a great deal about love, but he also wrote as much, and even more, about finance, politics, vice, metaphysics, and religion. Perhaps his fascination was due to his power of describing, in letters, and no doubt in conversation, his own feelings. Instinct in choosing a confidant and the genius for self-revelation are, perhaps, as rare as the most supreme imaginative faculties. I gather, too, that Balzac was dogmatic and domineering; a man of that kind will take correction and advice from women when he would quarrel with men. Turner and Brahms, on the other hand, were less assertive, more persuasive in their ways; this made them popular with their own sex, perhaps less attractive to the opposite one, which is notoriously most enchanting and enchanted in subduing the unmanageable.

I ask myself now whether, if a man were master of his own fate, he would be, by choice, an artist? It is a question few could answer quickly. Perhaps, some might say that Balzac answered the question unconsciously in the piercing words:—“It seems as though what is mere commonplace in the lives of all other men will ever be a dream of romance for me. I shall never know

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ordinary happiness." I prefer to take his later statement:—"Misfortune, which has true friends, is, perhaps, far better than blessings which are envied."

Art has friends. We have seen that, when everything failed and went wrong, the least fortunate artist had faithful tender friends, some known, more unknown. Browning, to whom I have compared Brahms, wrote—

"I have a friend across the sea,
It all grew out of the books I write,
They find such favour in his sight,
That he slaughters you with savage looks
Because you don't admire my books."

There is the artist's life—unending labour, supreme desolation, infinite love.

UNE VISION.*

Par F. Verdier.

LA nuit tombait brutalement, noire et morne. De gros nuages d'encre galoppaient dans un ciel de sang. Le vent sifflait. Les vagues déchainées venaient battre l'estacade, et leurs masses sombres éparpillaient sur la grève leurs aigrettes de diamants. Et brusquement l'orage éclata. Les oiseaux éperdus fuyaient, rasant l'eau noire. Le vent strident sonna la charge. Les flots furieusement livrèrent au rivage de terribles assauts. L'escadron des nuages s'élança plus rapide. Au loin, le cap de La Hève semblait quelque navire immense prêt à combattre, et les feux du phare plaquaient sur la mer sinistre des rougeurs d'incendie. Et voici que lentement, au fond des cieux noirs une vision confuse commença de surgir. Vague d'abord, et d'instant en instant plus précise elle avançait. Tous mes membres tremblaient, et d'effroi le poil se dressait sur ma chair. Je ne pouvais ni crier ni remuer.

Et le spectre hideux approchait toujours. Distinctement maintenant je le voyais. C'était une femme—très grande—horrible. Ses vêtements noirs, en lambeaux déchiquetés comme des nuages, cachaient mal son pauvre corps, maigre et flétri. Du sang coulait sur ses membres. Des serpents sifflaient dans ses cheveux épais. Sa main droite tenait un glaive rouge de meurtre ; à sa main gauche pendaient en grappes des têtes coupées dont les cheveux morts s'enroulaient sur ses doigts décharnés. Mes dents claquaient et la sueur glaçait mon corps. Je fis pour parler un suprême effort et balbutiai, "Qui donc es tu ?" "Je suis l'Humanité passée. Les nuages sont mes soldats et les flots mes cavaliers. J'étais la Guerre. Par le fer et par le

* Récitée à une réunion d'étudiants anglais qui célébraient en Normandie le couronnement du Roi Edouard VII.

feu j'ai voulu tout détruire. J'ai fait ce rêve : la Mort et le Néant pour tous. J'ai brûlé les villes. J'ai massacré les femmes et les enfants. J'ai tué la Pensée Humaine, et mes cavales foulaient aux pieds l'orgueilleuse Raison. J'ai saccagé Rome. J'ai sur l'Acropole insulté Athéna, et du Parthenon fait pour mes chevaux une écurie. Mes barbares comme des sangliers ont pendant deux cents ans fait de l'Europe leur bauge. J'ai porté en croupe Attila le Fléau de Dieu. Où je passais, l'herbe elle-même ne repoussait plus. J'étais la Mort, et pourtant la Mort m'a prise et mes temps sont passées."

Un grand souffle de vent s'éleva. La vision comme un flocon de brume s'effiloça, s'amincit et comme une fumée légère, s'évanouit. Alors les flots un peu se calmèrent. Les vagues furent moins furieuses. Le vent s'adoucit et l'air moins lourd fut respirable. Mais dans le ciel moins noir, les nuées précurseurs d'orage roulaient toujours. La lune à l'horizon montait et sa lumière blonde mettait sur la mer et sur la grève ses plaques d'argent et d'or.

Du plus profond du ciel une autre femme alors descendit sur un rayon de l'astre. De longs cheveux noirs ruisselaient sur ses épaules blanches. Tout son corps ferme et souple ondulait sous sa robe. Ses yeux pers semblaient provoquer à la fois et l'Amour et la Haine. Sa main droite tenait les balances de la Justice, mais sa gauche brandissait le glaive ensanglanté de la Guerre.

Je l'admirais et je la redoutais. Et ma voix tremblait d'espoir et de crainte quand je lui dis : "Déesse aux grands yeux, qui donc es tu ? Parle, je t'en supplie. Je doute et n'ose, et je voudrais savoir, et j'ai peur de savoir."

"Je suis l'Humanité présente ! je suis bonne et je suis mauvaise. Je suis la Science et je suis l'Ignorance. La Vapeur et la Foudre m'obéissent, mais l'alcool et les canons, moissonneurs d'hommes, sont aussi mon ouvrage. Je suis la Justice et je suis la Haine. J'ai dit que les hommes sont libres et qu'ils sont égaux. Mais j'ai jeté Hugo en exil et j'ai fait à Spinoza

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polir des verres de lunettes. Je suis le Bonheur et je suis la Souffrance. J'ai rompu les chaînes des esclaves, mais dans leurs fers brisés j'ai fait rentrer les forçats du travail et de la misère."

L'ombre se tut. Je dis encore : "Pourquoi la science aux uns, aux autres l'ignorance ? Pourquoi l'amour des citoyens et la haine des nations ? Pourquoi le bonheur pour mes frères et la souffrance pour moi ?"

Le spectre muet, tandis que je parlais, s'éloignait toujours ; et d'instant en instant plus subtil, lentement l'aurore blonde entr'ouvrit au fond du ciel son rideau de nuages. La mer de noire devint bleue. Le vent tout à coup s'apaisa et se fit zéphyr. Des voiles sur les flots erraient, grands oiseaux blancs. Des parfums discrets venus de terre flottaient comme un encens. Les étoiles pâlissaient. Le soleil à l'horizon montrait sur son disque de rubis, rayonnant dans un flamboiement de gloire.

Et voici que bercée sur l'écume des vagues, pour la troisième fois une femme parut, nouvelle Aphrodité. Ses cheveux d'or en auréole inondaient sa face de Vénus, et son corps nu semblait la fleur immense d'un grand lys virginal. Tout en elle était Beauté, Harmonie et Douceur. Elle tenait en ses mains la palme verte du laurier de Gloire et de Paix. Et son sourire éblouissant disait : Il faut qu'on m'aime. Je m'agenouillai sur la grève et levant vers elle mes mains jointes, je dis : "Je te reconnais et pourtant je ne t'ai jamais vue. Mais je t'ai tant désirée, tant appelée que tu ne pouvais pas ne point venir. Je te reconnais et je t'aime et je suis à tes genoux. Demeure ainsi toujours, ô maîtresse toute aimable, qui d'un signe apaise les flots, éclaire les ténèbres, calme les vents." Une voix céleste répondit.


"J'ai vu que tu souffrais, et je veux te voir heureux. J'ai vu que tu pleurais et je veux te voir sourire. J'ai vu que tu désespérais et je veux te rendre l'espoir. Je suis l'Humanité Future. C'est de moi que rêvait Platon. C'est moi que Dante a vue dans son voyage aux cieux. Pour moi Milton eut retrouvé le Paradis et Hugo m'eut chantée. Je suis l'Universelle Joie.

La Haine et l'Envie et le Vice et la Guerre s'enfuient à mon approche. Je suis l'Universelle Science, Arrière! Superstitions! Faux Préjugés! Mauvaise Foi! Je suis l'Universelle Paix. A mon approche, les barrières tombent. Les peuples fiers se tendent les mains. Et doucement je les enchaîne et les conduis par la route éternelle, le Travail dompteur de maux, vers plus de Liberté, de Bonheur et d'Amour!"

Je restais immobile, en extase, les yeux fixés sur la vision divine. Mais le soleil qui toujours montait, de ses rayons brulants, la fondait comme un brouillard léger. Elle flotta quelque temps encore et disparut. Mais mon cœur ne s'attrista point et je sentis que j'avais en moi assez d'Espoir et d'Idéal pour affronter la vie réelle. Le bruit des flots qui battaient la grève acheva de me rappeler à moi-même. Je m'aperçus alors que j'avais rêvé.

THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

By R. Warwick Bond.

 HERE is always something peculiarly attractive about the informal motions of a great mind. Whether it is that we hope by observation of them to throw light upon the finished and formal work—to distinguish therein what was original from what was borrowed, to trace the spontaneous form or germ of an idea, and ascertain how far it received development by art and reflection, to disentangle some intricate piece of weaving by a recognition of the colour and texture of strands in their unwoven state—or whether we are animated by curiosity rather about the man, the result is the same. We scan with eagerness the unfinished, the informal, the *torsi* of the sculptor's studio, the pen-and-ink drawings of Raphael, the bits of paper on which Turner has left some hasty splashes of colour: we delight in the erasures, the changes of mind, the signs of progress. These things seem to bridge the gulf: they diminish our awe, they make affection possible. They are evidence that those we so much admire are not after all, perhaps, so wholly different from ourselves; no result of some extraordinary exertion of creative power (so say we, encouraging ourselves, deceiving ourselves), but of the common human clay. We recognize that they and their works *grew*, even as we, to however vastly different result. What an interest attaches to the two first quartos of *Romeo and Juliet* and of *Hamlet*, to the comparison of a first with a second form, and of both with a later! Who would lose the privilege of seeing the world's great dramatist with his coat off, touching, adding, readjusting, transforming? What a demand for, and production, in late years, of biography, with its intimate revelations, its frank epistolary confidences! What a fever of interest in the dress and daily habits, the accent and appearance of

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celebrities, is that which is catered for by the industrious and imaginative interviewer! One and all we desire the personal, the intimate: and if the desire be often in modern times far wide of the mark, mere idle curiosity about trifles important only to vulgarity, pushed to the point of gross impertinence, and weakly indulged or even sought by its objects to the sacrifice of all dignity and decency of reserve, it is perhaps ultimately referable to the same instinct. Even the evening paper is an advance, perhaps, on stolid apathy; and the democracy may come in time to better things, passing on from a man's breakfast to his brains, rising through hats and collars to heart and conduct.

Something of this interest in the informal often hangs about the *parerga* of a busy man of letters. It attaches, I think, to a work of Ruskin's, eulogized by Sir W. B. Richmond in a recent address to the members of the Ruskin Union—*The Queen of the Air*. That book consists of three lectures, professing to deal with the subject of Greek Myths; but in truth the first alone properly deserves that classification, though the title of Athena is extended to the two others, and gives to a number of speculations, on science, art and sociology, a more or less fanciful connexion with the goddess who represented to the mind of Greece the ideas of Wisdom and of Work. I have before now commented on the desultoriness which besets much of Ruskin's later writing. It was a habit to which, by the very wealth and fertility of his mind, he was always prone, and one to which he had given fatal encouragement of late by adopting as the vehicle of his ideas the loose epistolary form. *Time and Tide*, a series of letters to a working-man, had appeared on December 19, 1867; and that amazing periodical, *Fors Clavigera*, in which the discursive habit is given the fullest latitude, began in January, 1871, less than two years after the publication of *The Queen of the Air*, whose preface is dated at Vevey, May 1, 1869. Of all men of letters Ruskin is perhaps the best example of the *embarras de richesses*. We read a clear and vigorous treatise on some aspect of science or politics, and while

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we admire its lucid grasp and practical air, we note, perhaps, a lack of varied illustration, an absence of charm. We read another essay on the same or kindred themes by a man of wider cultivation, and while we acknowledge its superior fascination we feel less certain of its conclusions, more doubt of its utility for our purpose. It is the old distinction between fact and mind, between instruction and education, between aid and stimulus, between crop and manure: and the advantage to be respectively derived is purely a question of the immediate or the ultimate, the particular or the general purpose. It is Ruskin's fertility of mind that makes him so excellent for the latter, so educative and formative; but he continually pays the penalty in a certain dissipation of force, a failure of concentrated effect. Few people, perhaps, realise how enormous are the difficulties imposed on literary achievement by those very qualities of quick imagination and wide knowledge without which literature cannot be said to live at all. That delight in beginning, that impatience of finishing; that pleasure in the new suggestion, that weariness of the already grasped or sketched; the joy of conception, the tedium of execution; the brightly-coloured butterfly that lures perpetually from the prefixed track—this was the endless war of Ruskin's intellectual life, readily confessed of his work as a draughtsman and painter, more patent, though less clearly recognized by himself, in his later literary work. Every true artist, every writer strong enough to aim at what is valuable rather than successful, knows that struggle. With infinite cost of energy and wear of spirit he bows to the self-denying ordinance.

The tasks in hours of insight willed
Through months of gloom must be fulfilled:

and the effort is the harder for the full mind. With the growing accumulation of mental stores the difficulty of manipulating and using them becomes ever greater, until we see at last the plastic energy threatened with destruction by the wealth of its materials, the great mind almost perishing in its own too-much.

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But in the present work, of which I propose to take some brief note, the tendency is still held fairly in check. We may still see the creative spirit awrestle,

“Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight,”

compelling matter to seemly form and consistence. The disciplinary value of his early exercises in poetical composition, and of the ordered scheme of the earlier volumes of *Modern Painters*, is still felt. The first of the three lectures is kept within quite legitimate confines; it is a study of the Greek Myths of Cloud and Storm, given at University College, London, on March 9th, 1869. The second is only advanced as supplementary to the first; and if it somewhat enlarges the subject of Athena as conceived by the Greeks, the departure is acknowledged in the opening paragraph, and the text still keeps in part to Greek thought and mythology, while interweaving much detail and illustration from modern botany and zoology. The third, which amounts to nearly half the whole book, passes quite away from Greek conceptions of Athena, substituting (though still under her name) a number of quite modern ideas on architecture, painting, and political economy, which at least make the book more generally representative of its many-sided author, though they can claim but a loose kinship with its ostensible subject. This lecture is in fact a composite of several other passages or brief discourses written for other occasions, and included here with only a very slight attempt to give them a due connexion, but very interesting individually for all that; partly taken from a recent lecture at the Royal Institution (January 29th, 1869) on the Architecture of the valley of Somme (secs. 102-5), partly some old notes on political economy (secs. 120-34), a portion of the *Cestus of Aglaia* published in the *Art Journal* for 1865-6 (secs. 135-59), and lastly an interesting little address on a Greek coin, given at the Art School of Lambeth on the preceding March 15th (secs. 160-77).

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And the book is curiously representative of his variety, not merely in its matter, but in its style. It is mainly due to the intricacy of its subject that the first lecture is far more difficult to follow than the generality of Ruskin's writing; but, independent of that intricacy, there is a greater subtlety and ingenuity in manipulating his matter, induced, rather than involved, by the nature of the subject. The second and third lectures run off much more easily and like himself. In the third we have one of those autobiographical bits of which his work is full (secs. 111-2); and if we are tempted to call such passages egoistic, we should remember that they are only the franker form of a quality which necessarily pervades all literary work not merely technical. In his discussion of "purple" (secs. 91-2) we have a recurrence of that minute attention to words and their senses which crops up so often in his work, but which the study of myth peculiarly invites. The book throughout affords instances of his discursive habit of illustration; at the close of the second lecture (sec. 98), in his summary of what he has been saying about Athena, we have a return to the old picturesque rhetoric, of which he has long before proved himself a master, but which he gradually discards, less, I think, from failing ability or inspiration than from distaste; while in introducing his remarks on Modesty and Liberty (sec. 134, p. 181) he gives us one of those intimate revelations of his methods as a literary craftsman, of which there are other instances in *Præterita* and in *Fiction, Fair and Foul*.

"‘I am sorry,’ he says, ‘that they are written obscurely;—and it may be thought affectedly; but the fact is, I have always had three different ways of writing: one, with the single view of making myself understood, in which I necessarily omit a great deal of what comes into my head; another, in which I say what I think ought to be said, in what I suppose to be the best words I can find for it (which is in reality an affected style—be it good or bad); and my third way of writing is to say all that comes into my head for my own pleasure, in the first words that come, retouching them afterwards into (approximate) grammar. These notes for the *Art Journal* were so written; and I

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like them myself, of course, but ask the reader's pardon for their confusedness.'"

Passages like this are not, perhaps, entirely trustworthy—it is always so much easier to persuade oneself that one's brain followed such and such a course in production, than to restore and describe the actual process; but, apart from their accuracy of detail, the words are interesting evidence that one of the most discursive and desultory of writers was aware of his own tendency.

Among the most interesting features of the book is the modification of attitude it shows both in regard to science and to faith. True, we have the same old protest against machinery. The preface, written at Vevey on his way to Italy, mourns over "the light, the air, the waters" of Lake Geneva "all defiled!": and in the general principles which he lays down for State regulation of compulsory labour (sec. 130) he will have it employ vital or muscular power first; natural mechanical power of wind, water or electricity, second; and only at last have resource to artificial mechanical power—though the distinction between natural and artificial mechanical power is in truth quite unreal, consisting only in the more, or the less, obvious use of natural laws in either case. We may approve the motive of the distinction, while we smile at the distinction itself. And he would have all articles of manufacture, the need of which can be foreseen some time beforehand, transported not by railway, but by human draught along canals (p. 171). And, further, there is a characteristic expression of impatience with scientific nomenclature (p. 84): "When I want to know why a leaf is green, they tell me it is coloured by 'chlorophyll,' which at first sounds very instructive; but if they would only say plainly that a leaf is coloured green by a thing which is called 'green leaf,' we should see more precisely how far we had got." Botanist as he is, he must be perfectly aware that the use of Greek and Latin terminology in science descends to us from peoples who were among the earliest repositories of scientific knowledge, and whose nomenclature was retained partly to avoid,

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as far as possible, the trouble of renaming everything, partly on account of the convenience of a denotation of universal acceptance for matters of fact of universal and imperative importance. He knows, too, perfectly well that naming is not mere naming, but implies classification.

But his attitude to science generally is more respectful than it has been. In the preface, while welcoming Tyndall's recent discovery of the cause of the blue colour of the sky, he tenders graceful apology to him and "all masters of physical science, for any words of mine, either in the following pages or elsewhere, that may seem to fail in the respect due to their great powers of thought, or in the admiration due to the far scope of their discovery." Yet he has no intention of withdrawing the warnings uttered in *Modern Painters*. He still fears lest men of science should "care for the universe only; for man not at all;"* he would still suggest that absorption in the details of Nature which loses sight of her moral and imaginative aspects is a disaster to the artist and to the man.† And, though he appends in a note (p. 90) a qualified acceptance of Darwin's view of the origin of species, and acknowledges interest in speculations and experiments about the source of life (p. 81), he insists that all the varying forms of creation "have reference in their action, or nature, to the human intelligence that perceives them" (p. 121, also pp. 90, 92), insists on a purpose in their formation relative to humanity, and maintains that, whatever we may ascertain about the natural processes which give rise to life, or to species, these are only links in the chain of causation, never enabling us to escape from the ultimate Cause, or pierce the veil that shrouds from human ken the Lord and Giver of life.

"What is heat? or what, motion? What is this 'primo mobile,' this transitional power, in which all things live, and move, and have their being? It is by definition, something different from matter, and

* *Modern Painters*, vol. iv., p. 221 : Pt. I., ch. i., sec. 9.

† *Ib.*, vol. iii., p. 325 : Pt. IV., ch. xvii., secs. 42-3.

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we may call it as we choose—"first cause," or 'first light,' or 'first heat'; but we can show no scientific proof of its not being personal, and coinciding with the ordinary conception of a supporting spirit in all things" (p. 86).

Yet there is a change in his attitude on questions of faith, more marked here, perhaps, than has been visible in any earlier work, yet one that had been in silent and gradual progress now for some twelve or fifteen years. Readers of *Saint George* will remember the interesting paper on this subject contributed by Mr. A. S. Mories in the April number for 1901. The discussion with Mr. W. J. Stillman, in Switzerland, there alluded to, took place, perhaps, in 1860, when they were at Chamonix together, or perhaps before. Ruskin, at least, was in Switzerland in 1854 and 1856; while in 1858 we have the incident of his revulsion of feeling against the rigidly Protestant preacher at Turin, recounted by himself in *Præterita*, vol. iii, sec. 23. The exact stages of his faith or failure of faith are nowhere clearly marked: it is not a matter on which men of earnest and candid soul talk or write with ease, not one on which they can in many cases affirm their views or feelings very definitely even to themselves, a respect in which they differ somewhat widely from the street-preacher, exuberantly informing his open-air audience of his pleasurable sensations at the precise moment when the beneficent change in him was wrought. True the preacher might cite this very difference as proof that his was the more gracious state; but the reluctance to speak of their doubts is intensified in the minds of the most thoughtful men by a perception that the pillars of a widely-accepted faith cannot receive any shock without grave danger to the social fabric which they help to support. Throughout the book the tone of allusions to Biblical history or Christian symbolism is uniformly reverent: but the mere introduction from such history or symbolism of parallel illustrations to Greek myth is significant of his progress in the struggle between intellectual conviction and tradition, and the

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opening words are intended to prepare his readers for such, and anticipate their possible objection.

“We cannot justly interpret the religion of any people, unless we are prepared to admit that we ourselves, as well as they, are liable to errors in matters of faith; and that the convictions of others, however singular, may in some points have been well founded, while our own, however reasonable, may in some particulars be mistaken. You must forgive me, therefore, for not always distinctively calling the creeds of the past ‘superstition,’ and the creeds of the present day ‘religion’; as well as for assuming that a faith now confessed may sometimes be superficial, and that a faith long forgotten may once have been sincere. . . . Whatever charge of folly may justly attach to the saying,—‘There is no God,’ the folly is prouder, deeper, and less pardonable, in saying, ‘There is no God but for me.’”

There is significance, too, of the growth of fairness in his contention on p. 74 about the device of Peisistratus, who in order to win popular support for his usurpation of power at Athens, disguised a beautiful woman as Athena and made her ride beside him in his chariot—that while such willingness to play with a popular faith might be an argument of worldliness and a double mind, the rejection of literal superstition did not prevent his sincerely holding the same ideas in a more abstract form.*

Turning to consider a little more closely the specific contents of the book, we find the first lecture, as already said, purporting to be a study of the Greek myths of storm and cloud, which myths Ruskin chooses to group under the general presidency of Athena, the special protecting goddess of the Athenian people. He frames his definition of a myth, of course, so as to cover and excuse the treatment he intends to give: he defines it as “a story with a meaning attached to it other than it seems to have at first”; and he instances the fable of Hercules slaying the many-headed Hydra of Lerna, for which he suggests the rationalistic interpretation that Hercules actually purified a marsh, or several

* The source of the story is Herodotus, bk. i., ch. 60: the date, not long after Peisistratus' first usurpation in 560 B.C.

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streams, from deadly miasmata, or, further, that this struggle with the Hydra signified his contest with "the venom and vapour of envy and evil ambition in other men's souls or his own." He does not say that this was the view taken of the myth by the general mind of Greece; rather that the common belief was in the literal story of a man killing a deadly serpent. Nevertheless, he postulates the existence in more thoughtful minds of a consciousness of more in a myth than this literal statement; and further asserts a physical basis, in natural phenomena, for all the great myths; summing up his explanation by bidding us discern in them

"three structural parts—the root and the two branches:—the root, in physical existence, sun, or sky, or cloud, or sea; then the personal incarnation of that; becoming a trusted and companionable deity, with whom you may walk hand in hand, as a child with its brother or its sister; and, lastly, the moral significance of the image, which is in all the great myths eternally and beneficently true." (pp. 9-10.)

He guards himself by saying, "the real meaning of any myth is that which it has at the noblest age of the nation among whom it is current" (p. 11); and takes that age to be, in Greece, about 500 B.C., the time of Pindar and Aeschylus. Thus, practically, he asserts his right to frame an eclectic interpretation from the whole history of a myth; basing all on physical phenomena, but attaching moral interpretations, as he can find support for such in Greek literature. With this definitely-postulated attitude it is useless to quarrel, especially as it enables him to deliver one of those ingenious and beautiful sermons in which he and his readers in general so much delight. Only it is needful to remember that such a method is popular rather than scientific, and no safe guide in any historical sense. It mingles the rude ideas of a people in the dawn of their history with the very different ideas of their highly-civilized descendants, welding into one the beliefs of early superstition and the ingenious fancies by which later poets and philosophers strove to explain, or to excuse, those beliefs. This is the real gist of these somewhat obscure opening sections—they

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are a roundabout method of explaining that his treatment of myths is somewhat arbitrary. Those who wish to frame a more accurate idea of the history and development of these early beliefs should consult a work like Mr. Andrew Lang's *Myth, Ritual and Religion*.^{*} The ethical force of myths was seldom originally inherent in them, but was imported by literary men, poets and philosophers, living in a later age, with better and higher notions of Divinity, who tried to eliminate the incongruous, ridiculous, and immoral elements which they found in current religion, and to interpret bare and insignificant facts in a way which would make them ethically beautiful and fruitful of good. This process had begun at the time to which Ruskin refers, the sixth and early fifth centuries B.C.—it was the attitude of Pindar and Xenophanes—though its full development comes rather later in the history of Greek thought. That of the sixth century was chiefly occupied with physics; and, therefore, the explanations then tendered by Greeks as to the origin of their own myths are rather physical than moral.[†] This physical element in myth was, no doubt, a reality: natural objects, natural forces, are those which impinge most readily on a childish imagination, and there is nothing whatever strange or surprising in the fact that sun, moon, stars, sky, sea, rivers, rocks and trees received deification from early man. But it by no means follows that this was the origin of all myths, or that all parts of a myth can be explained in this physical way. Many were, no doubt, nature-myths: many were the distorted and magnified representations of deeds and characteristics of prominent men, as was first suggested by Euhemerus:[‡]

^{*} Longmans, "The Silver Library," 2 vols., 1899.

[†] "All early attempts at an interpretation of mythology are so many efforts to explain the myths on some principle which shall seem not unreasonable to men living at the time of the explanation."—(*Myth, Ritual and Religion*, p. 7.) "It did not occur to Theagenes [of Rhegium, 525 B.C.] to ask whether any evidence existed to show that the pre-Homeric Greeks were Empedoclean or Heraclitean philosophers."—(*ib.*, p. 18).

[‡] A Sicilian Greek, who resided at the court of Cassander of Macedonia about 316 B.C. In his *Sacra Historia*, he professed to have found, during his travels down the Red Sea, this account of the origin of Greek beliefs about the gods, engraved on bronze pillars in an (imaginary) island called Panchæa. His relation to the Greek myths is something similar to that which Geoffrey of Monmouth bears to the Arthurian legends.

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some were simply fictions of the poets : and some were due to a personification of those dim stirrings of goodness and holiness felt by man even in earliest times.

The theory which places the general origin of myths in nature-personification received a strong impulse from the German philological school about the middle of the nineteenth century, of which the prominent representative in England was Professor Max Müller. He insisted that the true explanation of myth was to be found in language. Examine, he said, the earliest forms of names of deities in kindred languages. When we find, for example, that *Zeus* in Greek, and *Ju-piter* in Latin, is represented in their elder sister, Sanskrit, by *Dyaus*, which is derived from *dya* or *div*, day, we understand that the original notion of the word was not so much that of the all-wise, all-powerful deity, as simply that of "the shining one," the sky. Most of the prominent personages and incidents in ancient mythology are similarly traced by this school to simple elemental conceptions. "In the hymns of the *Rigveda*,"* says Max Müller, "we still have the last chapter of the real Theogony of the Aryan races." And, further, because the roots of words were generally expressive of action, early races could only name objects by actions, *e.g.*, a river could only be spoken or thought of as a runner, a roarer, a defender, etc.; and so the personifying habit which gives rise to myth is traceable to the necessities of language.

To this school has succeeded the anthropological or folk-lorist school, represented in Germany by Mannhardt, in England by Mr. Andrew Lang, which declines to believe in this philological origin of myths; attributing the personifying habit, and especially the habit of bestowing gender on natural objects, to a natural human tendency; and considering language and its habits rather as the result than the cause of such tendency. How can these myths, they ask, be due to peculiarities of language, when precisely similar myths

* The most ancient collection of Sanskrit poems. (*Lectures on the Science of Language*, Vol. II., lecture ix).

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are found among the savage races of to-day, whose languages, totally unconnected with those of the Aryan stock, present no such peculiarities? "A Maori myth is very like a Greek myth. If the Greek myth arose from a disease of Greek, how did the wholly different Maori speech, and a score of others, come to have precisely the same malady?"* The habit of personification, natural to the whole human race, is the originating cause of myths; and Mr. Lang suggests that this habit has its origin in the savage's observation that his own action originates in his own conscious will, which leads him to attribute similar conscious will to the action of natural objects, to rivers, trees, winds, clouds, etc., *i.e.*, to confer on them personality. †

It should be added that both Max Müller and Mr. Lang are at one as to the impossibility of explaining myths with certainty from mythographers or from the poets: they are as misleading as a collection of dried flowers would be to a botanist who had no growing plants with which to compare them.

It will be seen that the method Ruskin follows in *The Queen of the Air* of interpreting myths from what he finds in Homer, Hesiod, and Pindar, is not likely to yield very reliable results: and he has been further misled by the habit of resolving myths into simple elemental conceptions, characteristic of Max Müller and the school that was dominant in the sixties, when he turned his attention to the subject. Basing his essay throughout on Nature-conceptions, he interprets Athena with most ingenious ramifications as the goddess of the clear sky, ‡ and represents as connected with and subordinate to her the other deities of cloud and

* Lang's *Modern Mythology*, p. xv.

† *Ib.*, p. xi.

‡ Welcker (*Griechische Götterlehre*, Gottingen, 1857, i, 393) had maintained that she was a feminine personification of the upper air, the daughter of Zeus, the dweller in æther. Max Müller says Athene = Ahani, Sanskrit for "dawn," Curtius derives the name from $\alpha\theta$, interpreting as "the blooming one," the maiden: Preller doubtfully from $\alpha\iota\theta$, whence $\alpha\iota\theta\eta\rho$, the air, or from $\alpha\nu\theta$, whence $\alpha\nu\theta\omicron\varsigma$, a flower, agreeing that she means in any case the clear height of æther: while more modern mythologists, e.g., Furtwängler, maintain her to be the cloud goddess, or the goddess of the lightning that springs from the clouds. (*Myth, Ritual and Religion*, ii, 264.)

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storm, Æolus, Boreas, the Harpies, and Hermes the conductor of clouds. But in reality there is little warrant for this association of Athena with nature; and none, I believe, for any connexion of her with the other gods mentioned.

‘There is no proof,’ says Mr. Lang (and the statement is quite at one with the view taken long ago in Smith’s *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology*, and echoes the average classical reader’s surprise at these atmospheric associations), ‘that Athene was ever a nature-goddess at all, and if she was, there is nothing to show what was her department of nature. When we meet her in Homer, she is patroness of moral and physical excellence in man and woman. Manly virtue she typifies in her martial aspect, the armed and warlike maid of Zeus; womanly excellence she protects in her capacity of Ergane, the toiler. She is the companion and guardian of Perseus, no less than of Odysseus.’*

This, however, is not to say that Ruskin has not interpreted with ingenuity and beauty some physical notes of Athena which he finds in Homer or elsewhere; still less that he is wrong in regarding her as the best typification of practical moral energy and self-restraint, and of invention among the Greeks. I cannot do more than summarise the functions he assigns to her in this first lecture. He traces her—

- (1) As the air giving life and health to all animals (secs. 32-7).
- (2) As the air giving vegetative power to the earth, in the myth of Athena adopting Erichthonius, the child of the worker Hephæstus and of the earth, and giving him to be brought up by the three nymphs of the dew, Aglauros, Herse, and Pandrosos (sec. 38).
- (3) As the air giving motion to the sea and rendering navigation possible (sec. 39).
- (4) As the air nourishing artificial light, torch or lamplight, as opposed to that of the sun, on the one hand, and of consuming fire on the other (sec. 40).

* *Ib.*, vol. ii., p. 268.

- (5) As the air conveying vibration of sound (secs. 41-3); tracing this sense of vibrating sound in her other name of Pallas,* though that name has usually been referred to the brandishing of her spear by the Warrior-Maid, or derived from the most ancient sense of *πάλλαξ*, a virgin, a maiden. Ruskin allows himself under this last head some speculations on the moral effects of Music; as to which I must remark that while it is perfectly true that some music seems naturally to carry such effect, and true, too, that, by association with definite words or with special occasions—of mourning, for instance, or festivity, or military pomp—music may be and has been made a powerful moral instrument, yet this would appear to be rather a side-function, accidental more than essential to an art which, more than any of the arts, occupies a world of its own,—a world of sound often closely related indeed to human emotions (as what human art can fail to be?), yet hardly expressible in terms of thought; a world whose vastness was but late discovered, a paradise reserved for the old age and weariness of the o'ercrowded earth, where man may enter and rest or range at will, his struggles and his sufferings awhile forgot.

I must pass on to the second lecture,† “Athena in the Earth,” which is described as a “study of the supposed, and actual, relations of Athena to the vital force in material organism.” There is something (perhaps more) of the same difficulty in ascertaining his real purpose and bearing in this essay as in the former. I think it must be clear to the discerning reader that Athena is little more than a nominal heading, justified by references to her, perhaps inserted later,‡ bestowed on what is really a series of notes on

* From *πάλλω*, to brandish, quiver.

† It was not, I believe, ever delivered as a lecture; though the habit of composing for such delivery crops up in a phrase on p. 100, “I have gathered for you *to-night* only instances of what is beautiful in Greek religion.”

‡ Cf., sec. 44; and the discussion of the Drosidae or Dew-plants, p. 110, with pp. 56-7 of the preceding lecture.

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zoology and botany, originally taken, perhaps, without special purpose, and here brought together to illustrate the thesis of purpose in creation, of special reference in the animal and vegetable world to man and his ethical needs—a thesis which occupies secs. 51-89 (pp. 78-122), nearly four-fifths of the entire chapter. Ten years before this date, on November 24th, 1859, had appeared Darwin's *Origin of Species*; and Ruskin seems to intend this second lecture as a corrective to what he felt as an undue pre-occupation with the stages or means of creation as opposed to its cause and purpose. Again and again we get the assertion that science leaves the ultimate fact unaltered.

“It is quite true that the tympanum of the ear vibrates under sound, and that the surface of the water in a ditch vibrates too, but the ditch hears nothing for all that; and my hearing is still to me as blessed a mystery as ever” (p. 81).

And of brain-waves as conveyors of mental consciousness—

“The consciousness itself is not a wave. . . . My friend is dead, and my—according to modern views—vibratory sorrow is not one whit less, or less mysterious to me, than my old quiet one” (p. 82).

And again and again there is the idea of creation with special reference to man. In plants “the strongest life is asserted by characters in which the human sight takes pleasure, and which seem prepared with distinct reference to us” (p. 89) “all the distinctions of species, both in plants and animals, appear to have similar connection with human character” (p. 90). However species originate, or are modified by external accident, the well-defined groups into which they fall—and Ruskin is inclined to deny the step-by-step gradation (p. 90)—carry for man certain moral ideas. The crocodile repels, the lamb attracts: “there is no confusion of thought possible between the perfect forms of an eagle, a trout, and a war-horse, in their relations to the elements and to man” (p. 92). The circumstances in the development of plants are unimportant: what directs the circumstance?

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"It is among the most notable indications of the volition of the animating power, that we find the ethical signs of good and evil set on these also, as well as upon animals; the venom of the serpent, and in some respects its image also, being associated with the passionless growth of the leaf out of the ground; while the distinctions of species seem appointed with more definite ethical address to the intelligence of man as their material products become more useful to him" (p. 104).

Everywhere, in clouds, plants, and animals, the series of changing forms, developed by the power of the air under solar light, have reference to man's thought; suggesting by their horrible or beautiful appearance, their good or evil qualities, a series of myths, or words of the creative power. And the creative power, acting by whatever means, has been everywhere attributed to Deity; and human art and human happiness have depended on man's "apprehension of its mystery (which is certain), and of its personality (which is probable)" (p. 122).

There is fallacy, of course, in this argument: it is the old unproved assumption of design which pervades Butler's *Analogy*. Because man sees certain things in the animal or vegetable world, because he is disposed to regard them with physical pleasure or distaste, or in certain moral aspects, it does not follow that they were formed with that purpose, or with reference to him at all. The same effect might have followed on the operation of mere chance: and there may be other effects, more important, in which man has no share or sympathy whatever. The present modes of co-existence of plants and of animals, their relations to each other, all the relations of the universe, are what has *come to be* in vast periods of time. They were not so at first: the present harmony is the survival of a vast incongruity and disunion; and the same or a similar harmony might have arisen from beginnings, and intermediate stages, wholly different. According to the law of adaptation to environment by which evolution seems to be guided, correspondences would gradually have come about, no matter what the original elements: nor, because a particular set or kind of

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correspondences has resulted, are we justified in saying that that set and no other was the original intention or the final end of the process. To say so ignores all the preceding intermediate correspondences, many of which have passed away and left no trace, all the processes now going on of which we are ignorant, all that may lie hid in the womb of the future. It may be so. It is natural to us, who live by correspondences, to extend the idea of such as widely as possible, to project our finite experience on to the infinite Unknown, to correlate the universe that we find existing with a Divine plan outside it, and to say that the plan caused the phenomena. But human tendency to think in this way does not amount to proof: it may be no more than an intense realisation of the existing, much as if a number of wasps, intensely realising the correspondence between themselves and the nectarine upon the rector's garden-wall, should feel convinced that the tree was planted there to afford them their delicious banquet. Thus much alone can be affirmed with certainty, that there is a Force working towards correspondences, that Harmony is a Law: we cannot as a matter of logic conclude that any particular kind of harmony or correspondence is specially or finally designed merely because it is that we happen to find. We are, however, equally unable to assert the negative. The presence of law, controlling the most diverse operations, is indisputable: human conception at least invariably associates law and Will; and, given Will with power to make law, there is certainly more probability that what exists was purposed; though the design may include other purposes from which the present stage is yet far distant, and the existent may embrace other and perhaps more important results with which man has neither acquaintance nor concern. Century after century lilies gave their light, and the rose its rapture, to the desert: for myriads of years the snowfield slipped in thunder down mountains which had given place to sea before man's advent. Are there not to-day mighty growths, cracking the crust which bears them, swelling the pæan of Nature, in Brazilian forests untrodden since

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the first morning of the world? The basaltic caverns of Staffa were unknown, or unnoted by a humanity careless of scenery and ignorant of geology, until the middle of the eighteenth century.

And the Great Architect, Who loveth best
Amid His mighty works the lowliest,
Who though He builded on Creation's morn
Staffa, that laughs e'en Roslin's shafts to scorn,
Shewed her but yesterday to human eye,
For that He needs not man's poor flattery ;
Content, if on her adamantine floor
His Godhead echoes in the breakers' roar ;
If all along the coast white choirs of waves
Thunder His glory in a thousand caves*—

—the remainder is not germane to my argument, but I have quoted enough to show a certain presumption, as well as illogicality, in the idea that man must always share in the purpose or the pleasure of his Creator. Let us remember that Anaxagoras was nearly stoned by the most enlightened people of the ancient world for affirming that Intelligent Purpose ruled it—it was not what they had heard before : let us remember that in the land of the Renaissance in the seventeenth century Galileo was imprisoned, if not tortured, for maintaining—what the book of Genesis had omitted to state—that the earth moved round the sun : and, in an age when almost every year brings us fresh knowledge of which we never dreamed, let us admit that perhaps after all we are not the protagonists in the great drama, and that a thing is not necessarily fact because we have always believed it to be so.

By way of illustration of this moral aspect of the animal world Ruskin takes the two orders, reptiles and birds ; and shows how the serpent represents the spirit of the earth at its maximum, and the bird the spirit of the air. The passages in which he describes them are among his best efforts. The bird

*The lines are from an old Newdigate Prize Poem of some twenty-five years ago, my own admiration of which has suffered but slight diminution since the day when I was its unsuccessful competitor, though its author, a well-known man of letters, might, perhaps, not thank me for associating his name publicly therewith.

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"is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like a blown flame: it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it;—*is* the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself" (p. 93).

And he goes on to show how the voice of the air, weak, wild and useless in itself, is found ordered and commanded in the bird's song; and the colours of the air, its vermilion and flame and snow-white and melted blue, are repeated in the bird's plumage, "wave on wave following and fading along breast and throat and open wings." And then of the serpent, "that running brook of horror on the ground," he asks:—

"Why that horror? We all feel it, yet how imaginative it is, how disproportionate to the real strength of the creature! There is more poison in an ill-kept drain . . . there is more venom, mortal, inevitable, in a single word sometimes, or in the gliding entrance of a wordless thought, than ever 'vanti Libia con sua rena.' But that horror is of the myth, not of the creature . . . it is the strength of the base element that is so dreadful in the serpent; it is the very omnipotence of the earth. That rivulet of smooth silver—how does it flow, think you? It literally rows on the earth, with every scale for an oar; it bites the dust with the ridges of its body. Watch it, when it moves slowly:—A wave, but without wind! a current, but with no fall! all the body moving at the same instant, yet some of it to one side, some to another, or some forward, and the rest of the coil backwards; but all with the same calm will and equal way—no contraction, no extension; one soundless, ceaseless march of sequent rings, and spectral procession of spotted dust, with dissolution in its fangs, dislocation in its coils. Startle it;—the winding stream will become a twisted arrow; the wave of poisoned life will lash through the grass like a cast lance. It scarcely breathes with its one lung (the other shrivelled and abortive); it is passive to the sun and shade, and is cold or hot like a stone; yet 'it can outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the zebra, outwrestle the athlete, and crush the tiger.'* It is a Divine hieroglyphic of the demoniac power of the earth,—of the entire earthly nature. As the bird is the clothed power of the air, so this is the clothed power of the dust; as the bird the symbol of the spirit of life, so this of the grasp and sting of death" (sec. 68).

* Richard Owen.

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These brilliant descriptive passages are followed by instances, not very numerous, of ethical associations attached by man to bird or serpent, in which Ruskin makes it good, in spite of exceptions—such as the myths which associate the serpent with Æsculapius as a healing spirit, or the bird with evil Harpy or Siren—that the former has mainly been regarded as representative of malignant power and of degradation, the latter of spiritual power and ministry of good.

Passing next, sec. 74, to the plants, Ruskin attempts to exhibit the moral associations of those which would be used at any country dinner in England—beans, potatoes, onions and herbs for stuffing, celery and radishes, nuts and apples, and brown bread. His comments are interesting, of course, as matter of Botany, and by dragging in the lilies and rushes under the head of corn he obtains some pretty allusions (pp. 113-6), and also some connexion with Athena (*cf.* the previous lecture, p. 56): but generally, I think, it will be felt that the moral associations he endeavours to attach (*e.g.*, pp. 118-9) are somewhat fanciful and arbitrary, and of no great assistance to his argument of creation and specification with special reference to man.

At secs. 90-5 he returns to Athena, to comment on the colours associated with her, *e.g.*, the epithets, γλαυκῶπις, of the steely gray gleam of her eyes, κνάρια, of the dark blue colour assigned to her ægis or goatskin, representing the darkness of the stormy sky, and others; taking the opportunity to introduce his view, developed in the *Lectures on Art* at Oxford in the following year (1870), that the Greeks saw colour chiefly as degrees of light and shade, and took little pleasure in it for its own sake—a view which he must have adopted with some reluctance (as he considers the natural taste for pure bright colours as a mark of healthy feeling)* and on what he felt to be compelling grounds, but which seems hardly reconcileable with recent archaeological conclusions as to the extensive use of bright colours on the outside of Greek

* See *Lectures on Art*, pp. 180-3, 219, and *passim*.

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buildings. It is a question involving far too close a study to be entered into here; nor does Ruskin profess to be able to find much assistance in interpreting the myth of Athena from any representations of her in Greek Art. It was part of his artistic creed, as we saw in the third volume of *Modern Painters*, that the religious vitality of art is always impaired by the attainment of technical skill; and he considers that we can no more infer the influence of Athena on the Greek mind from anything we possess, or can gather, of the work of the great sculptor, Pheidias, than we could infer the spirit of Christianity from Titian's "Assumption." He notes, however, the great splendour of the materials used for the statue of the goddess at Athens—ivory, gold, and gems. The second lecture concludes with a rhetorical summary of what he has said about the functions of the goddess, interpreting her pantheistically with a width of range and ingenuity of fancy which adds considerably to the total, and far more to the average, conception of her in the Greek mind. Throughout, Ruskin gives too free a play to his own feelings and to modern modes of thought, for these essays to be considered very seriously as a contribution to exact knowledge of Greek myth or religious feeling. Any other treatment would have been unlike himself; and from the modest depreciation of the Preface—the disclaimer of full philological investigation, which his present critic very readily echoes for his own part, it seems that he was conscious of a certain warping of the subject-matter to a predetermined fashion of handling. "Much of my work," he says, "has been done obstinately in my own way. . . . Absolutely right no one can be in such matters."

In the third lecture, though he still keeps up the title and professes to be treating of "the conception of Athena as the Directress of the Imagination and the Will," there is no attempt to keep near Greek myth. The Athena here spoken of is merely a general name for some conceptions of right thinking and right

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conduct that have crystallized in his own mind; and there is scarce any reference to Greece save in those excellent remarks at the close on the *Hercules of Camarina*, in which he tries to show the relation of Greek art and imagination to our own. But from a practical point of view most English folk will find this third lecture the most interesting; and its release from a bondage of ostensible subject is a gain in simplicity and intelligibility.

First he gives us a restatement of his constant principle of the connexion of art and morality, whether in nations or individuals.

“Great art is the expression of the mind of a great man, and mean art, that of the want of mind of a weak man. . . . If stone work is well put together, it means that a thoughtful man planned it, and a careful man cut it, and an honest man cemented it. If it has too much ornament, it means that its carver was too greedy of pleasure; if too little, that he was rude, or insensitive, or stupid, and the like. . . . A man may hide himself from you, or misrepresent himself to you, every other way; but he cannot in his work: there, be sure, you have him to the inmost. All that he likes, all that he sees,—all that he can do,—his imagination, his affections, his perseverance, his impatience, his clumsiness, cleverness, everything is there.” (pp. 139-40.) “And by whatever power of vice or virtue any art is produced, the same vice or virtue it reproduces and teaches.” (p. 141).

He illustrates by appealing to universal history: the military period of all nations is followed by a domestic period in which the arts are developed, as fruit and evidence of their ideal of character; and the arts pass into decay so soon as they are pursued for luxury and pleasure only. The theory is reiterated at Oxford in the following year: “the art of a nation is, with mathematical precision, the exponent of its ethical state;”* “the manual arts are as accurate exponents of ethical state, as other modes of expression; first, with absolute precision, of that of the workman; and then with precision, disguised by many distorting influences, of that of the nation to which it belongs.”† So very

* *Lectures on Art*, p. 82.

† *Ib.*, p. 87.

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much of what he says is absolutely true, and it is of such immense public and private benefit to have it clearly stated that decay of morality, in individual or nation, means sooner or later decay of power, in art or any other function, as makes it doubly difficult to assume the rôle, apparently, of *advocatus diaboli*: yet the cause of truth is not served, it is disserved, by overstatement, which drives would-be adherents into the arms of the opposite party. The key to the weakness to which I allude is supplied by Ruskin's own admissions. He allows that many of the strong masters had deep faults of character, and could not govern their passions: but, he says, such faults always show in their work; the ill-governed die young, or paint ill when old.* Just so, here (p. 144), he admits that a bad woman may have a sweet voice, but refers it to the past morality of her race. "Men are deceived by the long-suffering of the laws of nature; and mistake, in a nation, the reward of the virtue of its sires for the issue of its own sins" (p. 145). And the signs can only be interpreted aright by one who has given them the closest study. "We must ourselves possess all the mental characters of which we are to read the signs."† But if he allows, as you see he does, that art produced before evil indulgence has had time to work its evil effects may still possess excellence, what becomes of the mathematically exact interpretation of character by art? And the signs which it asks a virtual omniscience to read can hardly be called visible in a practical sense. Concessions like these quite give the theory away; or at best relegate it to the study of the art of the past, and even there it will be an uncertain guide. Amid the variety of circumstance, the succession of schools, who shall fix the standard of the too much or too little of ornament, the excess or the defect of finish, from which the artist's character is to be deduced? Ruskin himself admits that modern life is too complex and confused to allow of the application of the principle to work

* *Lectures on Art*, p. 90.

† *Lectures on Art*, p. 88.

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by living artists.* While we grant that evil in the artist means ultimately decay in the art, we are also bound to remember that the representation of evil is not necessarily itself evil, and that even work done with evil purpose may represent a triumph of technical skill. In truth we had much better leave the artist's character to himself and his Maker, and concern ourselves solely with his pictures; thankful that, though he may be a bad man, yet the glory and beauty of his work may survive for a while, and assured, as we are by Ruskin himself,† that glory and beauty can only be the result of goodness, whether that goodness coexist or not with evil, whether it be present or past.

There follow in illustration of the didactic nature of art some remarks upon the absence of warm colour in a drawing of Turner's made near Geneva, as compared with the brilliantly-illuminated page of some Persian manuscript; and an attempt to shew that the sobriety of the former is the result of stern experience of life, and also of English conditions of climate, and is eloquent only for those who have known moral endeavour—all of which should be compared with the chapter in *The Eagle's Nest* (1872) on "The power of Modesty in Science and Art," a chapter which this passage anticipates.

The next assertion (p. 151) is, the foundation both of morals and art in war, and that the latter must be waged by personal strength rather than by money or machinery—a truth that need not lead him to decry the use of the latter. The plain fact, which Ruskin persistently ignores, is that the world does not and cannot stand still. Machinery is the result of brain and skill, of the dominance of mind over matter; and to ignore it is, in effect, to hark back to the reign of tooth and claw, the empire of the mastodon and the saurian. Physical strength, and moral character, as much as you please. All history confirms his demand of them, that of Carthage, of Rome, of the Italian Republics: there must

* *Lectures on Art*, p. 94.

† *Lectures on Art*, p. 95.

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be no delegation of the qualities of personal manhood, no reliance on mere mercenary forces, and we ourselves have had the lesson of personal readiness and efficiency borne sharply in upon us of late. But none the less it is true that physical courage and strength, unaided by modern science, will be of no avail: else would Kitchener inevitably have been swept from the field of Omdurman by the Mahdi's advancing host; else would the civilized race be subject to the savage the wide world over. Once more there is loss, not gain, in overstatement.

The next portion of the essay, pp. 157-181, is a brief statement, from old notes, of some of his economic views, connected with what precedes by the thought that Athena presided over industry as well as war. I can do no more than summarize them here. He lays down, as he has done elsewhere, that the object of Political Economy is "the utmost multitude of good men on every given space," sec. 121, an object by no means fulfilled by "a multiplied and depraved humanity in lands barren of bread";* that money is not wealth, but that it is a title-deed to wealth, and not merely a means of exchange; that "for every good thing produced, so much money is put into everybody's pocket," p. 163, a thesis to which it is easier to assent than to its converse—"every costly dinner given, every fine dress worn, destroys as much money as it is worth"—which is difficult to reconcile with his recognition of welfare and the use of things as wealth; that "a thing is worth precisely what it can do for you, not what you choose to pay for it"; that "the character of men depends more on their occupations than on any teaching," sec. 127, that the right of public interference with vice begins with its early manifestations, not when it has blossomed into crime, and that "the true instruments of reformation are employment and reward, not punishment." He insists that not merely criminals, but all per-

* In an earlier work, or in *Fors*, he lays it down as among the duties of Englishmen to occupy and open up the waste places of the earth: he had seen, I think, in part, the necessity of expansion which the lapse of half a century has rendered so imperative.

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sons of idle loafing temperament (pp. 175-8) should be compelled to work. In this enforced labour the vital powers must be used before the mechanical; employment must be as educational as possible ("the noblest function of labour is to prevent crime"), and, in times of distress, concentrated on production or distribution of the directly useful, *i.e.*, food, clothing, lodging; and he concludes this portion of the essay, sec. 134, by stating his conviction that sooner or later we shall have to register the whole population, to know how they live and make sure that the right work is given them to do, and he specifies certain employments. There is much here that the statesman might, and of course does, consider, however qualified by impracticability in some of the details.

There follows, pp. 181-217, a reproduction of two numbers of the "Cestus of Aglaia," on "the opposition of Modesty and Liberty and the unescapable law of wise restraint." What he says, generally, of Modesty as "the measuring virtue, the virtue of *modes* or limits," is true and valuable. He declines to find it in the denial or understatement of our own capacity and skill, tracing its presence rather in the readiness to admire and do justice to the work of others, and the ability to work in harmonious association with others. Self-depreciation is often morbid, often insincere: let us learn to know our place, and take it. "The first duty of every man in the world is to find his true master, and for his own good submit to him; and to find his true inferior, and, for that inferior's good, conquer him. The punishment is sure, if we either refuse the reverence, or are too cowardly and indolent to enforce the compulsion" (p. 210)—advice which seems to imply more knowledge both of themselves and of humanity at large than most men possess, and to require the devotion of much preliminary time to the study of both, but advice which men do nevertheless put into general practice, though half unconsciously, far more as a matter of instinct than of knowledge or purpose. For the rest he insists that, whether we have to obey or to com-

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mand, modesty delights not in licence, but in law; and true freedom is only to be had by long obedience. In drawing he deprecates, as elsewhere, all bold and dashing work; the control of hand must be perfect, acquired by the practice of years—"a fine artist's line is measurable in its purposed direction to considerably less than the thousandth of an inch" (p. 198). Let us mark, too, in these days of devotion to style, to the saliences and mannerisms which catch the flighty attention, how Ruskin traces all such to *defect* and the effort to overcome it. "Every man's manner has this kind of relation to some defect in his physical powers or modes of thought, so that in the greatest work there is no manner visible. It is at first uninteresting from its quietness; the majesty of restrained power only dawns gradually upon us, as we walk towards the horizon" (p. 199).

And of Liberty, not merely in art but in general, he points out that its value depends purely on its use; that the fly, the freest and most daring of creatures, is not comparable in worth to the chained and submissive watch-dog; that freedom should be withheld from those who cannot use it aright; that the experience of evil is *not* of value to the individual, but a perpetual fetter and disability for heights he might otherwise have reached; and, in opposition to Mill's *Essay On Liberty*, that "the degree of liberty you can rightly grant to a number of men is commonly in the inverse ratio of their desire for it" (p. 207). He illustrates the effects of restraint and liberty by a comparison of the work of Luini and Turner, much to the Italian's advantage. The passage is noteworthy as perhaps the frankest recognition of Turner's defects to be found in Ruskin's works; though, observe, he traces the difference mainly to the absence of due taste, and law in taste, among the English for whom Turner's work was done. Patient, restrained, and careful work remained unrewarded and unrecognized; and so the artist abandoned himself to sensational experiments and lost self-control (p. 214). Nothing could well be more salutary for us to hear than just that.

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The rest of the essay is occupied by those instructive reflections on Greek Art suggested by the Sicilian coin—reflections which derive authority and force from his recent studies of the Greek vases in the British Museum. He praises the realism and verisimilitude of Hercules' face, and takes occasion to dispel the common notion that the Greeks were a particularly beautiful people, as did Mr. Mahaffy later in his *Social Life in Greece*: he praises, further, the simplicity of aim, and full mastery of skill up to the required point, also the careful disposition of masses, with a view to the total effect: he defends the conventional treatment of the mane of the lion's skin as dictated by the practical necessities of the cutting, and stamping, and use of the coin—as governed in fact by common sense; and he draws attention to the meaning of the lion's skin here as a type of the first victory and the moral strength it gives. Lastly, he bids us use Greek art as a first, not a final teacher; not to take it as a model for imitation; because we are not Greeks, but Englishmen, and all good art is the natural utterance of its own people in its own day, and because, moreover, we are richer than the Greeks by the world's whole subsequent addition of motive, power, and insight.

And so the lecture ends, with the abruptness appropriate to a work which is rather a series of scattered and miscellaneous notes than a perfectly unified and coherent whole—a book which I have passed in rapid and, I fear, very imperfect survey for the benefit of the readers of *Saint George*, with more care to indicate the occasional flaw or weakness than to eulogize the author's long recognized merits; for, indeed, I think he is best served by such a treatment, and his qualifications as a writer and a thinker easily enable him to triumph over defects which would be fatal to a lesser artist and a meaner mind. Let my readers buy and read the book itself, if they have not already done so. *The Queen of the Air* is not to be spared from the shelf where we treasure, where we honour, the works of Ruskin.

SOME NOTES ON IMPERIALISM.

By Henry Wilson, F.S.A.

LATE events have caused this word to be much in men's mouths, and it has been made a subject of praise or blame by many who plainly had a very faint conception of the meaning of the word. The very term lends itself to this from its vagueness. Everyone attaches to it what meaning he pleases, and does not think himself bound even in the course of the same speech or article to keep to the meaning that he started with. Not one in a thousand, also, takes the trouble to define clearly, to himself, his major premiss, the assumption that he starts with. When to this source of confusion is added a middle term used in two senses, we cease to wonder at the quality of the utterances of prominent politicians and would-be leaders—blind leaders—of the people.

One rather numerous and noisy party, who profess to speak in the name of high morality, use the word Imperialism to signify a love of aggression, of war, of plunder; and they foretell the speedy downfall of England as the result of this new spirit that she is filled with. Others say that it is not a new spirit, that Englishmen have always been restless and aggressive, and that this temper is the cause of the universal dislike and illwill with which we are regarded in other countries. Why, if we have been thus distinguished for hundreds of years, and such a spirit leads speedily to ruin, we have gone on so long increasing in power and wellbeing, is not explained.

Others lay less stress on our vices of combativeness and greed, but maintain that we are increasing our business beyond our capital—in fact, that we make the mistake of adapting extensive instead of intensive cultivation. If we spent the money that acquiring new territory costs us in developing what we already have it would pay us better. All these new possessions are only

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hostages given to fortune, each one making us more vulnerable. We are warned of our isolation, that at any time two or three Powers may combine against us, that we have not a single friend or ally. If, on the other hand, we retired from Egypt, still more if we retired from the Mediterranean altogether, we should make an undying friend of France. The cession of Gibraltar, again, would turn Spain into a lasting ally. No doubt, in a similar way, we could conciliate Russia by the gift of India, Germany by South Africa, and the United States with Canada. We could then retire to our tight little island, and live in a leisurely and dignified old age, for, of course, these grateful Powers, remembering what we had done for them, would keep us in comfort ever after, as has always been the case since the time of King Lear. Let us wave aside the saying of the cynical French king, who, when he had conferred a favour, remarked, "*J'ai fait dix mécontents et un ingrat!*" Down with the old Yorkshireman, who was saving for his old age, and when Robert Baker asked him why he did not trust to his children to keep him when old, as he had toiled for them, answered: "*Eh, sir! it shows how little tha knaws o' human natur'. Tha's sean t' owd hen scratting for t' chickens mony a time, but in aw tha' life tha' never seed t' chickens scratting for t' owd hen.*"

When we stop to consider who it is that are the loudest in their denunciations of us for interfering with other people, we are struck by the fact that they are the very party who are the greatest advocates for interfering with their neighbours at home. I shall have, therefore, to ask where the line is drawn, and on what principle it is wrong to use force to a brown man, beyond a certain geographical boundary, to compel him to work and build a better house for himself, while it is right to use force to a white man, beyond a certain other geographical line, to compel him to be idle and build a better house for his neighbour.

I was glad to see the other day that a well-known learned and broad-minded dignitary of the Church of England uttered the

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wish that a clean sweep could be made of the works of Dickens, who had done more than any other writer to foster the sickly sentimentality that finds concrete expression in mischievous legislative and other interference. From a literary point of view I should be very sorry, as no doubt that writer would be, to lose the humour which has given pleasure to so many thousands of readers in the pages of Dickens, but most of what he wrote on social questions is clap-trap. This subject of Imperialism recalled a well-known passage in *Bleak House*, where, in describing a noisome court in London called Tom All Alone's, Dickens says, "It were better that the sun should sometimes set on the British Empire than that it should ever rise on so vile a wonder as Tom's." Here we see that it is implied that the size of the British Empire is in some way responsible for a foul spot in London. If the author had been appealed to he could not have shewn the connection. All he could have done would have been to repeat that sentence so dear to those with big hearts and small heads:—"Something must be done," just as Sam Weller, when he saw Mr. Pickwick's name on the Bath coach, cried, "Aint no one to be whopped for this here?"

If Clive had not won the battle of Plassy, or Captain Cooke had never sailed, would that have drained one slum or fed one hungry mouth? Were not the chief streets in London in a worse state than Tom's when our Empire was not a hundredth of its present size? Yet it is nebulous illogicalities like the sentence I quoted which, listened to with Mrs. Snagsby's long and tight shake of the head, repeated over and over again, form that elusive and absurd commodity called public opinion, the lode star by which those unhappy beings called politicians steer their course.

Now a few words as to the alleged unpopularity of Englishmen. It may be that we are unpopular—I never stopped to enquire. I have often been abroad, and never received anything but civility. I have even travelled alone safely in various parts of Ireland. I have found it an excellent rule through life never to guess at what

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people think ; never even to attend to what they say, but to look at what they do. I have just read Mr. Stephen Phillips' fine play of "Herod." He makes Herod sneak in disguise about the streets of Jerusalem, listening to what the people said of him. A very suitable proceeding for an Idumæan, but "them as is otherways constituted thinks different." I wonder if any one of those who write to the papers about ill-will to us abroad, listens at his kitchen keyhole to hear what his servants say of him, or tries to gather the opinion of his neighbours at the village public? He would doubtless hear many wonderful things—personal qualities, and chapters in his history which were quite new to him. If he would think it beneath his dignity to do so, why should he act differently in public affairs? It is like people who would be ashamed to tattle about their neighbours, but will buy and read a book that is nothing but scandalous gossip about some king or writer. An impecunious guttersnipe in a garret in Paris or Berlin spins out of his own head some reflections on us, or, it may be, some be-wigged and be-starred chancellor utters words not intended to correspond to facts, but to produce a given effect on those who are foolish enough to attach any weight to them. I always think it a great pity that our papers copy these things which only cause bad blood in the unwise, and are taken at their proper value—nothing—by the wise. We cannot do better than copy the old Duke, of whose many fine traits the finest was :—

"Who let the turbid stream of rumour flow
Through either babbling world of high or low."

But, once more, granted that we are not liked, the only use of facts is as guides to conduct. Our informants generally assign some reason, either in our public conduct, such as that we are in Egypt, or treated Frederick the Great badly, or in our private behaviour, such as that we do not take our newest clothes abroad. With respect to the first, if anything is plain from history, it is that alliances are formed with a view to present advantage, without the

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least reference to former enmity or friendship. Germany, whom we helped against Napoleon, is said to cherish unfriendly feelings towards us, while France is quite willing to forget her humiliation by Germany, and join with her against us. Surely a parent does much more for a child than one country ever does for another. So if a child is not to be depended on in the old age of a parent to remember former benefits, how can we expect any country to run risks in defence of another because that other had previously defended it?

As to the second point, nations, like individuals, are no doubt the objects of love or hate, but in both cases it has nothing to do with conduct or behaviour. Every day we see persons who spend their lives in doing good without awakening any affection, and others who inspire the strongest attachment in spite of follies or crimes without number. I read lately a comparison between James Mill, a man admirable in every relation of life, who awakened but a very tepid feeling even in his children, and was consigned by religious people to perdition, and Coleridge, who neglected every duty, yet was beloved and looked on as a saint. Those who have read Miss Mitford's life will recall her selfish, useless, self-indulgent father, a burden to his daughter, spoken of by her with a warmth that many a father who has sacrificed his whole life for his children cannot command. Love or hate is caused by what we are, not by what we do, as Mrs. Jameson profoundly says. Then let Englishmen pay no heed to the ridiculous suggestion that anything they do or abstain from doing will in the slightest degree affect the feeling of others towards them, and continue to act both nationally and individually as they have done, looking on the service of others as its own reward, and "*quas Fors gratiarum cunque dabit lucro apponentes*," counting any gratitude as a windfall. For in this, as in so many other points, the teaching of Horace and of Jesus coincide.

I alluded to the very striking fact that the very men who denounce our interference abroad are the greatest advocates of

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interference at home. This shews the loose and illogical way in which most people form their opinions. Let us have one and the same principle applied everywhere. Leave a black man alone if he does not interfere with you, and leave a white man alone to build a house of any material he likes, to eat and drink what and when he pleases, to work what hours and for what wages he pleases, and to educate his children to his own mind, so long as he does not annoy his neighbours.

That last proviso will be found to be a sufficient explanation of every step in the formation of the British Empire. So far from its being the case that the English have been a grasping nation with a love of war and conquest, or a lust of territory, every step in the enlargement has been forced on them in self-defence. People talk sentimentally about the principle of nationality. But every one of the great Powers is a composite body, made up of different races. If the nationality of France is a sacred thing, why not of Provence and Brittany? If the nationality of Ireland, why not of Ulster and Connaught? The sole reason for the gradual process which has been going on all over the world since the dawn of history, the absorption of the small states into larger ones, is that so long as states are divided they will fight, and above all the poorer will plunder the richer. Much fine poetry has been written about mountains as the abode of freedom. That is an excellent thing if it does not mean freedom to rob. Resolves to protect your own rights are to be admired when joined to an equal respect for the rights of others.

We can all recognise these truths in our own case, but are blind to them in a strictly parallel case with regard to others. Thus many Americans censured our conduct in South Africa, yet they waged a far bigger war on less provocation. We resisted an actual aggression by a neighbour State. They fought to prevent the creation of an only possibly hostile State on their borders. They profess to sympathise with Ireland, which we hold of necessity. A free Ireland, where an enemy could establish himself within

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striking distance of our shores, is not to be thought of. The United States ordered France out of Mexico, and would certainly have used force if their warning had not been listened to, for the same reason. They are even prepared to uphold the Monroe doctrine in South America, though the danger to them of a European Colony there is not one-tenth of that which an independent Ireland would be to us. Hundreds of American Irishmen no doubt upheld the policy of their adopted country in these cases, while they sent money to Ireland to encourage rebellion against us. So inconsistent are mankind. Anyone who reads the history of England with intelligence sees that the small states, which were first founded here, were always at war with one another. They could not amalgamate, for neither King would abdicate. The sole means of peace was for one to subdue the other. We see various temporary and imperfect realizations of unity, when now a Mercian, now a Northumbrian, now a Kentish King established sway over the others. Finally, the overlordship fell permanently to Wessex, though the process was by no means complete at the Conquest. In fact, William's success was only rendered possible by the Home Rule or Separatist feeling, which on the one hand made Harold fight without the aid of the North and Midlands, and on the other led the great earls to retire and leave the South to its fate.

Again we see that Englishmen a thousand years ago were just as anxious to avoid annexing territory, and as ready to give it away as they are now. The Lothians and Cumbria were handed over to the Scottish King to govern, as we have since given back many possessions after conquering them. When England was a powerful whole, a statesman like Edward I saw that the forays of the Welsh and Scotch must be put an end to. It is only since this island has really been one that she has become a first-rate power. Our power in Ireland began by an accident, and poverty, and disputed successions, foolish projects in France, and dangers from abroad, up to the union of the crowns, and then the evil race of

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Stuarts, who wasted, on the bullying of Englishmen or on profligacy, the power that might have reduced Ireland to order, followed by foreign kings who, as Edward III had done, thought more of the Continent than of their own islands, have prevented any consistent policy in Ireland till quite recently. The "centuries of mis-government" which do duty on so many platforms, exist only there.

Meanwhile Englishmen have been in all parts pushing their peaceful trade, and have had to meet not only the hostility of the natives, but the rivalry of other European colonizing nations, notably France. The attempts to get our hinterland as on the Niger and at Fashoda are merely repetitions of the attempts on a much greater scale to squeeze us out of India and North America. Yet each such attempt is noted here with surprise, as if it were something new. It is the traditional policy of all other nations to injure their neighbours, either by arms, or if those are not available, by bounties or tariffs. Our policy has always been to admit others to share in our good fortune. Let us continue in so doing without wasting our breath in vain protestations.

There is nothing peculiar in the history of our expansion. Economic causes have always been the moving springs of human action. The Babylonians and Egyptians inhabiting fertile river valleys with palms, but no oaks, were irresistibly driven to contend for the oaks and cedars of Syria. The beginnings of Rome were just like the beginnings of England. If the Romans invaded Greece, Pyrrhus had previously invaded Italy. Cæsar invaded Gaul, but only after the incursion of Gauls into Italy. Even Cæsar's invasion of Britain was in answer to help sent by the Britons to his enemies in Gaul.

The only Imperialism, then, from which Englishmen suffer now, is that which has been a characteristic ever since they were Englishmen, and if it appears more strongly in them than in other people, it is that they have more character and common sense. A man who had, adjoining his orchard, a neighbour's

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field, in which the owner allowed tramps and bad characters to encamp, might find it cheaper to buy the field rather than to be always on the watch. So a country which has a predatory neighbour finds it a great saving in trouble and expense to take over the country. Thereby, they not only save the expense of the troops they formerly kept on guard, but former robbers enlist in our army and help us to guard the fields they formerly raided. Every army we send out consists largely of men who lately fought against us, whether they are Scotch, Irish, Sikhs, Goorkhas, Afridis. In the next war we shall have, indeed, in this one we had, Boers. Each addition of territory, instead of being a burden, increases the number of our defenders, and decreases the number of our foes. As it is the navy which knits together our scattered possessions, it is essential that we have bases, suitably placed and properly equipped, in all parts of the world, to which our ships can retire to coal and refit. Russia is driven on by the same irresistible necessity as we are, only she recognizes facts and carries out a consistent policy, instead of, as we do, making a great effort when attacked, and when the immediate danger is over, falling asleep and abandoning what it has cost us such trouble to gain. We, again, instead of asking for pledges from Russia that she will not stay in Manchuria or elsewhere, should recognize facts. Russia may give promises in perfect good faith, expecting, perhaps hoping, that each step forward will be the last. So the man who borrows is certain that this loan will set him straight, and that he will never come again. We once foolishly said that our stay in Egypt was only temporary. Circumstances have been too strong for us. Instead of undignified carping at Russia, we ought to have a consistent plan of our own and carry it out. Would-be statesmen, when they have wiped the slate, might do worse than sketch a map on it, and try to have some beginnings of a world policy. A few of the millions now wasted on inspectors, tramps, and such parasites, might equip our navy with such bases as would make it master in every sea. It is

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meddlesomeness at home, not meddlesomeness abroad, from which we suffer.

There is no militarism or love of war among us. Foolish persons in 1871 predicted that that spirit would take possession of the Germans, and that they would not rest till they had attacked all the other countries of Europe. As a fact, as soon as they had repulsed an unprovoked aggression, like Cromwell's soldiers they fell back into the pursuits of peace. And so with ourselves just lately. Not only did our army distinguish itself by good behaviour, but there was remarkable sanity, moderation, and good sense displayed by the mass of the people. They accepted checks with reticence and dignity, and were not unduly elated by success. A little rejoicing may be forgiven on the occasion of the relief of a long beleaguered town. "*Recepto dulce mihi furere est amico.*"

"Then burst from that great concourse
A shout that shook the towers,
And some ran north and some ran south,
Crying, 'the day is ours.'"

It was even too much for Roman gravity. But the behaviour of our working classes was a striking refutation of the prophecies of well known writers in the magazines, and a noble contrast to the behaviour of some of the upper classes a century ago.

What Ruskin's opinion would have been on these questions I do not know, and if I did it would not alter mine. The value of the teaching of our master, as of the teaching of our still greater Master, Christ, lay not in his pronouncements upon particular cases, but in his going or trying to go to the root of the matter and laying down a general principle. That principle each should trace out to its foundation, the very process itself being an education, and when this principle is thoroughly appreciated and approved, it should be applied to each case as it presents itself. The great boon that was conferred by Ruskin was the recognition that there was such a thing as principle, and that works of art

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were not to be praised or blamed merely because someone else had praised or blamed them. So the service conferred on us by Lord Avebury with his hundred best books, was quite independent of the question whether the particular books he chose were the best, or whether he should not have said ninety-nine or a hundred and one, as some foolish critics carped. It is something to recognize that there are such things as first-rate books and second-rate, and that it is a pity to read a second-rate book when a first-rate book on the same subject is available. It is lamentable to think of the immense amount of reading that is done in ephemeral rubbish, while the masterpieces of all time, that have coloured and inspired the thought of the world, are unknown. We might do worse than take a hint from Mrs. Gamp, who was "very particular in her eating and repudiated hashed mutton with scorn." Many books are like hashed mutton, mere serving up again the thoughts of original men, with all the good and nourishment gone out of them. Our master dared to form an independent judgment, and taught us to do the like. For if we merely repeat his conclusions we are not imitating him, who repeated no man's conclusions.

There is then a sane and moderate Imperialism not only worthy of, but incumbent on the citizens of a great empire who have their kinsmen established in all parts of the globe, and need to so order matters that they may live safely. We need a strong navy, well found, and with proper bases, arsenals, and coaling stations in different parts, and a population trained to arms, as they soon might be with suitable assistance and encouragement. But for that purpose we shall have to change our whole plan of government. As it is our habit to preserve institutions long after they have ceased to have any meaning or use, we are hampered by two parties, as in America, whose causes of difference are all settled and who merely play the game of ins and outs by bribing the populace; consequently we are governed or misgoverned by amateurs, who know nothing of social and economic laws, and


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allow themselves to be led by a few reactionaries who cast aside all that has made England great, and profess that slavery and tyranny, perpetual interference, and dependence are the means for well-being and happiness.

Meanwhile, if we do the things we ought not to do, we are bound to leave undone the things we ought to do. How many members of Parliament have given a thought to the questions of planting forests and controlling water supply both in Africa and Australia? There is much to be done even in our own country. There there is a true sphere of government action, for private persons cannot deal with the matter as a whole, and it must be so dealt with. Such government action, too, has no tendency to encourage improvidence, like old-age pauperism. There is the Middle Eastern question, in Syria and Persia, calling for intelligent settlement, as well as the Far Eastern. Russia knows her own mind and is working steadily on. I do not blame her, and we have no right to do so, but we have a right, and a duty too, to look after our own interests. But all our senators are solely occupied in trying to keep their seats by hampering freedom at home. Why do we leave it to an American, Captain Mahan, to furnish us with Imperial plans? The Sultans of Turkey and Persia are at their wits' end for money, and getting more and more into the toils of Russia. Would it not be possible by a promise of releasing them from their difficulties to get a railway up the Tigris, and through Persia, to join our system in Beluchistan? I would rather cherish such a dream, than imprison a poor widow for doing what I am doing now, and what those who imprison her are doing too, working over hours.

REVIEWS.

Tennyson. Sir Alfred Lyall. English Men of Letters. Macmillan. 2s.

 HERE has grown up quite a literature of criticism in the attempt to fix the specific values of Tennyson and Browning. Their biographies are now included in the "Men of Letters" series: but unfortunately the publication of Mr. Chesterton's Browning is still delayed.

In the case of Tennyson the dominant note of recent criticism is one of depreciation. Tennyson's fame and popularity among his contemporaries was probably greater than has ever fallen to the lot of any poet before him. That in itself is no small claim to greatness, especially when one remembers the ground on which it is based—the intimate and manysided expression of the thought of his time, the widespread comfort he brought to a puzzled generation. It was a real triumph for Scott that men actually on the battle-field found their mood expressed in his words: but that will not save him from the impatience of many who need "for weary feet the gift of rest." When we meet, as we so often do, people to whom the publication of *In Memoriam* came as a great consolation in sorrow, criticism must keep silence. For here is a fact of human experience, and a great one. But that does nothing to discredit the judgment formed by those who, while they too have experienced the common loss, yet do not find the expression of the poet's moods apt for their own. Still less does it exempt the poem from appearing before the bar of æsthetic criticism. The verdicts must vary with the judges: but it is right and good that the weight attached to contemporary feeling should be diminished, and the authority of disinterested judgment increased. The business of criticism does not, if it is to be just and living,

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exclude the services a poet may perform to his generation, or to his special audience. But it is mainly concerned with the appeal to far wider issues, in the process of which, generation and audience must be submitted to rigid audit.

The warning voice that witnessed against Tennyson's popular reputation was, of course, not silent during his life. The scorn of the professional critics for his early work was in the main due to the difficulties of their trade. While conducting their part of the battle for enlightenment against the philistines, they contracted in apparent victory the very vice of the enemy. They became overconfident and impervious. Such opposition as this he overcame nobly, by work which changed the current of criticism. A power was in him which could never have been that of "the greatest of the minor poets." But his later work gradually spread dissatisfaction among many who looked for some greater fulfilment of early promise. Carlyle, while he gave to Tennyson a respect and affection such as he gave to very few, disliked to be treated in the poems like a child, "even if the lollipops were so superlative." We do not of course look to Carlyle as a safe guide in matters poetical: but this is a vivid and extreme statement of the feeling entertained widely if vaguely. Its most familiar form is Fitzgerald's judgment, that Tennyson never got beyond the volumes of 1842. It is from the point of view of this discontent that Sir Alfred Lyall starts. He represents a much more advanced stage of it than does Mr. Stopford Brooke or Professor Dixon, but does not go nearly so far as Professor Elton or Mr. G. K. Chesterton. They are all affected in their way by the need of an antidote to overpraise, and so far their appreciation fails in permanent value.

Sir Alfred Lyall is a sane and able critic, holding the midway general position we have described. A word must be said for his style, which is clear, unaffected, and dignified, rising, where there is need, to eloquence. For his facts he shares everyone's indebtedness to Hallam Tennyson's memoir of his father. Perhaps the

most constant quality of his judgments is a certain reserve—for which we think of no better term than the German “halfness.” This is not so much the fault of Sir Alfred, as the fate of all critics of Tennyson except the extremists. For the halfness is in Tennyson himself. He was strongly and deeply rooted in the qualities that make goodness and greatness. He obtained mastery of more poetic forms than any of our poets. No poet has surpassed the minuteness and accuracy of his knowledge of the phenomena of nature. What an equipment for a poet! Difficulties of technique became as nothing to him, and his inventiveness was not exhausted even in old age at the close of a long lifework. His senses brought him a lavish store of impressions for his genius to transform into poetic imagery. His faithful life kept him from taint of baseness. Where then was the lack? The mighty imaginative grip, the central compelling fire, these were not his entirely—there was always the “halfness.”

This position might easily be developed. It lies at the root of recent criticism, showing itself in very different ways. On the limitations of social sympathy involved, Sir Alfred Lyall is not so severe as Mr. Stopford Brooke, especially when the latter returns to the charge in his *Browning*. The same kind of failing, in the exercise of his art, is shown most strikingly in the construction of the larger works. No one of them was conceived as a whole. No, not even *Maud*, which is most nearly a unity. No one of them fulfils that great demand which is made of the works of the poetic imagination—that they should be organic. They did not so much grow as were built. One result of this—the effect upon his versification—may be mentioned. Where the life of the whole—the central conception—flags or lamely strays into the parts, the fine workmanship becomes over-delicate. The beautiful lines begin to mince as they go. Or else, at the other extreme, the poet forces himself to express more than he means, and his tone rises only too often to a shriek. The dramas afford a good example. For there he showed neither the great creative control

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of character nor the personal abandon which the drama absolutely demands. And the blank verse (of which he had a great and varied mastery) failed to move with sufficient fire and speed. It was only at lyric moments that he could disengage himself from his characters, and from his scholarly reconstructions of history. When he does we hear the tragic note at which Shakspeare taught us to thrill: Eleanor's doings "are a horror to the east, a hissing in the west."

Now the lyric is exempt from this demand, for, strictly speaking, it has no parts. It is the complete fusion of poetic form and matter in a mood of passion. And it was in the lyric that Tennyson found the most natural outlet for the wealth of poetry that was in him. From such a germ too sprang *Maud*, and many such seeds went to make the harvest of *In Memoriam*. Tennyson tried with characteristic pertinacity to trespass beyond the bounds of the lyric, with varying success. Yet this just ambition falls short of its promised achievement, because the spirit to pursue it was not intrepid enough nor self-forgetful. Very often this ultimate failure serves to emphasise the remarkable strength and skill of the poet. Thus in dealing with the *Idylls* we admire the intellectual power with which Tennyson developed his allegory; for it was a long, a laborious exercise in a kind of composition which should surely be the transcript of a dream, seen it may be once only, but seen in its main conceptions all at once. Again, a prepossession for a certain type of character brought out a wonderful skill in the handling of morbid psychology. From *Mariana* and *Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind* to the second *Locksley Hall* and *Despair*, there is a long and varied series of studies in this kind, of which the triumph is *Maud*. And what a triumph it is! the procession of moods make a set of dramatic scenes, in which the hero's whole soul is poured out with intense but transient concentration. It was a difficult scheme; its great success was due to the way in which Tennyson showed his morbid type under the cruel stimulus of pain and love, touched

into song. Or again, rallying for a moment its scattered forces at the chance sight of a shell. His fondness for studying the wayward lights and shades of such characters, and his success in expressing their moods, suggests the consideration of his own poetic temper. It is in dealing with this that Sir Alfred Lyall becomes most impressive and convincing. His chapter on Tennyson's philosophy deserves very careful attention. He shows the poet's real affinity with the type we have just been considering: that "halfness" which rendered him so liable to transitory disturbance by the re-appearance of half-laid ghosts. He speaks of Tennyson's habit of "ruminating indecisively." But Tennyson was in this respect like his own Cyril in the *Princess*:

He has a solid base of temperament :
But as the waterlily starts and slides
Upon the level, in little puffs of wind,
Though anchored to the bottom, such is he.

Though, as Sir Alfred Lyall says, "his mind wavered thus over the face of the deep waters," he returned "always to the solid ground of human affections and moral obligations," to "Faith transcending the bounds of Reason, and his own firm belief in Love, Virtue and Duty," to immortality and God.

We have not attempted an appreciation of Tennyson, but have tried to examine into the cause and the justice of recent depreciation of him. If we are tired of criticism, and know our way into the rich treasures of the palace of his poetry, we have but to retire there and take our pleasure and be thankful: and the voice of the critic will trouble us no more for a season. But the appreciation which is both discriminating and impassioned is the truest.

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The Poetry of Robert Browning. Stopford A. Brooke. Isbister.
10s. 6d.

THIS is a companion volume to the author's work on Tennyson, and marked by the same qualities which gained for that volume its place of favour. Mr. Brooke has lost none of his youthfulness. He is acute, vigorous, and fluent. If there be any comment to make on a style so widely-known, it is that he is not careful enough in prose to avoid tricks of manner allowed to the orator and the poet. We felt the contrast here with Sir Alfred Lyall, who, like Mr. Brooke, is himself a poet. The history of Browning criticism is strikingly different from that of Tennyson. Of course he has friends from whom he has to be saved, but they are extremists, and do not in the long run matter very much. Tennyson was happy in finding and keeping public favour. Browning perhaps happier in having still more to give even to his proper audience before he comes to his own. Hence it is that guidance will be useful to most readers, and Mr. Brooke is an adept in the art. Sympathetic, encouraging, he takes us with a flow of animated conversation through the vast garden of Browning's poetry, where he knows his way so well. As critic, he has the instinct in which lies the truest value of criticism, the constant search for and reference to general principles. This combined with his wide reading and experience saves him from any taint of fetish-worshipping. One of his most interesting and valuable chapters is devoted to the comparison of Browning and Tennyson. Here where preference is possible on broad grounds, Mr. Brooke gives his verdict for Tennyson in the main, thus fluttering the Browningites not a little. Always his principles are sufficiently widely-founded for it to be fairly clear why we cannot ultimately set either Browning or Tennyson among the very greatest. It is a refusal of which their wisest friends will be

proud, for it sets them securely next to Shakspeare and Milton and Wordsworth.

Browning is being read more and more, and will be. It is good that it should be so. We have not outgrown the need for the great heart, which he spent so lavishly, giving all that he had to give. He was strikingly free from the limitation we have already marked in Tennyson. The pulses of his life beat high and fast, and in production he became eager and abundant, sometimes to excess. Tennyson said in his masterly way "poets enrich the blood of the world," as indeed they do, and himself not least. But Browning was the stronger tonic. He left rich and noble "legacies to that wavering, faithless, pessimistic, analysis-tormented world through which we have fought our way, and out of which we are emerging."

Mr. Brooke has done his best to put us in possession of our great inheritance. Those who feel the need of a shorter and less ambitious guide to Browning may be glad to know the Browning Primer of F. Mary Wilson (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.). It contains a general sketch of Browning and his work, followed by Introductions to the Poems.

The Life of Erasmus. E. F. H. Cahey. *Little Biographies.* Methuen, 3s. 6d.



AN excellent addition to this charming series. The volumes are good to look at and to read : handy yet dignified enough to hold their own on our bookshelves except in tall company.

Mr. Cahey has done his work in a very bright and interesting way. He has not entered at all deeply into the various problems of evidence which beset the student of Erasmus, but has

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availed himself of the latest scholarship: including Mr. Lilly's Renaissance Types, Dr. Emerton's life, and above all Mr. F. M. Nichols' Epistles—all of them already reviewed in these pages. Mr. Nichols' work is authoritative, and has made Renaissance study much easier—we are waiting eagerly for the promised second volume. Free use is made of Mr. Nichols' translations, but Mr. Capey has done a good deal himself, and done it well and brightly. The extracts chosen are varied and characteristic. The religious connexions of his subject are treated with tact and sincerity. Indeed the little book deserves a wide audience, for it conveys much of the fascination of a character well worth knowing. The style is simple and clear, quite free from pedantry.

Two matters of detail seem to us worth pointing out, though it seems ungracious to complain of small things. First, that the illustrations give but a faint idea of the beauty and delicacy of the drawings of Holbein and Dürer: they compare unfavourably with the American halftones in Dr. Emerton's book. The diagram of Erasmus' birthplace (already printed by Knight and Emerton) seems pointless. Then in the bibliography (which is good, but too full for the ordinary reader) we are left with an exaggerated impression of Erasmus' editorial work, mighty though it was. Of course much of the work (*e.g.*, in his Aristotle) was done by other scholars under his superintendence, which we may imagine was sometimes perfunctory.

An interesting "Little Biography" announcement is that Mr. A. C. Benson is writing the *Tennyson*.

The Heroes. Charles Kingsley. Illustrations by T. H. Robinson.
1/6. London: J. M. Dent & Co., 1900.

MESSRS. DENT have increased the debt our generation owes them, by the issue of this cheap and winsome little book. For it will draw fresh readers to a piece of literature good and true, and rejoice the hearts of many old readers. What a pure and bracing air is that of *The Heroes*! Wordsworth and Coleridge and Lamb gave thanks that they were born just too soon to be educated on Moral Tales—and well they might. Our children have not only the merely dull and the actively venomous to choose from; we have of late begun again to consider their mind and their needs. Kingsley's work was to recreate some of the great old Greek legends. How strangely fitting that so modern a man should so make them live again! He was deeply imbued with the Greek spirit—almost a Greek himself in his sense of beauty and grace and harmoniousness. The state of mind which gave birth to the old stories came so natural to him, that he could remake them without any incongruities, while his simple manliness avoided the faults to which the Greek by his very qualities was most prone. Yet he did not merely go back to what was sweetest in the old stories. He infused into them a deeper spirituality, working a subtle, almost impalpable transformation. And he told them in beautiful English prose, clear, musical, and varied. We confess that we miss the author's illustrations. For, whatever their faults, they were like the stories, sweet and pure in feeling, modest in expression. Still, Mr. Robinson's pictures are delightful, as his work always is. And it does not spoil our pleasure to feel that the spirit of the drawings is rather that of a Teutonic fairyland than of the authentic land of the heroes.

It will be hard to find a children's gift book more delightful for its price.

NOTES.

THE RUSKIN MEMORIAL SCHEME.

The foundation stone of the Ruskin memorial building was laid by the Right Honourable Lord Avebury, on Tuesday, the 21st of October, 1902, at Bournville.

The proceedings were presided over by Alderman George Baker, J.P., who succeeded Mr. Ruskin as the master of St. George's Guild. Amongst those present were Lady Avebury, Mr. George Allen (the master's publisher), Mr. Henry Wilson, who represented the Ruskin Union, Mr. George Thompson (co-trustee of St. George's Guild), Mr. Edward Cadbury, Lady Lodge, Mr. Dennis Hird (Warden of Ruskin Hall, Oxford), Mr. E. R. Taylor (Headmaster of the Birmingham School of Art), and a large number of representatives of Ruskin and kindred Societies throughout the kingdom.

The great pavilion in which the first part of the meeting took place was crowded to excess, and the proceedings were marked by much enthusiasm. A large number of letters were read from eminent men and women throughout the country, expressing sympathy with the movement and hopes for its great success. These included communications from Lord Windsor, Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., Professor Edward Dowden, Professor York Powell, Mr. John Burns, M.P., Sir W. B. Richmond, The Rev. Canon Scott Holland, Mr. A. E. Fletcher, the Headmaster of Shrewsbury School, the Bishop of Ripon, and the Bishop of Oxford. Mrs. Arthur Severn wrote promising to send from Brantwood for the memorial building a collection connected with Mr. Ruskin and his work. Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) telegraphed her good wishes and her hope to visit the memorial on her return from India.

The proceedings were opened by the Chairman in an eloquent address, in which he appealed for the co-operation of all who

followed Mr. Ruskin in promoting this most appropriate memorial, and he called upon the honorary secretary to the memorial committee to place before the meeting, on behalf of the committee, an official statement respecting the scheme. The secretary's statement was in the following terms:—

“I am desired by the committee to place before you a statement respecting this Ruskin memorial with the view of making its purpose clear to all our friends and supporters gathered here to-day.

“And first, as to the inception of the movement. The Ruskin Society of Birmingham has existed for some seven years to do honour to the great teacher whose name it bears. It has endeavoured to promote the study of his works and make them a real power in the land, and it has sought to draw together men of all parties and creeds, the bond of union being the common desire to share the spiritual impetus arising from the study of the works of one who preached a true philosophy, and the recognition that his profound genius was wholly used for the benefit of mankind.

“But since the death of Mr. Ruskin the Society decided to be no longer content with existing as an academic body only; and they thought that the best memorial they could raise in Mr. Ruskin's honour was to carry out a practical scheme on the lines and in the spirit of his teaching.

“It was not difficult to choose such a scheme. The master's love for country life is known to his most casual reader, as also are his magnificent experiments to foster it; and the advice which in his later years he gave to those who sought his guidance as to practical work was to found a village institute to promote the higher life of the community around it.

“The Society resolved to act on this advice, and they believed that in the district of Bournville, if they could secure the necessary facilities, they had a most suitable place for their experiment, for here some of those social reforms, notably the housing one—about which Mr. Ruskin had written long years before the statutes,

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conferences, and Royal commissions of our own generation—had been carried out. They therefore ventured to approach the trustees of the Bournville Village Trust and sought their co-operation. With a generosity only comparable to that shewn on so many occasions by Mr. Ruskin himself the trustees offered to present for the purposes of the memorial a site of upwards of two-and-a-half acres. Here we are building the memorial, of which Lord Avebury lays the foundation stone of the first portion to-day. That portion will embrace a library, museum and lecture room, and rooms for classes in arts and crafts.

“The site is a central one, not only for residents here, but for a group of thickly populated villages around, which are without any such institution, and we believe that no little part of the value of the memorial may be in the encouragement it will give to other village communities to copy its example. We seek to make the memorial building a centre of effort for the betterment of the conditions of village life and to bring to bear upon that life some of those higher influences which have now to be sought for in our large cities.

“I should say a word in closing as to the financial position of the scheme. We are having a gratifying response both in sympathy and in gifts, but we require a further sum of upwards of £3,000 to carry out our proposals, nor do we doubt that this comparatively small amount will be forthcoming in honour of the great modern prophet.

“We raise this memorial to Mr. Ruskin remembering that he taught us that ‘There is no wealth but Life—Life including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration,’ and that ‘That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings.’”

Lord Avebury followed with his address. He spoke as a very old friend of Mr. Ruskin, and affirmed that in building such an institution to his memory they were carrying out what he would have wished. They often heard despondent views as to the future

of manufactures and commerce in this country. Personally, he had never shared these melancholy apprehensions. He did not say that we should rest upon our oars, that we were not to do the very best we could to maintain the position which our fathers had won. But he could not help observing as rather a significant and pleasing feature that while manufacturers in this country were content to face foreign competition by their own clear heads and strong arms, foreign manufacturers all over the world said that it was impossible for them to carry on their business if they were not assisted by protection. That showed, at any rate, what their view of English manufacturers was. But we must do the very best we could, and we in this country were very much indebted to those who, like the Cadburys, carried on a great and beneficent experiment, if he might still continue to call it so, although he hoped now it was an assured success. They had shown how it was possible to combine manufactures with country life, and he hoped that many of those who were now working in great cities would derive the advantage from what had been done at Bournville. His lordship proceeded to emphasise one or two aspects of Mr. Ruskin's life, for the benefit particularly of the younger generation present. He summed up the advantages which Ruskin enjoyed in his youth—parentage, education, fortune, etc.—and also his disadvantages, among the chief of which was ill-health. In after-life he suffered very much from fits of depression, which latterly even culminated at times in mental aberration, against which he nobly fought. The advantages which he enjoyed were just those which had led many a man to a life of luxury and selfishness, and the disadvantages against which he had to contend were those which in many cases had been considered an excuse, if they did not justify, a life of ease and retirement. Mr. Ruskin made the most of his advantages, and fought bravely against his disadvantages. When they read his exquisite descriptions of animal and vegetable life, of art and of nature, the periods seemed to flow so easily that they

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imagined, perhaps, he had nothing to do but to sit down and write as rapidly as he could those beautiful passages which they admired so much. But it had been well said that hard writing made easy reading. What Mr. Ruskin really did he did by means of continual application and hard work. He did not, and would not, advise them to give up all recreation—wise recreation was by no means wasted time—but he would have advised them never to waste a moment of that time which Providence had given them. He never did himself. He travelled, he observed, he thought, he watched, he wrote, he drew. He was hardly ever without pen or pencil in his hand, and it was by that continual application, by making the very most of his advantages which God had given him, that he was able to give those great lessons which they all so much appreciated. He inherited a fortune from his father, but he spent it—not simply the interest, but the principal, too—for the benefit of his fellow countrymen. And he spent not merely his money, but he spent his life and his time in endeavouring to do good to his fellow countrymen. They would agree that he succeeded. He had given them much excellent advice, he had told them to enjoy beauty, to appreciate the lovely world in which we lived. His books were an exquisite pleasure. His life, too, was a great lesson, better than his advice, better even than his books. They thanked him for his writings, for the pleasure which he afforded, for the lessons he had taught them, for the wise counsel he had given them, but, above all these, they were met that day to express their recognition of the great example which he had set them, and which they hoped this memorial institution would do much to induce others to follow.

At the conclusion of Lord Avebury's address a vote of thanks to his lordship was proposed by Mr. Edward Cadbury, seconded by Mr. E. R. Taylor, and carried with enthusiasm. The company then adjourned to the site of the memorial building, where Mr. W. A. Harvey, the Architect, and Mr. Frank Davis, the Builder, presented Lord Avebury with a trowel and a mallet respectively.

His lordship proceeded at once to lay the stone, which he declared "well and truly laid," amidst loud applause. It was announced that Mr. Benjamin Creswick, the Professor of Sculpture to the Birmingham School of Art, and an old pupil of Mr. Ruskin, had offered to model a medallion bust of the master to be hung in the Institution. The proceedings closed with hearty cheers for Lord and Lady Avebury.

SALVATION
ARMY LAND
COLONY.

The Salvation Army has published an account of its colony under the title of *Hadleigh: the Story of a Great Endeavour* (The Colony, Hadleigh, Essex. Sixpence). It contains a brief description of the place and some testimony to its good work. Those who wish to study the finance of this practical piece of social service might get also the Balance Sheet of the Darkest England Fund, just published by the Army.


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RECOLLECTIONS OF RUSKIN AT OXFORD.

By "Peter."

 MY recollections of Ruskin as Slade Professor cover the whole of the first period between 1870 and 1878, but they are too broken and detached to be pieced together, or even set out in order of time. I must give them as they come to me out of the tangled mass in which many other college memories lie confused. Memoranda, and notes of conversations written out at some length, I once had in fair abundance, but they were unfortunately lost or destroyed in course of removal from Oxford in 1879. Unfortunately also, in dating letters, the Professor was never very mindful of the year, nor always of the month, though here and there a post-mark will help me to fill in a blank.

It was through family connection, and common friends of earlier days, that the first introduction came; and to this I owe the affectionate unreserve with which he always treated me. Two country homes make the back-ground of these later recollections. In this further region, just glanced at in *Præterita*, and in the Biographies—the region of the Trevelyans, and the Jermyns, and the Hilliards—we knew each other by home-names, mostly invented, to the specially privileged Ruskin himself being "Cuzzie," or "Coz." It was in one of these houses that I spent a morning with the MS. of one of the volumes of *Modern Painters*. It was itself a volume, like those of the Scott MSS. which the Professor

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would sometimes bring out of his treasures in his rooms in Corpus. The book fell open, if I remember rightly, in that place in the Fourth Part (vol. iii (1856), pp. 225, 226), in which the author speaks of the indifference of the Greeks to colour, as shown by the carelessness of their own poets in the choice of words descriptive of colour. A better example of Ruskin's workmanship could hardly be found. On the left page passages from Homer, with notes thereon, were heaped together in rough disorder; on the right appeared the full text, neatly and finely written, but not so smoothly as that of the Waverley MSS. Of Scott's ease and exactness of expression he would often speak with admiration, perhaps with envy.

In the garden you might have seen Ruskin's great S. Bernard, given to him by one of the monks, and named after him, making havoc amongst the flower-beds. He kept terms with his master at Oxford, but always at a respectful distance, for entrance into college was forbidden, and he was a rough playmate, very unlike the little Spitz, "Wisie," whose story is told in *Præterita*.

The first actual meeting was at Abingdon. He had established himself there in an old inn. We were to come over and dine with him on a particular day. "Mamie" (Mrs. Hilliard) was hostess, as often before and afterwards. I sometimes think that, but for Mamie's quiet influence, and her bright, cheery way of encouraging him to do things, the Professor would never have faced the duties of his office, perhaps never have accepted it. He speaks in a note to me of "serenest confidence in the stability—as far as any worldly affairs can be stable—of all her arrangements." He certainly had a shrinking at that time from residence in Oxford, and the inn was a kind of half-way house, I believe, by which he reconciled himself to the change. Of the dinner I remember nothing—except that part of the dining-room made an archway over the entrance—but the memory of an after-dinner ramble in the twilight, in a newly-raked meadow, where the hay was waiting to be carried, remains with me still.

It must have been, I think, in the Spring of 1871 that, hearing I would be "up" during the Easter Vacation, he asked me if I would help him to arrange the pictures and drawings he was giving to the Ruskin School in the Taylor Institution. Very delightful were the mornings which followed. He would walk up and down the gallery, and from case to case, studying the pictures one by one, and dictating notes for students, and I at a writing-table did my best to catch them as they came. When they were written out they filled a good-sized volume, and for some time served the purpose of the printed guide books now in use. They were so clearly given in the first instance that, when it came to fair copying, there was little to alter. Talking of pictures, I may say that one day he sent me three photographs as examples of the things I ought to admire. On the backs were written three notes. Two only have I been able to decipher :

1. (A Study of the Virgin?) "Raphael. Characteristic. Gracious and shallow; but high-bred and well-penned."
2. (Crowning of the Virgin.) "This is a photograph from a modern copy, exaggerating all the fallacies, being itself all hypocritical. But the fallacy is *there*. Early Raphael in Vatican, piety all sham and copied from his master—but lots of good work, learning his own business."

Concerning the Oxford lectures much has been written, and I will not go over oft-trodden ground—only say this, that, next to the apostle himself, no one, I suppose, in style and manner was ever so Pauline. He would go off at a word, leave the main argument, give you parenthesis within parenthesis, and an argument in each, lay open his very heart to you, show how something since the last lecture had angered or pleased him, thrust at you sentence after sentence of pointed irony, as if you were against him and not with him, and then drop from the high mocking tone to that of gentlest pleading, and so back to the manuscript before him. The secret of his power lay, I think, partly in his

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comprehensiveness—life, not art, was really his theme—and partly in his fearlessly original way of thinking out his own thoughts and compelling language to express them. He had no faculty for making use of common material, either as accepted opinion or as accepted phrase, and this independence gave a singular charm to everything he said, whether you accepted it or not. At the same time, though he could not appropriate, he was provokingly ready to give importance to the utterances of quite unimportant people. Anything would be caught up—a letter or a paragraph, a pamphlet or a sermon—and his humility, and profession of obligation, were as perplexing as his self-reliance. I had to struggle hard myself, one day, not to be preserved in amber.

These freakish alternations of confidence and diffidence were sometimes as amusing as they were confusing. He would fling out wildly at you ; at the music-stool you were sitting on, with its blunt, machine-turned edges ; at the pictures on your walls ; and then come and stand by you, and with folded hands and half-closed eyes ask you, repentantly, to lecture him.

The following extracts are from letters belonging to the earlier half of the period named :—

(I.)

“ Dear Peter,

“ How delightful that you’re here still—for *me*—but it’s woful for *you*. May I call for you at eleven?—Ever affectionately yours, J.R.”

(II.)

“ *L'ors* has been very hard on me : but I’m pleased enough I wasn’t laid up while lecturing. I am coming down to Oxford now—but of course look for nothing but loneliness. We’ll have that time in the schools yet, together, however, next term.—Ever your loving, J.R.”

(III.)

[A page of a letter to "Mamie," to be given to me.]

"The plan of a refined education, founded on agriculture and seamanship, cannot be sketched out with charcoal instantaneously. Still, the slow and provoking way in which I go on is that the enemy may not be able to get hold of any assailable point till I have taken my ground thoroughly."

[Written on the other side.]

"Love to Connie; and tell her, in Utopia young ladies won't think of imitating Christ, but of imitating wiser young ladies than themselves, and street sweepers won't think of imitating Christ, but of saving pence enough to keep them from pawning their boots."*

The public lectures, it must be confessed, with all their attractiveness to younger minds, did nothing to bring the lecturer any nearer to his fellow-teachers. He must, in time, have become conscious of this, for he told me one day that it troubled him to think how little the senior men understood him, and how little they seemed to care to do so; he was not even sure that they cared to meet him. I did my best to assure him that sympathy and understanding were not lacking—only the opportunity for meeting, which he had never given them. It was well known at the time that he could not be reached through college invitations, and that the deanery, and Dr. Acland's, were almost the only private houses he ever entered. With a feeling that the chance ought to be seized, come what might, I asked him whether he would come and meet some of the younger dons in the common-room of my college, and, much to my surprise, and a little to my dismay, he said yes. The dons came—I am not sure that they did not at first suspect a hoax—and the master, and everything fell out

* This will be better understood if compared with the following sentence in the "Letter to Young Girls," reprinted from *Fors* in 1876 :—"St. George's first order to you, supposing you were put under his charge, would be that you should always, in whatever you do, endeavour to please Christ."

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pleasantly, so pleasantly that he asked me to help him to arrange a series of little dinner parties in his own rooms, to be followed by talks round the fire, which should teach him more of what was going on in that newer Oxford which he had never known.

This was the beginning of those "symposia" of which Mr. Harrison speaks, but they did not last then for more than two or three terms, were interrupted by failing health, and I never heard that they were renewed. The breakfast parties for undergraduates probably suffered less.

(IV.)

"C.C.C.

"My dear Peter,

"I am so much and so heartily obliged to you for your letter and help. . . . All the senior men I know are entirely unsympathetic with me, and merely turn everything into jest, and in time I hoped to get them, but not yet. But I'll do whatever you advise me. I like Tyrwhitt for support to me, for I am so heavy in table talk that I am in mere panic when alone. . . . Do you know of anyone who would like, and would not be offended this week by short invitation, or might be secured at once for next week?—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin."

(V.)

"Well—I submit this time—for I believe your final number of eight may be reached—but I must really beg for next Thursday—and it shall be strictly six."

(VI.)

"C.C.C.,

"Monday, 2nd November, 1874.

"I've been hoping to call on you ever since I came up, but the time slips past, and I want to begin our little series of conspiracy-dinners on Guy Fawkes day if I can. Can you come, and bring any friend with you if you like, at seven, for quarter-past, on that renowned anniversary?"

(VII.)

“Herne Hill, S.E., 8th February.

“I have been obliged to give up this second Thursday also, in consequence of a strange attack of depression and somewhat seriously warning symptoms of head fatigue, requiring reference even to doctors. I hope to be in Oxford on Friday, and to have our dinner on Thursday, the 18th, if so it may be.”

Of talk at table I remember nothing ; of one particular fire-side discussion I have distinct recollection. We sat in a half-circle on the right and left of Ruskin's chair. He started some subject, and we discoursed in turn. Not a word of interruption, not a question, came from him. Then at the end he quietly summed up nearly everything that had been said, and only at the very last did we know what he himself thought.

Of the guests of those days, three were Fellows of his own college—one the late High Master of Manchester Grammar School; two are now Heads of Houses; one is a Regius Professor; another was Senior Proctor, 1873-1874. The last sent me for transmission to Mr. Ruskin the following extract from the Latin Speech delivered by one of his successors on going out of office, most likely in 1878.

“Nec multum abfuit quin nuper desideraret Academia morbo letali abreptum Professorem in sua materie unicum Joannem Ruskin. ‘Sed multæ urbes et publica vota vicerunt.’ Neque id indignum memoratu puto quod nuperrime mihi in Italia comoranti contigit videre quantæ sollicitudines ob ejus salutem quantæ preces moverentur in ea terra cujus ille artes et monumenta tam disertissime illustraverit.”

I venture on a translation :—

“Very nearly did this University have to mourn, not long ago, the loss through mortal sickness of one of her Professors—one who in his own subject stands alone—John Ruskin. ‘But the

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public prayers of many cities prevailed.' And this, I think, is not undeserving of mention, that quite lately, when I was staying in Italy, I myself had the good fortune to see how great was the anxiety, how many the supplications, called forth on his behalf in that very land whose arts and public buildings his learning and eloquence have done so much to adorn."*

The next letter is from Rome itself, and may be given in full.

(VIII.)

"Rome, Whit-Tuesday, 74.

"My dear 'Peter,'

"I was so very grateful for your letter that—I haven't answered it all this time, always waiting for 'a more convenient season.' It's a perfect Saint of a Peter's letter, and makes me always think of you when I come in sight of your dome here, and all that you say in it is entirely right, and I've long been wanting myself to collect what is already said about the plan itself, and go on to make it more distinct. But I have been hindered through never yet feeling able to deal with the primary question of religious teaching in the children's schools. I am leading up to this, and leading *myself* up to it, which is the more important business of the two, and I am hindered by my own faults and doubts and poverties of heart, and have been, much more in reality, trying to provoke someone else to come forward, than to formalize my own plan. And I suspect it will have to formalize itself, gradually, out of what practical work I begin. You see I have actually begun, at last, in one way, at Oxford. And any day someone may rise up to take it off my shoulders—in the meantime I go on writing what I know is true, of bye-matters, which must come in, some day, serviceably.

* I have since found this same extract given on p. 335 of Mr. Collingwood's shorter *Life of John Ruskin*. As the Latin speeches are not published, I think he must have come upon the written copy which I sent to Mr. Ruskin. I may add that my correspondent was himself chosen as their spokesman by the subscribers who presented the bust of Ruskin now in the Art School at Oxford.

"I hope, in the October term, to enter on a new system altogether, by having a settled day each week to see anyone who likes to come and talk with me. Breakfast for the young—dinner for the old—the breakfast, because I want my wits at their best for the young people—the dinner, because I want the old people to give their wits pleasantly to *me*. *You* shall come to both if you will, for I am ever affectionately yours, "J. Ruskin."

A temporary appointment to an office in Corpus, early in 1877, brought me for the next two years into closer relation. Ruskin's rooms were in the Fellows' Buildings, and looked out on the Christ Church meadows. His writing-table was placed across the room, between the fireplace and one of the windows. If you looked in before morning chapel you would see on it a pair of silver candlesticks, an open Bible, a blotting pad, and a cork-handled pen. Books and papers not in use were never allowed to lie about.* My seat in chapel was next to his. When I read of his "attitude as to religion, constantly shifting," I think of these eight o'clock services, and of talks which sometimes followed, and how easy it is for mental attitudes to change, and to leave untouched the spirit of reverence within.

On the other hand, I never saw or heard anyone laugh with such abandonment of enjoyment. He could be most musically uproarious, though I do not think he could sing a single note. One morning we were ordering breakfast, and, after the enumeration of many delicacies, the order was given finally for plain boiled eggs—but only if college eggs at that time of the year could be trusted. The scout proposed that, to make quite sure, the eggs should be poached. Then the Professor broke forth again and again. When the peals had rolled away, the scout quietly explained that an egg which could not be trusted could not be poached.

* Readers of *Fors* will remember that the only fault found with Carpaccio's St. Ursula is that the princess is made to leave her books a little in disorder before she goes to bed.

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His more constant sorrow was, like his rare mirth, unbounded. He told me once he could not walk with me to the Upper River through Port Meadow because, to do so, he would have to pass through "Jericho." The poverty of Jericho, I am afraid, had never caused me a pang.

Yet he would sometimes endure pains which he might have avoided. At the very time that he was working in the Ruskin School he had settled in lodgings across the road an apprentice-lad from Sheffield, far gone in consumption, and then almost dying. The poor fellow would pour out his tale of the woes of Sheffield grinders, and was too weak to know when to stop, and the Professor was weak in not knowing how to stop him.

The letters of 1878, and onwards, are in a sadder vein.

(IX.)

"Brantwood, 25th April.

"I am—as always—more and more grateful to you; the more I know your ready kindness, and the most gracious feeling of so many of my Oxford friends, the more ashamed I am of the egotistic way in which I buried myself in selfish work all these years, instead of availing myself of the goodness of all who would have aided me. I am better, I trust, in body, these last few days, but very contrite and woful in mind.—Ever your grateful J. R."

(X.)

"Brantwood, 14th May.

"I want ever so many things now from my rooms. I'm getting well into my plant-work again, and missals.

"I'm not overworking, and never will any more, but the doctors are all quite unable to make me out. My work is to *me* Air and Water, and they might just as well tell a sick fish to lie on its back, or a sick swallow to catch no flies, as me not to catch what's in the air of passing fancy.—Ever your loving J. R."

The fly-catching similitude comes again in the very next letter, written, I imagine, a few days after.

(XI.)

“Brantwood, Friday.

“You are a great darling, and your doings and advice are all delightful, only you needn’t be frightened about me. . . . The difficulty of talking amiably in *Fors*, too, was too much for me, and and I won’t persevere in that pernicious practice.

“And, at present, I’m really doing nothing but catch flies (only I’ve been rather put off that by some nasty Darwinite flowers that do it too!) and break stones—with other little exercises of one’s destructive temper—and find myself quite refreshed and giving plenty of little screeches of satisfaction. . . . —Ever your affectionate J. R.”

(XII.)

“Brantwood, 9th Sept., 78.

“I am getting things here at home in real order for what may yet be left to me of home life, taking all matters quietly and striving for nothing. I have also much peace of mind in your being at Oxford, and in control of my things and belongings there.—Ever your grateful and affectionate J. Ruskin.”

(XIII.)

“Brantwood.

“The chief effect of my illness, so far as I can myself trace it, has been to make me timid and irresolute, and I can at present form no plans, but I am doing fairly good work on natural history, and perhaps, as the longer days return, may revive into some sense of power and duty, but at present I have neither will nor conscience, and think only of getting any pleasure I can out of the passing day.

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"If it is really thought desirable that I should keep the Professorship, I believe I can read some short and quiet lectures, without disgust to the audience or harm to myself. But I must wait a while yet to see what the spring does for me.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin."

There is an odd mingling of humour and sadness, and an under-note of further trouble to come, in the following fragment of a letter from Laurence Hilliard—the Boy, as we called him—Lolly, as the Professor called him—dearest of boys to the end. He was then acting as Ruskin's Secretary, and was helpful to him in many ways.

(XIV.)

"Brantwood,

"March 8th, 1878.

"The Professor gives me plenty of work. Amongst other things I am helping him index *Fors*, and you should see the wonderful jumble of subjects that are collected together—Lily, the cat comes next to Livy—and that sort of thing. Just now the Professor came into the room and wanted me to grind the back of the binding off a splendid old MS. Bible, on a grindstone, because he couldn't see some of the inside letters clearly! I didn't laugh, and compromised matters by cutting the cover off, an act the mere thought of which would have brought down my father's hairs with sorrow, etc."

I will not say that I never myself observed any warning sign. I was certainly somewhat startled one day when he showed me a drawer half-full of unopened letters, and asked me to go through them for him, but this, and a momentary agitation the last time I saw him, were the only shadows which I ever saw upon an otherwise unclouded mind.

Two years afterwards came a letter which, looked at now, is for me his parting word.

(XV.)

“Brantwood, 24th June, '80.

“It is a shame never to have thanked you for your lovely letter—but my life is *all* a shame to me now, in its weakness and failure. But I have health enough yet, thank God, to do tranquil work, and my friends will, I hope, still be a little pleased about me in seeing it done. Don't plague yourself about personally helping me at Sheffield or in other things, but use your own proper influence to make people do what is wise and right—each in their place—and explain what you care for of my work and me to them—and, above all, think of the things I try to teach—non-usury for instance, and agricultural life—in themselves, and not in any connection with me. I hope we may have many talks and plays yet.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.”

The talks and plays never came. He had asked me twice if I would like to come to him at Brantwood, but I never felt sure that it would be any kindness to do so, that it would not the next day repent him that he had said anything about it.

I heard the Oxford lecture, since printed (*Eagle's Nest*, vi.), in which the question is asked, How much of a man can a snake see? The trouble is, not that snakes see little, but that men do not see more. The light of a great man comes to us also through a “vertical slit.” But there is this for our comfort in human sight, that a glimpse sometimes grows with time into larger vision within the brain. There is a sense in which I see more of Ruskin now than I saw then.

VERONA AND PAVIA.*

By the Rev. A. Jamson Smith, M.A.



VERONA, like most other Italian cities, has had a very chequered history. With this history we are concerned only in so far as it is essential to a proper appreciation of the city and the buildings upon which the modern traveller gazes.

Verona had been a Roman colony nearly up to the close of the fifth century, when the famous Gothic conqueror, Theodoric, entered it, and made it a kind of royal seat. The story once was that it was he who built the vast amphitheatre which now for century after century has been so imposing a feature of the city. But neither this nor any of the great amphitheatres was erected at so late a date as the fifth century. It may be that the human conscience would have resented at so late a date the erection of such arenas for bloodstained combats, though it still acquiesced in the continuance of contests in those that already existed.

There are, however, some relics of Theodoric to be seen in Verona. For example, among the yellow stone bas-reliefs, which help to make the West façade of San Zeno so interesting a study, he is represented as pursuing a hare, which cannot be caught, and in the attempt coming to the very gates of hell. This representation is the grim way in which an orthodox Catholic of later date retaliates upon the Arian King for his heresy. This is not the place to dwell on the far different picture that might be drawn of the Gothic King, who ruled Roman and Barbarian subjects with such impartial justice and masterly ability.†

Monuments then survive in Verona of the ancient Roman days, and also of the time when the mighty power of the imperial city was yielding before the attacks of the Teutonic tribes.

* A lecture delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, December 10th, 1902.

† See R. W. Church's most instructive Article on Theodoric's Minister, Cassiodorus. "Miscellaneous Essays."



Tower.—All that remains of the old Monastery; the battlements said to be the earliest example of Ghibelline or forked battlements. The Church and the Campanile are typical Lombard creations of the 12th century; in form simple and impressive, in colour enriched by varying marble, stone, and brick.

Besides the amphitheatre there are very fragmentary remains of an old Roman theatre. Their insignificance compared with the imposing grandeur of the Arena is suggestive of the relative importance which the Romans themselves attached to these two institutions.

The beauty and the glory of Verona, however, are to be traced not so much to its Roman period as to Lombard and Gothic influence. We do not precisely know to what epoch we should ascribe the "Romeo and Juliet." Its plot is eminently a romance and not a piece of history. Visitors to Verona are shown Juliet's tomb: but this is just one of the many frauds which serve no other purpose than to put money into the pockets of garrulous and lying guides. Yet the general impression left by the Drama upon our minds of Verona as a city, which, during many years of the Middle Ages was a prey to faction and bloodshed, is only too true to history. Indeed the two families, Capulets and Montagues, are introduced by Dante into a well-known passage of his *Purgatorio* (vi, 107), where he reproaches the Emperor, Albert I, with neglect of Italy, "the garden of the Empire," and then, speaking of Italy's many unhappy dissensions, names in particular those between the Capulets and Montagues.

It may be regarded as a law of history that a State, thus distracted by "civil brawls" (*Romeo and Juliet*, I., i., 99) among its nobles, soon passes under the dominion of personal rulers. And such eras of personal government—at any rate in the history of Mediæval Italy—are frequently signalized by the splendour of their Art; especially of their Architecture. This epoch in the case of Verona was that of the rule of the Scaliger Family, which lasted rather more than one hundred years, through the latter part of the thirteenth century and the first three-quarters of the fourteenth. Ruskin speaks of the period of the Scaligers as "the central light of Italian chivalry" (*Verona and other lectures*, 1894).

Dante's life fell within this period. There are several references

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in his Poems to the various members of this Family. One is condemned on the ground of nepotism for having placed in charge of the San Zeno monastery his own son, though "deformed in his whole body and worse in mind." The Scaliger who immediately succeeded this Alberto, thus branded by his uncompromising contemporary, ruled only three years, and was then succeeded by Can Grande. It was either this Can Grande or his predecessor of short reign, who enjoyed the high distinction of being Dante's host during the earlier years of his exile. Can Grande enjoyed the still higher distinction—according to a commonly received tradition—of receiving a long letter in which the *Paradiso* was dedicated to him. One striking scene reminds us that the people of Verona in quite recent times [1865] have shown their reverence for the memory of Dante by erecting a statue of him in the most conspicuous quarter of their city, a statue in itself dignified and impressive. It was while the exiled poet was resident in Verona that the incident so often related took place. Some women observing him pass along, with melancholy face and solemn gait, were heard to ejaculate—"there walks the man who goes to Hell and returns when he lists, and brings news up above of those who are there below."

Dante lived from 1265 till 1321: the rule of the Della Scala Family extended from 1262 till 1375. This is a period in which a very large number of the noblest buildings all over Europe, and not least of all in Verona, were constructed. During the same time Verona had its painters: but its chief glory—as in the case of many seats of Art—in the matter of Painting was to come many years later. It is true that in Verona some of the noblest architecture, e.g., the church of San Zeno, and the main fabric of the Cathedral preceded this period; but to this period we owe the very beautiful church of Sant' Anastasia and the tombs of the Scaligers themselves—monuments the situation of which, as also their own intrinsic merits, give them so unique an interest. Let us then fix this important piece of Veronese history in our minds:

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its most splendid and glorious epoch is the hundred and more years of Scaliger rule [1262-1375].

Some thirty years after the close of this epoch Verona passed under the sway of Venice. This subjection to Venice, with a short interruption, was to last till the latter part of the eighteenth century. Every visitor to Verona is forcibly reminded of it by the column, surmounted with a lion, which is so conspicuous a feature at one end of the market place. The Lion, by the way, is not the emblem of St. Mark himself: as such, from what we know of his history, it would be inappropriate. It is the emblem of his Gospel, which brings into strong relief the energy and majesty of our Lord's ministry, and is in this way a perfectly fitting emblem. Be this as it may, the Lion, as we all know, is the emblem which Venice, the home of the venerable and noble Cathedral of St. Mark, has made peculiarly its own. Well, then, let us keep in mind these main facts in the history of Verona, and as the successive scenes pass before our eyes, the subjects which they picture will take their place in their right setting.

Verona was at one time a colony of Rome, and the memory of the might and majesty of the imperial city is perpetuated in the vast fabric of the amphitheatre.

In the decline of Roman power, Verona was conquered by the Gothic hero, Theodoric, around whose name there still gather at Verona many legends. But the carving on the beautiful west front of San Zeno is the most interesting relic:—the heretic huntsman pursuing the stag even to the doors of hell.

Then there follows a period of tangled, confused history—such as so frequently occurs in the history of Italian towns. Such a period is that which has been painted in colours so vivid and tragic by Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet*; although, perhaps, from the mere chronological point of view, the scene of the famous drama should be ascribed to a later date. But in these times, however cruel and blood-stained, the building of massive castle and fortress, of glorious cathedral and church, still continued.

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Thus, at least, two of the most notable buildings in Verona, the church of San Zeno and the Cathedral for the most part, had been erected before Verona enjoyed its prosperous and brilliant era under the Della Scala family. This era was one of literally splendid achievement in Architecture and to a much less extent in Painting.

Verona, indeed, was for many generations a home of artists whose works at once interest and charm students: but it never itself produced artists of the rank of those whose names we associate with Florence and Venice, nor afforded hospitality, as Rome did, to painters of world-wide fame. In its immediate neighbourhood—as Ruskin tells us—were born Mantegna, Titian, Correggio, and Veronese (*Verona and other lectures*).

Thirty years after the Scaligers had ceased to reign, Verona lost its independence. But the dominion of Venice did not press heavily upon her. Art, at any rate—in its two branches of Architecture and Painting—flourished. We cannot this evening deal with the subject of Pictures. But, at least, one of the buildings we shall see in our views, the Renaissance Palace, called the Palazzo del Consiglio, erected just at the close of the fifteenth century, is as charming an example of that style as can be seen anywhere.

I am speaking to a Ruskin Society. And it is hardly necessary to remind its members that we cannot appreciate and love Italy or Ruskin without appreciating and loving the other. Florence, Venice, Verona, and Pisa—Ruskin has treated of them all and shed that lustre upon their history and their art which it is the privilege of genius alone to confer upon all that it touches.

To Verona he devoted one complete lecture, to which I have referred two or three times this evening. Two passages from his other works you must permit me to cite, one from *Lectures on Architecture and Painting* (pp. 3-4) containing an eloquent contrast of Verona and Edinburgh, and the other [*The Stones of Venice; the Street of the Tombs*], where the later and more elaborate

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Can Signorio tomb is unfavourably compared with the earlier and simpler Can Grande tomb.

In the Spring of this year, on my journey to Verona, I included a visit to the famous Carthusian Monastery—the Certosa, the Italians call it—at Pavia. This building is of so unusual and interesting a character that I have thought it well to make it part of our subject this evening; the more so that it also can be illuminated by a striking passage from Ruskin. This passage on the subject of the Carthusian monks occurs in the *Præterita* (III, 14-16). It is well worth while to bring the high opinion of the Carthusians here expressed into connexion with two other well-known treatments of this Religious Order. A distinguished English poet and a distinguished French poet have each devoted a poem to the Carthusians. Matthew Arnold has taken us to their most famous home, la Grande Chartreuse, and pictured to us the life they led there. Their own cowed white-robed forms, and their services, penitential and unrelieved even by the organ, their gardening, “Of human tasks their only one,”—all this is vividly, and, as usual with Matthew Arnold, mournfully portrayed. This picture becomes all the more life-like to us if we supplement it by Théophile Gautier’s poem (“à Zurburän”). To the French writer the monastic rule of the Carthusians presented itself as a mere death in life, a “morne suicide.” For these melancholy penitents, form, sunbeam, colour, have no existence, so absorbed are they in the rapturous contemplation of the Cross and in the dazzling hope of heaven.

It is, perhaps, with greater gift of historic imagination than that of either English or French poet that Ruskin describes the Carthusian as he was in his best days. His sentences eloquently remind us that the Carthusians settled in lonely places in order that they might rescue distressed travellers, that they oftentimes made what had been desert blossom as the rose, that they were rich in men of intellectual power, and, as a consequence, were founders and maintainers of noble libraries.

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You remember that while Ruskin speaks most favourably of Saint Bruno, the founder of the Carthusian Order, and of the Order generally, he speaks most unfavourably of the Monastery at Pavia. Observe that this owed its origin to the same Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan (1385-1402), as the famous cathedral of that city—a man of accursed memory, Ruskin says. His rule commenced ten years after that of the Scaligers at Verona had come to an end. Hence this Certosa at Pavia belongs to what Ruskin regards as the degenerate age of Gothic architecture. Indeed, a great deal of its ornamentation is evidently of Renaissance rather than of Gothic character.

Now, although we may be disinclined to go the whole way with Ruskin—I certainly am so disinclined—in his disparagement of such a building as this Certosa at Pavia, this much may be fully admitted. In a religious building what is above all required is that it should convey an impression of grandeur and solemnity. Such is the feeling that instinctively passes over us in the case of such churches as San Zeno and Sant' Anastasia at Verona. The feelings aroused by the Certosa at Pavia are of a different kind. There we may delight and almost revel in the richness and exquisiteness of adornment. This may elicit our highest admiration for the skill and ability of its craftsmen. But no sense of the Divine and the Infinite seizes and absorbs our minds. All these varied whimsical effects of the human head and hand fail to produce the reverence and awe which the older, grander, more solemnizing churches arouse in a way so mysterious and so matchless. Buildings of the one type appeal to the bodily eye and afford it the greatest delight and enjoyment. Buildings of the other type fill eye, mind, and soul with a sense of something beyond this earth, and lift them into the world of vision. It is, as it were, the difference between a lovely picture and a glorious revelation.

FURTHER NOTES ON IMPERIALISM: A REPLY TO MR. HENRY WILSON.

By William Finnemore.

IT ought not to be too much to expect of a follower of Ruskin that he should, whether in his character as an individual or a citizen, always give to material considerations, however important, a second place. In "Some Notes on Imperialism," in the last number of *Saint George*, Mr. Henry Wilson grievously sins against this elementary proposition, and has produced a paper remarkable for its confused thinking, unwarrantable assumptions, and its superficial treatment of a burning question. His method might be described as a species of literary blind-man's-buff, for he rushes helter-skelter into a crowd of subjects, and deals with whatever he happens to lay his hands on at the moment.

A distinguished political leader once observed that there were many kinds of Imperialism, and almost every man had his own brand. It is to be hoped that nobody within the Ruskin circle (and very few without) could be found to swallow Mr. Wilson's ideas so far as it is possible to glean them from these "Notes."

He begins by a reference to a "numerous and noisy party who . . . use the word Imperialism to signify a love of aggression, of war, of plunder," and if they wanted to prove the correctness of their use of the word they would need to go no further afield than these "Notes." Other people comment on the unfriendliness of foreign nations towards us, and the true explanation may be complimentary to us or the reverse, but Mr. Wilson's answer takes the form of the following comment: "If . . . we retired from Egypt, still more if we retired from the Mediterranean altogether, we should make an undying friend of France. The cession of Gibraltar, again, would turn Spain into a lasting ally.

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No doubt, in a similar way, we could conciliate Russia by the gift of India, Germany by South Africa, and the United States with Canada." But since no anti-Imperialist advocates anything of the kind, it savours of foolishness. To erect a cardboard lion, label it with your opponent's name, and then valiantly fell it to the earth with a club, is a trick as old as Nero, and never imposes even on the greenhorn twice.

No Imperialist, wise or unwise, can get away from Ireland for long, and Mr. Henry Wilson commits himself to the statement that: "A free Ireland, where an enemy could establish himself, within striking distance of our shores, is not to be thought of." Perhaps not, but the most cursory glance at the map would show that this argument applies to France not less strongly than to Ireland. Shall we say then: "A free France . . . is not to be thought of?" If not, why not? I do not impeach Mr. Wilson's courage, but there must be some reason for applying this doctrine to Ireland and not to France. What is it? Is it not to be found in the little phrase in the previous sentence? "Ireland, which *we hold* of necessity." The spirit which lurks behind that phrase goes far to explain our Irish difficulties; we regard Ireland as in some sense a property, and talk of it as if it were a coal-scuttle or a cow; and then wonder why the sensitive Celtic temperament fails to understand us. A British Empire cannot be held together by force; directly that becomes necessary its dismemberment will begin. Let Mr. Wilson talk about "holding" Canada, or Natal, or Victoria, or New Zealand, and the answer will be so short and rude that he will begin to appreciate the Irishman. The bond that holds us together is communion of feeling, the sentiment of oneness, the recognition of family relationship—in Mr. Gladstone's great phrase it is the "union of hearts!" In Empire, as in other great matters of life, it is the unseen that is eternal. "People talk sentimentally about the principle of nationality"—of course they do, how else should they talk? When the German thrills to the "Watch on the

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Rhine," or the British colonist of the second or third generation speaks of the old country as "Home," what is it but sentiment? We of all people should value it, for it has helped us over many an ugly stile.

Mr. Wilson sees in Imperialism the promise of peace for "The sole reason for the gradual process which has been going on all over the world since the dawn of history, the absorption of the small states into larger ones, is that so long as states are divided they will fight, and above all the poorer will plunder the richer." And again—"Anyone who reads the history of England with intelligence sees that the small states, which were first founded here, were always at war with one another. . . . The sole means of peace was for one to subdue the other." But where is Mr. Wilson's stopping place in this very interesting process? Is the German Empire to subdue us all, dragoon us into obedience, and then smile on a universal peace? Or is this the high vocation of the British Empire? If not, where is this subduing process to be halted? It is wise even in matters of Empire to know where you are going before you start. We get a delicate touch of modern politics to explain William the Conqueror's success. "William's success was only rendered possible by the Home Rule *or* Separatist feeling, etc." Oh! that delicious "*or*"! How beautifully it enables Mr. Wilson to beg the question and foist on to the intelligent Home Ruler an interpretation of his views which he has over and over again repudiated, at first with indignation and at last with weariness.

Mr. Wilson's absorption in the purely material aspects of Imperialism and his confusion of thought are clearly shown in the following passage, in which he compares the Boer War with the fearful struggle between the Northern and the Southern States: "Many Americans censured our conduct in South Africa, yet they waged a far bigger war on less provocation. We resisted an actual aggression by a neighbour State. They fought to prevent the creation of an only possible hostile State on their borders."

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Without attempting to argue the case of the Boer War, I might point out in passing that thousands of thoughtful Englishmen by no means lacking in love of country would experience no small relief if they could persuade themselves that the invasion of Natal was the first act of the drama. But as to the American War you might think it arose from a comparatively unimportant motive like State jealousy or inconvenience—the North did not want a “possible hostile State on their borders.” How did John Bright describe the cause of the struggle? His description carries us into another region of thought, and we find ourselves dealing not with a “possible hostile State,” but with problems that raise the most tremendous of moral issues. Let us state it in Mr. Bright’s memorable words spoken in the Birmingham Town Hall in 1862. “Is there a man here that doubts for a moment that the object of the war on the part of the South—they began the war— . . . is to maintain in bondage four millions of human beings? That is only a small part of it. The further object is to perpetuate for ever the bondage of all the posterity of those four millions of slaves. . . . The object is, that they should have the power to breed negroes, to work negroes, to lash negroes, to chain negroes, to buy and sell negroes, to deny them the commonest ties of family, or to break their hearts by rending them at their pleasure, to close their mental eye to but a glimpse even of that knowledge which separates us from the brute—for in their laws it is criminal and penal to teach the negro to read—to seal from their hearts the Book of our religion, and to make chattels and things of men and women and children.”

I do not wish to institute any cruel contrast between Mr. Henry Wilson and John Bright, but it will be conceded that John Bright at least knew what he was talking about, and that he was not prejudiced *a priori* in favour of war, and that history has more than justified his position during that fateful struggle. Mr. Wilson’s light and airy way of dismissing it in a misleading sen-

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tence is not characteristic, we trust, of Imperialists generally, or there will be plenty of lively times in store for us. Miscalculation of the factors in a problem affecting the destinies of nations spells disaster and possible ruin.

The Imperialist of Mr. Wilson's school does not wittingly sin against the Scriptural injunction "not to think more highly of himself than he ought to think" because he fails to see how that is possible. "Swelled head" is a vulgar name for a not uncommon disease which has its drawbacks for the individual—drawbacks which do not decrease as the malady becomes more widespread. Its commonest symptom is an inordinate admiration of our own virtues as compared with those of our less favoured neighbours. But it has its touch of humour, mostly unconscious, and an unsympathetic world persists in laughing at the picture of the good man who maintains an unequal struggle with an overwhelming sense of his personal merits. They may take heart of hope, however, for Mr. Wilson assures us that "the only Imperialism from which Englishmen suffer now, is that which has been a characteristic ever since they were Englishmen, and if it appears more strongly in them than in other people, it is that they have more character and common sense." Only such a nation could be in Mr. Wilson's mind when he declares that "a country which has a predatory neighbour finds it a great saving in trouble and expense to take over the country," for a country that was quite an ordinary country would expose itself to some misunderstanding by such an action. But nobody can deny its excellence; it reminds us of Captain Bobadil's method of defeating an army. If your neighbouring country is running you hard in commerce or any other field of rivalry you have only to prove to yourself that its success is "predatory" and your duty at once becomes obvious—you just "take it over." This is simplicity itself if you are rich and strong and the neighbour annexed is poor and weak, and it is "a great saving in trouble and expense"—sometimes! England has been doing the taking-over business recently (let us

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hope with better reason), and the "saving" has been so considerable that the morning trains from the suburbs are vocal with the hilarious rejoicings of delighted payers of income tax!

But we must not run away with the notion that Mr. Wilson has no fixed principle for guidance; he has. True, it says nothing about right or wrong, justice or liberty, or any such old-fashioned and disturbing nonsense. Here is your Imperialist's working rule—"Each addition of territory, instead of being a burden, increases the number of our defenders, and decreases the number of our foes." There it is in all its illuminating simplicity. By this reasoning you can prove that the bigger the man the more likely he is to escape bullets on the battlefield, the greater the number of vulnerable points in a country the safer it is from attack, the longer the coast line the easier for the fleet to defend it, or any other tissue of like absurdities. Armed with this theory we have only to annex the world and live happily ever after, for the whole world would then defend itself. The proverbial schoolboy could see that whether or not an addition of territory is strength or weakness depends on some other things which never seem to enter into any of Mr. Wilson's calculations. This marks the hopelessness and danger of some brands of Imperialism. Unfortunately only too many share the vulgar delusion that strength and safety are in a direct ratio to superficial area. The popular cant of the day exalts the man "who thinks in continents." Size is mistaken for greatness and bigness for beauty, as in the case of the American who turned up his nose at the Jordan and thought Athens was not to be compared with Chicago.

In these circles the accepted test of national greatness is the measuring tape, but for the true test we have only to take Ruskin's dictum as quoted by Lord Avebury: "The strength of a nation does not depend on the extent of territory, nor on the number of people. The strength is in the men—in their unity and virtue." No wonder Mr. Wilson confesses his ignorance of Ruskin's opinions on these questions. He would be well employed to seek

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them out and ponder them. He might then come to the belief that enduring conquests are won by the process of "leaven" and not by swords—a belief in emphatic conflict with all swallow-your-neighbour theories.

We are thankful for one crumb of comfort. Mr. Wilson assures us, "There is no militarism or love of war among us," but we confess to misgivings as to the value of his opinion when he proceeds, "Not only did our army distinguish itself by good behaviour in the Boer War, but there was remarkable sanity, moderation and good sense displayed by the mass of the people. They accepted checks with reticence and dignity, and were not unduly elated by success." "Mafficking," did someone whisper? "A little rejoicing may be forgiven on the occasion of the relief of a long beleaguered town." Well, if some things we saw were illustrations of this "little rejoicing," we pray God we may have few "beleaguered towns" to relieve in the future. We seem to remember, too, a certain shameful Tuesday night when crowds of men were going to the front from Birmingham, and the police were almost at their wits' end, and so far from indicating a Christian nation bent on the stern and awful duty of war it suggested rather a heathen people preparing for a heathen orgie. But "it is meddlesomeness at home, not meddlesomeness abroad, from which we suffer"—and this note occurs with plaintive iteration. "Interference" by legislators and other misguided people is Mr. Wilson's *bête noir*. We know the type of Imperialist who is all for "fuss" abroad and *laissez faire* at home, but he forgets that civil progress is largely a record of "interferences." You cannot put up a lamp in a crowded court without "interfering" with those who love darkness rather than light, and when your Imperialist seriously argues that a man should be allowed to build how and with what material he likes it is easy to understand his sympathy with that unnamed "but well known, learned, and broad-minded dignitary of the Church of England" who wished he could make "a clean sweep . . . of the works of

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Dickens, who had done more than any other writer to foster the sickly sentimentality that finds concrete expression in mischievous legislative and other interference." But much of this "sickly sentimentality," so obnoxious to the dignitary, seems strangely akin to the spirit of the Nazarene Carpenter. What is its record? It has humanised the poor law and transformed the poor-house; it has prevented terror-stricken children being suffocated in foul chimneys; it has changed the aspect of schools that were worse than prisons; it has interfered with the stony-hearted rascals who would work tiny children of tender years literally to death; it has given hundreds of thousands, who would never otherwise have had it, the power to find their keenest enjoyment in the great monuments of human genius in literature, art, and science; it has reformed those penal laws which fill us with shuddering horror even as we read them to-day, and has gone far to give some touch of Christian shape to our modern England. If these things are "caviare" to your "well-known" dignitary, what care we how "learned and broad-minded" he may be? With glorious exceptions he is only like his order. These triumphs have had to be won largely in his teeth. He ever found himself better employed in singing "Te Deums" in church over slaughtered men, and hanging tattered banners—symbols of fierce and sanguinary conflict—in the house of the Prince of Peace than in listening to the wail of outraged humanity. Nothing more sarcastic was ever uttered than the words of old Tory Lord Eldon, who said "The slave trade could not be opposed to Christianity and the precepts of the Gospel, seeing that it was uniformly supported by the right reverend prelates." Progress has never followed in the wake of the dignitary, but the dignitary has taken good care to follow in the wake of progress.

Mr. Wilson is not always serious, however, but can put a conundrum with a grave face. Out of several I had marked I will give but one:—"I shall have, therefore, to ask where the line is drawn, and on what principle it is wrong to use force to a

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brown man, beyond a certain geographical boundary, to compel him to work and build a better house for himself, while it is right to use force to a white man, beyond a certain other geographical line, to compel him to be idle and build a better house for his neighbour." I give it up. It is what the vulgar school-boy calls a "howler"! My imagination enables me to picture a brown man, without any reference to geographical boundaries, being compelled to work and build a better house for himself, but after many attempts I have utterly failed to form a mental image of that remarkable white man who was "compelled to be idle and build a better house for his neighbour." Now, if only it were the "brown man" who by being idle built a house, we might put it down to his colour, but, alas, it isn't! And to think of all the wasted energy in building houses, more or less unsatisfactory, when all the time, had we but known it, idleness would have built them better! No! it still eludes me, and my bump of veneration is rapidly rising at the thought of Imperialism which is equal to these things; for if it solves this puzzle we need not despair even now of being able to realise a fourth dimension.

At last after all this mazy wandering "up stairs and down stairs and in my lady's chamber" we actually come across "a sane and moderate Imperialism." It has only (as far as I can judge) three articles in its creed.

I. "A strong navy, well found, and with proper bases, arsenals, and coaling stations in different parts."

II. "A population trained to arms"—in other words Conscription.

III. The abolition of political parties. "We are hampered by two parties, whose causes of difference are all settled, and who merely play the game of ins and outs by bribing the populace."

O sanity and moderation! What extravagances are perpetrated in your names! England is to be converted into a camp ruled, not by political parties, which provide some outlet for patriotic effort, and a field for the exercise of conflicting ideas, but by a

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despotism that rises superior to party, as despotisms always have, from the Cæsars to Napoleon III.

When Imperialism is chiefly concerned with soldiers and gunboats, and its first and last word is expansion, I submit that it should become at once an object of suspicion to every lover of his kind. Why should Empire exert so great a fascination over the modern Englishman's mind? Is not the conception of a noble Commonwealth, with wise laws and unselfish ideals; which recognises the rights of others while safeguarding its own; in whose sky the fixed stars are justice, liberty, humanity—is not this conception inspiring in itself, and an ideal worthy of the best efforts of the greatest of peoples? "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," but they are victories which require for their achievement a wider outlook, a finer temper, a nobler fortitude, a more enduring sacrifice. That it is easier to die well than to live well has passed into the commonplaces of the moralist, and it has its parallel in the life of a people. What are the dominant notes in this conception of a great people, great by virtue of their "unity and virtue"? The first is the recognition that something has precedence of our country in its claims on our loyalty. "We are inhabitants of two worlds," says Lowell, "and owe a double, but not a divided allegiance. In virtue of our clay, this little ball of earth exacts a certain loyalty of us, while, in our capacity as spirits, we are admitted citizens of an invisible and holier fatherland. . . . When, therefore, one would have us fling up our caps and shout with the multitude: 'Our country, however bounded!' he demands of us that we sacrifice the larger to the less, the higher to the lower, and that we yield to the imaginary claims of a few acres of soil our duty and privilege as liegemen of Truth. Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west, by Justice. . . . That is a hard choice when our earthly love of country calls upon us to tread one path and our duty points us to another. We must make as noble and becoming an election as did Penelope between Icarius

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and Ulysses. Veiling our faces, we must take silently the hand of Duty to follow her." Yes, and by putting such things first we exalt and not lower the passion of love we bear to our own land. It is the truth so beautifully put by Lovelace :

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more!"


And for the practical application of this difficult doctrine let me quote a passage of high political wisdom from the statesman who seems to me more than any other to have combined this allegiance to truth with a fervent love for the progress of his land in all that exalts a nation. It is from the third speech in Mr. Gladstone's first Midlothian campaign, a speech worthy of attentive study in these days of loose political thought: "Of all the principles of foreign policy which I have enumerated that to which I attach the greatest value is the principle of the equality of nations ; because, without recognising that principle, there is no such thing as public right, and without public international right there is no instrument available for settling the transactions of mankind except material force. Consequently the principle of the equality of nations lies, in my opinion, at the very basis and root of a Christian civilisation, and when that principle is compromised or abandoned, with it must depart our hopes of tranquillity and of progress for mankind."

With these utterances of two men distinguished for their high ideals of national conduct, I bring these comments to an end.

Extension of Empire is not to be settled on the basis of the chaffering of the provincial market place. It is vitally concerned with morals ; and the controversy is in danger of becoming one of material interests as against the moral considerations raised by Mr. Lowell and Mr. Gladstone. Under these circumstances the old and searching enquiry becomes pertinent, even peremptory : What shall it profit an Empire if it gain the whole world and lose its own soul ?

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN RUSKIN.*

By Oscar Browning, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

HE first time I ever heard the name of Ruskin in a manner to make a strong impression upon me was on the publication of the third volume of *Modern Painters*, in 1856, when I was still a boy at Eton. I must, indeed, have heard of him before in connection with the Arundel Society, of which my tutor, William Johnson, was a member, of which I became a member when still an undergraduate, and of which I was afterwards a Member of Council, writing for the Society a Life of Bartolommeo Colleoni. In 1853-4 Ruskin had published for that Society, "Giotto, and his works at Padua," being an account of the Frescoes of the Arena chapel in that city. I became an ardent student of these works, visiting Padua whenever I got a chance, and reading Ruskin's criticisms until I almost knew them by heart. But a deeper study came at a later period, and the third volume of *Modern Painters* exercised its influence on a sheet of white paper, notably the chapter on the Pathetic Fallacy to which William Johnson directed my particular attention. How well I remember the criticism of Kingsley's lines—

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam."

The foam is not cruel, nor does it crawl. The state of mind which attributes to it these characters of a living Nature is one in which the reason is unhinged by grief. All violent feelings have the same effect. They produce in us a falseness in all our impressions of external things, which I would generally characterize as the "pathetic fallacy." And in opposition to this the example, which would appeal especially to a schoolboy, of Homer telling, in a pathetic passage, how Helen looks from the Scæan Gate of Troy over the Grecian host. "I see all the

* A lecture delivered before the Ruskin Union, December 12th, 1902.

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other dark-eyed Greeks; but two I cannot see, Castor and Pollux, whom one mother bore with me. Have they not followed from fair Lacedæmon, or have they indeed come in their sea-wandering ships, but now will not enter into the battle of men, fearing the shame and the scorn that is in Me!"

Then Homer, "so she spoke, but them already the life-giving earth possessed there in Lacedæmon in their dear fatherland."

Note here the high poetical truth carried to the extreme. The poet has to speak of the earth in sadness, but he will not let that sadness affect or change his thoughts of it. No: though Castor and Pollux be dead, yet the earth is our mother still, fruitful, lifegiving, there are the facts of the thing. I see nothing else than these, make what you will of them.

Then also Casimir de la Vigne's poem, "*la Toilette de Constance*."

"Adieu! bal, plaisir! amour!
On disait, pauvre Constance!
Et on dansait, jusqu' au jour,
Chez l'ambassadeur de France.

Yes, that is the fact of it. Right or wrong the poet does not say. What you may think about it he does not know. He has nothing to do with that. There lie the ashes of the dead girl in her chamber. There they dance till the morning at the Ambassador's of France. Make what you will of it."*

Then the conclusion that the pathetic fallacy, so far as it is a fallacy, is always the sign of a morbid state of mind, and consequently of a weak one. "Even in the most inspired prophet it is a sign of the incapacity of his human sight or thought to bear what has been revealed to it." Then also the criticism on Classical, Mediæval, and Modern Landscape, and the fact that Dante was a bad climber, "being fond of sitting in the sun, looking at his fair Baptistry, or walking in a dignified manner on flat pavement in a long robe, it put him seriously out of his way when he had to take to his hands and knees and look to his feet; so that the first strong impression made on him by any Alpine scene whatever is clearly that it is hard walking."

* *Modern Painters*, Vol. III., Part iv., ch. xii., secs. 12, 13.

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The first time I ever saw Ruskin was on October 29, 1858, when he delivered his address to inaugurate the Cambridge School of Art. I remember his appearance in the old Guildhall, young and slim, and in no way remarkable; the halting periods of the Vice-Chancellor who introduced him, and the silvery impressive tones of the master himself. I possess somewhere the little yellow pamphlet in which the address was first printed, and as I read it I can recall the very voice in which the words were spoken, and how we undergraduates repeated or invented the story that when dining at the high table at Trinity, on a plate of mock-turtle soup being brought to him, he exclaimed with indignation, "Take it away. It is an ignoble work." May I recall what made most impression upon me in this address. "I was staying," he said, "part of this summer in Turin for the purpose of studying one of the Paul Veroneses there: 'The Presentation of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon.' Well, one of the most notable characters in the picture is the splendour of its silken dresses, and, in particular, there was a piece of white brocade, with designs upon it in gold, which it was one of my chief objects in stopping at Turin to copy." He then told us how he had a stage erected, from which he could copy the pattern, and also watch the visitors as they passed through. One day he was upwards of two hours, vainly trying to render, with perfect accuracy, the curves of two leaves of the brocaded silk. "The English travellers used to walk through this room in considerable numbers, and to this painting, on which it took me six weeks to examine rightly two figures, I found that the English traveller gave about half or three quarters of a minute, and that none of the ladies ever stopped to look at the dresses in the Veronese. Sometimes, when any nice, sharp-looking, bright-eyed girl came into the room, I would watch her all the way, thinking, 'Come, at least you'll see what the Queen of Sheba has got on.' But no, on she would come carelessly, with a little toss of her head, apparently signifying, 'nothing in this room is worth looking at—except myself,' and so trip

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through the door and away." How often has the memory of this passage lead me to the gallery at Turin to gaze at this picture. Then Cardinal Maurice of Savoy and his Cupids. How he ordered (the tones still ring in my ear) "*una copiosa quantità di amorini*. Albani supplied the Cardinal accordingly with Cupids in clusters; they hang in the sky like bunches of cherries, and leap out of the sea like flying fish, grow out of the earth in fairy rings and explode out of the fire like squibs." Then the glorious description of the chain of the Alps as seen from the villa of the Vigna della Regina. I must be excused for quoting it, for I remember every word of it as it was spoken, in a rapt eloquence, sometimes with the insight of a seraph, sometimes with the deep emotion of an inspired prophet.

"You see, then, from this spot, the plain of Piedmont, on the north and south, literally as far as the eye can reach, so that the plain terminates and the sea begins, with a level blue line, only tufted with woods instead of waves, and covered with towers of cities instead of ships. Then in the luminous air beyond and behind this blue-horizon-line stand, as it were, the shadow of the mountains, they themselves dark, for the Southern slopes of the Alps of the Lago Maggiore and Bellinzona are all without snow; but the light of the unseen snow-fields, lying level behind the visible peaks, is sent up with strange reflection upon the clouds; an everlasting light of calm Aurora in the north. Then higher and higher around the approaching darkness of the plain rise the central chains, not as on the Switzer's side, a recognisable group and following of successive and separate hills, but a wilderness of jagged peaks, cast in passionate and fierce profusion along the circumference of Heaven; precipice behind precipice, and gulf beyond gulf, filled with the flaming of the sunset, and forming mighty channels for the flowing of the clouds, which roll up against them out of the vast Italian plain, forced together by the narrowing crescent, and breaking up at last against the Alpine wall in towers of spectral spray, or sweeping up its ravines with long moans of complaining thunder. Out from between the cloudy pillars, as they pass, emerge for ever the great battlements of the memorable and perpetual hills: Viso with her shepherd-witnesses to ancient faith; Rocca Melone, the highest place of Alpine pilgrimage; Iseran, who shed her burial sheets of snow about the march of Hannibal; Cenis, who shone

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with her glacier light on the descent of Charlemagne; Paradiso, who watched with her opposite crest the stoop of the French eagle to Marengo; and underneath all these, lying in her soft languor, this tender Italy, lapped in dews of sleep, or more than sleep, one knows not if it is trance, from which the morning shall yet roll the blinding mists away, or if the fair shadows of her quietude are indeed the shades of purple death."

It was many years after this that I became personally acquainted with Ruskin. I was then a master at Eton, and had founded in the school an institution called The Literary and Scientific Society, the object of which was twofold—one that boys might read papers on literary subjects, which would be criticised by their companions; and, secondly, that distinguished persons might come down and lecture to them. Lord Curzon, who was a brilliant President of the Society, has told us that his first interest in India was roused by a lecture delivered in this manner by Sir James Stephen. I wrote to Ruskin, who had then been just reappointed Slade Professor at Oxford, to ask whether he would give us a lecture. My letter was dated March 6, 1873, and on March 11 he replied as follows from Brantwood, Coniston:—

"My dear Sir,

"I have not replied to your favour of the 6th because I felt the matter to be one of great importance, and was not certain—nor am I so now—what my engagements would be this spring.

"If I could repeat (with some modification) the lectures I am just going to give at Oxford, on the Drawings of Birds, do you think it might be interesting for the Eton Literary Society enough to prevent their feeling hurt at my not preparing a special lecture for them. I have not now energy enough to trust to extempore lecturing, and I see no chance of my being able to prepare more than my Oxford work this spring.

"Will you kindly write me a line to C.C.C. Oxford, and believe me very respectfully yours,

"J. RUSKIN."

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I did as he wished, offering to give him hospitality if he came to Eton, and he replied on March 24 :—

“My dear Sir,

“I could not instantly reply to your kind letter, not having determined my time of coming here next term, but I have now arranged matters so as to be able to lecture at Eton on the first days you name—10th and 17th May. The two lectures will be quite enough for the main things I want to say, and please don't think of putting yourself or anybody to any disarrangement to find rooms for me; for when I have lecturing to do I always go to inns, partly because I like to be sure of quietly thinking over, first, what I read, and also because one's host is always liable on such occasions to be teased in various ways by people whom one does not bring upon him in an ordinary visit.—Ever very truly yours,

“J. RUSKIN.”

So in the middle of May he came, and I had the honour of entertaining him and getting speech with him. He struck me as the embodiment of culture, as the most cultivated man I had ever met. His dress, his manner, his voice, and everything he said seemed to exude a spirit of calmness and peace and courtesy, made more noticeable by the rough-and-tumble disorder of a school-master's life. My mother and sisters lived with me and kept my house, and his courtesy to them was absolutely perfect. He seemed to set before us all a higher ideal both of life and conduct. I had many conversations with him, but I only remember one thing specially. There hung at the end of my drawing-room three pictures—in the centre Titian's “Flora,” and on each side Raphael's “Della Sedia,” and the “Coronation of the Virgin,” by Botticelli, the picture now called the “Magnificat.” When Frank Cornish, the present Vice-Provost of Eton, and myself, had gone to Florence as boys in the year 1861 we had been captivated by this picture (then very little regarded), and I had ordered an exact facsimile of

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the head of the angel holding the crown—a head quite erroneously said to be a portrait of Lorenzo dei Medici. It was, therefore, natural that standing before this picture with Ruskin I should say to him, “When I first went to Florence I immediately pitched upon this picture as the best in the galleries.” He replied, “I know now that it is, but it took me ten years to find it out.” I ought to have replied, “You had not read your own books,” but this *esprit d’escalier*, which reminds us of *bons mots* which we have neglected, is only too common. The two lectures were on “The Swallow and the Chough.” I do not remember much about them, except that the room they were given in—that beautiful boys’ library which is now destroyed—was crowded, and that the boys were delighted. The “Swallow” lecture was printed in Vol. I. of *Love’s Meinie*. The lecture on the “Chough” has yet to see the light. Ruskin stayed on this occasion at Botham’s Hotel, Salt Hill. When 1874 arrived I was naturally anxious that Mr. Ruskin should again visit us, and on returning to Eton towards the close of September I ventured to make this request. He did not answer for some time, and when I found that he had returned to Oxford I wrote to him again. He replied on November 18th, 1874:—

“My dear Sir,

“You have indeed kindly and justly interpreted my silence. I was detained two months in Italy beyond the time I intended, and have had no power of arranging my home engagements in the confusion of various calls on me—it seemed to me all imperative—since my return. I was often thinking of you, but was afraid it was too late to come. What day, now, might I conveniently take for a lecture on Giotto and Botticelli? It would be perhaps a little duller than one on natural history, but I adopt your suggestions at once. I had thought of giving them rather one on glaciers, but the Giotto lecture would be more interesting to the older members of the audience.—Ever faithfully yours,

“J. RUSKIN.”

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The earlier letters are addressed to me as the "Reverend," every Eton master wearing a white tie, and being supposed to be a clergyman by protective similarity. I once caught myself directing a letter to my butler as being at the Reverend Browning's. But Ruskin had now found that I was a layman. Indeed, in the summer of 1874, I visited him at his rooms at Oxford, and I suppose that it was there that the promise to give this lecture was elicited. I can only remember a most delightful conversation and a lovely portrait of Raphael which hung over the mantelpiece, and which he told me was painted by a fellow-pupil in the studio of Perugino. We were now friends, and could discourse confidentially of many things.

In my letter to Ruskin I had suggested Saturday, November 28, as the day, and Giotto as the subject, for the first lecture, but by the next post I received another missive.

"My dear Sir,

"My messenger had not come back from posting my letter before I recollected I was engaged to meet the Bishop of Natal at the Master of Balliol's, on Saturday, 28. . . . It is needful I should meet Bishop Colenso to know how I can best help him in his resistance to the injustice done the native races; so that—with your permission—I will say Saturday, 12 December, on Botticelli, and perhaps I may get another chance of a lecture early in the Spring, if the boys like it.—Ever truly yours,

"J. RUSKIN."

I remember that lecture well. I thought I knew something about Botticelli, and was anxious to learn what Ruskin thought of him. But in the lecture Botticelli's name was scarcely mentioned, and grace declared to be his chief characteristic. Shortly after the commencement manuscript and notes were put aside, the lecturer gathered his singing robes around him and chanted a long-drawn dithyramb which held his audience spellbound. No one could tell

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what it was about, whither it started, or whence it came. It had no beginning or end, no form or substance, no argument or conclusion, nor could you remember it when it was over. But the rows of boys sat as if entranced, hanging on every word, unconscious of the flight of time, and when it ended they woke as from a dream. They had been lifted into a higher sphere of thought and emotion, but, like St. Paul of old, whether in the body or out of the body they could not tell. Ruskin's fear lest his lecture should fail in riveting the boys' interests was entirely without foundation. On this occasion Ruskin told me of his visits to Assisi, of his long conversations with the Sacristan, Fra Antonio, and of his dispute as to whether Jeremiah was married or not, a doubt which I believe arises from a discrepancy between the Vulgate and the English version. That winter I visited Assisi, and heard the impression which Ruskin had left on the Sacristan. He said that Ruskin had discussed at great length the propriety of being a Roman Catholic, and in that case of joining the third order of St. Francis. The Sacristan prayed every day for his conversion, and remarked to me, "C'è una piccola cosa, ma credo che san Francesco lo farà." An account of the conversation was afterwards published in *Fors Clavigera*.

On November 27, 1875, he gave another lecture at Eton under my auspices. It was upon the Spanish Chapel at Florence. I do not recollect the details of the lecture, but there are certain circumstances connected with it which I shall never forget. When I returned from Switzerland, where I had been travelling with Dr. Welldon, the late Bishop of Calcutta, in September, 1875, I had a dispute with the Eton authorities about a matter of no great importance which resulted in my leaving the school. The controversy attracted some public attention, and Ruskin was of the opinion that I had been badly treated. We had by this time become somewhat intimate, had conversed much about education and the management of boys. He had seen something of the arrangements of my boarding house, and had got to know some

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of my pupils. He was therefore very sorry that my house was broken up, and regarded it as a serious blow to the higher education. I was to leave Eton on December 13, just a fortnight after the lecture of which I spoke. Nothing could exceed his kindness. After talking much about the rupture, in which he strongly advised me to trust to the just instincts of a British Jury, he insisted upon making a public demonstration. He waited until the audience was assembled in the library, till the room was quite full, with the Provost, who was to take the chair, at the end of it. He then walked slowly through the ranks of boys, resting upon my arm till he reached the Chairman, to whom I introduced him. During the lecture he made several allusions to the event. "Do not forget your friends when they have left you." "Remember what they have said, even if they are not here to remind you," and similar observations, which could have hardly been pleasant to the gentleman in the chair. He took an affectionate farewell, and then wrote me the last letter I shall quote.

"Broadlands, December 14, '75.

"Dear Mr. Browning,

"As I heard with profound regret that you were leaving Eton, so it will be with extreme thankfulness that I shall hear of your success in the attainment of any authoritative educational position. I am sure that the views you hold on all subjects relating to the education of the higher classes of our youth, are brightly and liberally—but not rashly, extended beyond those which have too long checked, if not thwarted, the best spirits among our public schoolboys, and left youths of the highest genius undiscovered for want of timely sympathy. What I have been permitted to see of the relations existing between your pupils and you seemed to me completely to realize the ideal of vital, affectionate and enduringly beneficent education.—Believe me always, affectionately and respectfully yours,

"JOHN RUSKIN."

JOHN RUSKIN :

A Eulogy.*

By the Rev. David Samson.



WHEN your active and amiable secretary was arranging with me about the enterprise of this evening, he wished to know if "John Ruskin" would be the full or whole title of the paper. This question made me reflective for a little. I am not an artist, nor a political economist, nor a social reformer, nor a scientist, and what business of mine can it be to read Ruskin's writings? And what power or authority could I have in dealing with any of them? I remember that all my reading is governed by two motives — the pursuit of pleasure and the craving for communion. I never want to read any book that is not delightful to me as I read it, nor to peruse the writings of any author who does not open his own heart and become for me a real presence. And I find this thing true equally of my two sets of friends, those who live in eternity, and they who still live in time; that to me it makes no slightest difference what they say or how they think, what subjects they talk about, or what opinions they hold; if there be but the communion of understanding and heart, all differences are but variations in the music of friendship. Now though I have no call to read in any of the subjects on which John Ruskin has written, nor any concern with what men call his teaching, or mission, or life-work, any more than I have with the teaching, or mission, or life-work of Cavehill, yet he and the hill stand there for me in daily presence, instant in responsive thoughts, and instinct in redolent communings, a fixed friendship amid so much that is unfixed and failing. John Ruskin is one who opens his heart so freely and so abundantly in all he does and says, that

* A paper read to a Society in Belfast.

by-and-by it comes that there is neither artist, nor scientist, nor political economist, nor social reformer, but John Ruskin is all and in all. This comes to pass by-and-by; for it is a process with an order of its own. It is with authors as with acquaintances; we do not always take to them at the first meeting; often at the first meeting we are repelled by those we afterwards take most kindly to. There are two conditions necessary to start this process of friendship—there must be the fit mood of mind, and a responsive subject of conversation.

I remember distinctly opening the first book of Ruskin's I had seen, *Munera Pulveris*. The subject was remote from anything that up to that moment had interested me, and the book was put back as useless. A year or two after this, at a time when my closer companions had gone off on errands of their own, leaving me to take the long country walks by myself, with only the objects of nature to speak with, I took to the reading of *Modern Painters*. Behold, immediately I was in the spirit, and, in the vigour of those young days, I went on till I had read every word this man had written.

At the first reading of Ruskin's books the mind was entirely taken up with the things he wrote about, the articles and objects he described. And what a new heaven and a new earth they made for one.

“The sky, the clouds, the sunrise, the sunset; the whole sky, from the zenith to the horizon, becomes one moving, molten, mantling sea of colour and fire; every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied and shadowless crimson, and purple, and scarlet, and colours for which there are no words in the language, and no ideas in the mind.”

Every day this renewed, and every hour renewing glory was spread as a tent to dwell in, and after all heaven *was* heaven, and not an invisibility and an imagination. Then there was laid out the landscape of mountain, and valley, and plain, and river—rising, reclining, receding, running in ceaseless and living loveliness, instinct

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in every feature with the Creator's power, and instructive in every phase of the Creator's purpose. Here are the rocks, with their tokens of long-endured and long-ended travail; the stately trees, which the "loss of Eden" has not deprived of their aspiring life; the grass of the field, clothed in changing fashion with procession of innumerable flowers; the everlasting mountain, lifted out of the plain, with the valleys wreathed about its sides like the folds of a garment; the homely village, with its restful life; the ploughed fields, testifying to the restless toil of man. All these, with the life that filled all these, were set before the mind with living interest, and new aspects, and with a deeper significance than philosophy had dreamed of. For the first time this Divine six days' handiwork became a conscious presence.

A second reading of Ruskin's books came at a later period, when the prevailing impression made on the mind was that of the language or style. I had been nurtured in the eighteenth century style, when style was the aim of literature; the divines preaching in style, the poets singing in style, the essayists moralizing in style, till the whole literature of that age was unable to get over the style. I suppose it is from starting here that I have always been so much set on style. Nearly all the books in the home of my boyhood were eighteenth century books. And it is still something to have had the ear first set to the music and power of language by the artless grace of Goldsmith, the natural fascinating flow of Fielding, the gorgeous sentences of Gibbon, sounding in the ear like the march of armed warriors. After this there came the stirring, invigorating breath of the earlier period with the martial lines of Dryden, the melodious tones of Milton, the meandering music of Sir Thomas Browne. After this again came the masters of our mother tongue, who stand at its fountain head when the flow of the language is fullest, and the quality of it is freshest: Chaucer, with his genial and gentle simplicity of style; the rich, musical, mystic power of Spenser; the varied and vivid naturalness of Shakespeare. All these I had listened to, and lingered on, till our

great language, like "one clear harp in divers tones," played on the ear and made melody in the soul. But, now, here in Ruskin's style was something different from all these, something distinctly new. For me a revelation was here. And so bewitching and bewildering in its richness and its range was this style that for long it could not be labelled, but only listened to. It ran through the whole scale of nature, and touched every key of thought, and was by turns simple, clear, natural, fanciful, humorous, satiric, majestic, musical, mystical, prophetic; every function of language was fulfilled in fascinating power—the descriptive, didactic, declamatory, poetical, parænetic, argumentative, rhetorical. The writer's soul had laid itself so completely under the influences of natural phenomena as to become sensitive to the infinite tonic effects of nature, and then poured the wealth of her mystery and melody into the English language. In this hand the language has become capable of expressing that silent, spiritual music of creation, whose voice is not heard, but whose line is gone out through all the earth. It was a revelation, I say.

At a later period there came a third reading. Now that the things written about had become common property, and the style of writing about them an old song, the predominant thought was of the man himself. From the first he had been dawning upon the mind, and clearing himself gradually to increasing acquaintance. Very interesting always, with the interestingness of genius. Whatever his subject may be, *he* is interesting always. At first there is an impression of weakness. He is fitful, fretful, self-conscious. But I remember the glorious company of prophets and apostles, and wait for fuller and further knowledge. These fretful, self-conscious ways of his are not present when he is at his true and natural work, but only when work that is not his own has been forced upon him. He has rich intellectual faculties, a spirit delicately set to fine emotions, a discriminating mind, endless industry. The range of his studies and subjects is amazing, alarming. In History we have, *Our Fathers have Told Us*; in

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Architecture, *Stones of Venice* and *The Seven Lamps*; in Geology, *Deucalion*; in Mythology, *The Queen of the Air*; in Botany, *Proserpina*; in Ornithology, *Love's Meinie*; in Sculpture, *Aratra Pentelici*; in Politics, *Unto this Last*; in Crystallization, *Ethics of the Dust*; in Industrial Economy, *Time and Tide*; in Political Economy, *Munera Pulveris*; in Manufactures, *The Two Paths*; in Natural Science, *The Eagle's Nest*; in other works he treats of Poetry, Philosophy, Ethics, Theology, Mineralogy, Music, Gardening, Gymnastics, Education, Literature. These are a few of Ruskin's books and his subjects, a very few; and when we remember that there are yet other two hundred different works of this author, it gives us pause, and we deem it better to read those we have than to buy others we know not of. At first we think this man is seeking for a subject, that he had not yet found one suited to his genius. Then we call to mind how he had found his proper subject to begin with, and had treated it with surpassing and supreme success during the first half of his life in *Modern Painters*, *The Stones of Venice*, and *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*. These three works were finished by the time he was forty years of age, and had gained for Ruskin an unqualified position as a master in his own subject, and the greatest writer on art the world had ever seen. But here the wonder of it only begins. As time goes on we find him dealing with other subjects of other passed masters with a freshness and variety of treatment, with a flashing originality, which made them his own. And they are his own, all subjects he touches, in the highest of all respects, both literary and spiritual, for Ruskin's own soul is set therein, an open, aspiring soul, sensitive to every mood, sacred to every service, self-revealing to every true questioning, sympathetic in every sincere craving. More and more is he becoming present and pervasive in everything he says, as a prophet and teacher, above all, and through all, and in all. By the time the third reading had ended this is what it had come to; and his judgments of things, and treatment of subjects, and the subjects themselves, were matters of detail. Saint and teacher

has he become; and this world has not known a wiser one, one more tender, true, devoted. All along the world has treated its prophet-saint in the old way, and now there are signs of the time being nigh at hand when the world will take a collection to build his sepulchre.

And, now, the writings of Ruskin have been placed with some neighbours of theirs, and he himself stands with Scott, and Landor, and Carlyle as my four evangelists, with their four gospels of Wisdom, and Virtue, and Life, and Peace. I suppose the fourth reading will take the shape of a prolonged, permanent meditation with the man himself through the words he has spoken, and the visions that have been given to him and through him; for this man's lips have been touched with fire from off the altar, and he, too, has been sent with a gospel of comfort—spoken, too, in words winged with empyrean wisdom, piercing as lightning, pervenient as light; words that fly like celestial arrows shooting into the serried sins that have encrusted men's souls. This man is of the company of the glorious prophets and apostles. Are there not here visions of knowledge that rise through the visible shape of things, clear to the Divine thought, as those of Moses; visions of duty that rise undimmed, and that ring undaunted, of Divine courage, as those of Isaiah; visions of tender heart-searching, and heart-sorrowing, and heart-suffering, winged with the weird wail of Divine pity, as those of Jeremiah; visions of the "far-off Divine event," that shoot out beyond the human horizon, and quiver in the open heaven of the Divine presence, as those of John the Disciple.

Though in this direction there are certain limitations. These are clear enough as one watches, painfully evident sometimes as one thinks of them; limitations felt and confessed freely by Ruskin himself. There was no man understood Ruskin so well, and followed him in his work so enthusiastically, or held him in franker admiration than Carlyle. It came to be that Carlyle could not exist a week with patience without seeing Ruskin's face, and

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hearing him talk of his work. "Come twice a week, if you can, and talk to me, you are my only human comfort; come, I beg you, come at any rate." So urges Carlyle in his letters, and never ceases to speak of the hope and help he finds for heart and head in Ruskin's work and books. And Carlyle's name for him is, Ethereal Ruskin, and always given in an endearing, enthusiastic, admiring accent. I wonder if Carlyle knew what he meant by the name? To me it is a precise expression of Ruskin's limitation. Ethereal. Of the ether. Above the earth, but below the heaven. The heavenly, the spiritual, the divine sphere in which Carlyle lived, moved, and had his being, which is the atmosphere of all the greatest, the supreme spirits of the race, was not familiar to Ruskin, was only visible as through rifts in the clouds. I call to mind a notable passage in *Præterita*. He had gone to Italy in ill-health during the year 1845. Had been working one morning in the Campo Santo. He pauses to tell that, though religiously brought up from earliest days, he had never yet felt the necessity for prayer. That morning in the Campo Santo such necessity came upon him, and through two long days abode with him; through two long days did he pray without ceasing. Then he tells in what gracious, abundant way his prayer was answered, and philosophizes thus:—"The happy sense of direct relation with heaven is known evidently to multitudes of human souls of all faiths, and in all lands; evidently often a dream, demonstrably, as I conceive, often a reality; in all cases, dependent on resolution, patience, self-denial, prudence, obedience; of which some pure hearts are capable without effort, and some by constancy. Whether I was capable of holding it or not I cannot tell, but little by little it passed away from me. I had scarcely reached home in safety before I had sunk back into the faintness and darkness of the underworld." I pause not to analyse these words, but trust to your seeing the point of them. Ethereal Ruskin, not *Celestial*; *not* celestial, *but* ethereal, with heaven in his eye if not in his soul, and his feet ever in the narrow way, he walked on a higher level,

and with a nobler aim than his fellow-men. This was recognised in lines which appeared in the *Spectator* in 1875, addressed to the Ethereal Ruskin :—

How should he care for what men say,
Who see no heaven day by day,
And dream not of his hidden way ?

For though betwixt dull earth and him
Such clouds and mists deceptive swim,
That to his eyes life's ways look dim ;

Yet when on high he lifts his gaze,
He sees the stars' untroubled ways
And the divine of endless days.

To us this star or that seems bright,
And oft some headlong meteor's flight
Holds for a while our raptured sight.

But he discerns each noble star ;
The least is only the most far,
Whose worlds, maybe, the mightiest are.

There are weaknesses and shortcomings, no doubt, in the works and character of Ruskin, but sun-worshippers do not study the black spots in the object of their adoration, they leave that to the astronomers ; yet pity were it if men were found refusing the sunshine because of the spots in the sun. It was objected to me the other day that Ruskin was not a Christian, that he was not a true believer in the Christian religion. Now, we ought to know, and in judging of men ought to remember, that faith is largely regulated by temperament ; and that being so, we find no two Christians believing in the same intensity, with the same intelligence, to the same extent ; while on the other hand Christian practice should be a steady and reliable quantity, affected by neither temperament, nor mood, nor inclination of ours. A Christian is not to be judged alone by the fulness of his faith, which will vary at different stages of life and in different states of culture, but also and mainly by the persistency of his practice and the willingness

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of his obedience; and though Christians are nowhere asked to hold a like theology, they are everywhere commanded to "mind the same things." If a man does not believe as we do, though he behaves better than we do, we cannot exclude him from that religion which embraces those who believe rightly and those who behave righteously.

An opposite objection is urged against Ruskin by the same class of people, namely, that he believes too much, and that his good works follow his faith too far. It is the most distressing and provoking case of all when those who believe the Bible to be the Word of God quarrel with this man till they break his heart, because he obeys it as the Word of God. This Word says, "If thy right hand offend thee cut it off," and when Ruskin found that the fine style of writing in his early books, which had brought him the world's praise, was but a snare to men, who wondered at the style, and worried at the message, he withdrew his hand from fine writing, to speak in a direct, plain fashion, though men should praise no more. This is a self-sacrifice beyond many who have even been subjects of saving grace. This Word says, "Thou shalt not give thy money upon usury, I am the Lord thy God." At this command Ruskin refuses to put his money upon usury, and preaches that a Christian who believes in God's Word ought to obey it in this matter. Thereupon the whole Christian world, which reads its Bible on a Sunday, and declares it to be the Word of God, breaks out with the frenzy of an excited mob, because this saint does in his soul accept the Scripture as God's truth, and resolutely abides by it as the law of his life. It is interesting to know that the Christians who raise this outcry against Ruskin are men whose incomes largely depend on usury. It might be supposed that those who pray the prayer, "Thy will be done," would be ready to own their obligation to live willingly under the curse which the Lord put on the sons of men after the fall of the first man—"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." Ruskin accepts the position, and will use in his own behalf only

what he has worked for with his own hands. Of the £200,000 left him by his father he refuses to use one penny, dividing it among the needy till every penny is gone. Not only the money that came to him, but the valuable things that had been bought with his father's money—such as pictures, precious stones, books—were freely given to public schools where he saw they would be helpful; even the rare fruits and flowers of his gardens were used only by the sick poor among his neighbours. Not only did Ruskin consent to spend, but to be spent in his mission, giving his time, his labour, his genius to help people wherever he found them in need of help; working men in their colleges, working girls in their schools, the peasantry in the fields, the shepherds on their hills, the poor in their houses, the houseless in their slums. But then all this is spoiled for many good people because he won't admit that he does all this for the glory of God. Again and again he protests that he does these things for no such purpose, saying that he is driven to do them to help people who will not, or cannot, help themselves; that he would far rather they did not need his help. Even the lady who had refused his love because he would not confess to the glory of God, when she lay a-dying, and Ruskin requested that he might be permitted to see her, sent out the question, "Did he still love her more than he loved God?" And he sent back the answer, "Indeed I do; I love you with all my heart." So he never saw her, and broke his heart. It is a grave Christian shortcoming when a man will not say what people want him to say. But he is my prophet; and I confess, Ruskin, with all thy faults, I love thee still!

A more general and prevailing complaint urged against my saint is, that Ruskin is a pessimist. Perhaps I have a strong natural bent to pessimism myself, never at the best having much of an uplook in this world; and if I have been saved from this natural gloom that gathers on the grave of every dying hope, I owe it to Ruskin. He has been from the beginning the Apostle of Beauty, teaching men to look on beautiful things, to think

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beautiful thoughts, to visit beautiful places, to build beautiful houses, to furnish them with beautiful furniture, to fill them with beautiful pictures, to read beautiful books, to live beautiful lives. Though he has been decried through his whole life, he has never written a despairing word, and has persistently preached a gospel of hope. His quarrel against much of the science of his day is that it is a science of dead things with no moral stimulus in it: his quarrel with much of the art of his day is that it exhibits the base and hints at the best, instead of revealing the best and reserving the base; and if the "Death of Nelson" is painted with the armless side toward the spectator, Ruskin protests, Let us have the unmaimed side of our hero, that no inspiration be lost. He goes early to rest, and is abroad early in order to see God's world every day in its freshness; never pulls down the blinds in the room where he sleeps that his eye might always open on God's handiwork; does no writing during the spring months of the year that he may be in constant attendance while God is "renewing the face of the earth." He writes whole books—such as *Val D'Arno*, *St. Mark's Rest*, *Mornings in Florence*, *The Bible of Amiens*, with the sole purpose that visitors to Venice, Rome, Florence, and France may be saved from looking on what is dull and degrading, and know where to find what is beautiful and elevating. When the world of wealth, learning, fashion, religion, had by its wicked detraction, wilful opposition, and wild folly, driven him heart-broken and health-broken into silence, does he fall into pessimistic hate and hopelessness? This man of surpassing genius, of splendid talent, of manifold and far-reaching knowledge, rich and deep-searching meditation, again braces and devotes himself to train, teach, delight, and inspire a band of young men, school-girls, children, and workmen, all who chose to gather around him. He lavishes the whole of his fortune on such; gives up for their use his treasures of art, literature, science, and poetry; gives these costly and precious collections of his to the people, and founds and endows museums in which to store them where the people

live; he wears out his life teaching to such all kinds of knowledge—teaching the men how to work, the girls how to draw and sing, the children how to play; thus does he give up all—wealth, genius, peace, his whole life; he of all the saints standing nearest to where the Master stood when He came to open the kingdom of heaven to men, and found Himself nearest the kingdom when He stood in the midst of little children. Though a born and a trained student, he cannot abide in his study satisfied with writing fine books. Ruskin must carry his message into the streets, and there seek to build up the beautiful world he writes about; toils like a city missionary in the crowded parishes of London—lecturing, teaching, preaching, counselling the poorest and the most ignorant, caring for their bodily, intellectual, and spiritual wants; finding them fit houses, setting them to work they could enjoy, giving them books they could read, and counsel they could understand and profit by; being consumed with a burning zeal to see them become Christians—enlightened, faithful, gracious, after the pattern of Jesus—and children of English soil free, joyous, and lovely in their lives. Now, tell me, is the charge of pessimism answered yet? Is this not rather an invincible and triumphant life, that shows man more than a conqueror through an unconquerable faith in his fellow-men? With any quickened vision of such a life could any man fall into pessimism? For me, the vision and communion of this man's life has never ceased to be a solemnizing and reproving power.

The notion that Ruskin is a pessimist has arisen from the impression made on the public mind by the hard, bitter, biting words he has spoken about things that are wrong. But there's the rub. The public refuse to believe that the things are wrong. The nineteenth century has so accommodated itself to nineteenth century ways as to look on its practices as if they were first principles. The public reads its praises every morning in its newspaper, and says to its heart, Peace, peace. Then Ruskin, Isaiah-like, takes up the burden of national morality, the burden

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of competition, the burden of wasteful labour, the burden of education, the burden of war—declares these wrongs to be invisible only because the public are spiritually blind, and the public throws at its prophet, instead of stones, its newest nineteenth century name for sinner. One forcible way of seeing the rightness and the righteousness of Ruskin's teaching is to read him between the Bible and the newspaper. You might write a triglot bible for yourselves to be read in daily portions, which would soon prove that my prophet in his widest and wildest pronouncements spoke not only in verity but in soberness of truth, and would find also that we had already read the like in our Bible with satisfaction, and in our newspaper without shame. Let us read this trigram as our first daily portion. Ruskin portion:—

“You Christian people pray for the coming of the Lord's Christ, that He may be once more Emmanuel, God with us; but you have so poisoned the air of this whole land of yours, that God made so fair and delightsome for your children, that were the Saviour to be born again here, He would be overtaken by a massacre worse than that of Herod's.”

This is to the Christian, foolishness. Bible portion:—Jeremiah, looking abroad at the prevailing cruelty and general desolation of *his* land, speaks in the name of the Lord:—

“A voice was heard in Ramah,
Lamentation and bitter weeping;
Rachel weeping for her children,
She refuseth to be comforted for her children,
Because they are not.”

Newspaper portion:—Paragraph on the work of women in the Staffordshire Potteries:—

“There children never come to anything. In 123 pregnancies, 73 were dead born; of these, 64 were abortions, 4 premature births, and 5 at their full time. Of the 50 born alive, 20 died the first year, 8 the second, 7 the third, one later, and only 14 reached the age of 10 years.”

Does this massacre of innocents in England not out-herod Herod's in Israel; and are the wildest words of Ruskin wild enough to overtake this desolation of death?

They say Ruskin is not practical, that his ideas and aims are not attainable. This would be false even if it were true, for when your end is attainable you are in a false position: as Browning has it, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" There is no want of practical outcome from this man's work—a very large outcome when we consider that he has been one man against whole systems. For one thing, Ruskin is acknowledged author of the modern drawing-room, with its dignified splendour and delightful ornamentation; the author generally of the improved furnishing that is common to our houses in this part of the nineteenth century. The passion for pictures, in the books of the people and on their walls, has come since the writing of *Modern Painters*. In several large schools his idea of education is being carried out; and in several factories belonging to Saint George's Guild his ideal of manufacturing is maintained, and made to pay well. His own Workmen's Museum at Sheffield is now a great institution, and others on the same model are being formed. The poor people's houses in London are still a standing monument of his. Ruskin bought these houses at the beginning of his missionary work, put them in proper order, according to his own idea, making them pay him five per cent., instead of twelve, as was common. Afterwards he sold the property to one of his own pupils, to be worked on his own plan, and the price, £3,500, he gave to the poor. In this locality he opened a tea shop for the sale of honest tea at an honest price, which was sold at the same time as the houses, and to the same person, and is still a flourishing business. His ideal publishing house, away in a lovely rural district in Kent, which the world at first laughed at as a fad, fond and foolish, is now a large, honest, and paying business, with a pupil of Ruskin's at its head, one of the men of his Working-men's College. His teaching in *Modern*

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Painters, which brought upon him the opprobrium and opposition of the art world, has now become an infallible guide; and his teaching on Political Economy, which raised a storm of fire and whirlwind, closed against him the avenues of publication, turned his very friends into enemies, and made even those of his own household his foes for a time, is now proving itself prophetic, and the teaching that must guide our national house-keeping in the time to come. Ruskin is at once the most practical and practicable of teachers, and the most persistent and prevailing of idealists. In the combination of practical and ideal, Ruskin is equalled among the moderns only by Carlyle, and among the ancients only by Paul. That sure analytic power of mind, which in dealing with the problem of the human race set that problem in practical form, by treating of it in the first and second Adams, the two individual heads of the race, and therefrom in the same breath rises into the sublimest idealism, sweeping the entire universe in the principle, "First, that which is natural; after, that which is spiritual," is what we find throughout as the prophetic element in Ruskin.

Ruskin is saved from being unpractical by his idealism. It is the idea and the ideal that save a man. Paul says we are "saved by hope": and the poet, "We live by admiration, hope, and love." The practical man without the ideal is a mechanic, and no missionary; a pedant, and no prophet. Every science Ruskin studied, every scheme he pursued, every art he practised, he connected with the spirit and the life in man; wherever he worked earth and heaven met there. This is what he means when he says, that all his art-teaching is based on the moral life of man; that no bad man can be a good artist. And again when it is said, that all his political economy is based on the brotherhood of man, and the educative purpose of life. Ruskin always starts at the roots of things, and works upward with surest practical instinct—he ever has heaven in his eye and perfection for his aim; asking men to do only the things by which they shall inherit

eternal life, and to do them in the manner that shall make their life perfect. Every subject Ruskin put his mind to he approached in the light of his ideal, and these ideals of Ruskin might be arranged in separate and successive studies by this Society to make a Ruskin Session in your next syllabus.

The ideal of science as worked out in *Deucalion* is opposed to all modern methods of knife and microscope, looking only at what the Creator meant us to see, and seeing it only as it fulfilled the functions of life: the ideal commonwealth is set forth in *Time and Tide*, with its guild-system, its chivalry, its church, its settled society, to be sustained only by the justice and the honesty of the individuals who compose it. The ideal political economy in *Munera Pulveris* brings the nation back to the home to learn house-keeping; and there is something telling in this incident:—When the General of the Salvation Army was working at the Social scheme for Darkest England, he told the Rev. H. V. Mills, the first promoter of the Home-Colony plan, that he was entirely ignorant of political economy, and asked for a book on the subject. Mills gave him *Unto this Last*. There is the ideal of education in *Ethics of the Dust*:—

Earnest gladness, idle fretting,
Foolish memory, wise forgetting;
And trusted reeds, that broken lie,
Wreathed again for melody.

Vanished truth, but vision staying;
Fairy riches, lost in weighing;
A fitful grasp of flying fate,
Touched too lightly, traced too late.

It is not fair to your following this ideal of education that I should give it in verses of his own and reading of mine. In *The Crown of Wild Olive*—"And indeed it should have been of gold, had not Jupiter been so poor"—we have the ideal Public Morality, and it may be summed up in the closing words of the book:

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Do but learn so much of God's truth as this comes to; know what He means when He tells you to be just; and teach your sons that their bravery is but a fool's boast, and their deeds but a firebrand's tossing, unless they are indeed just men, and perfect in the fear of God;—and you will soon have no more war, unless it be indeed such as is willed by Him, of whom, though Prince of Peace, it is also written, "In righteousness He doth judge and make war."

The ideal of intellectual culture is found in *Sesame and Lilies*, which looks toward a balanced and blameless development of gifts and graces God-given, by which each in his own way may be led to a ready recognition of his duty, and a sincere service of whatever authority, human or divine, he may honestly and thoughtfully accept. The twofold source of culture is the study of wise books and the wise conduct of life.

These are some of Ruskin's ideals which go to the making of his Utopia. But his Utopia differs from all others, ancient and modern. It is no élite republic like Plato's; no dream like Ezekiel's; no mechanical contrivance, as that drawn out in Bellamy's *Looking Backward*; nor yet the baseless fabric of a vision, as the *Epoch of Rest*, by William Morris. From these, and all such as these, Ruskin's ideal and idealism differs, and it differs in this, that he understands and accepts that word of Carlyle, "The ideal and the actual are one." So he says not, Who shall ascend up into heaven, to bring this ideal down; or who shall descend into the deep—that is, to bring this ideal up? But what says he? The ideal is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart. He goes to work taking men as they are, yet differing again from Adam Smith, Jeremy Bentham, and J. S. Mill in this, that whereas they, and the school to which they belong, take men as they are at their worst, Ruskin takes them at their best. The kingdom of heaven is Ruskin's ideal, and he addresses men as if they were willing to enter it if they knew how, and deals with little children as if they were in it and wished to remain. That he may be able to deal with men at their best, he spares no pains to keep himself at his highest. It is very

inspiring to watch with what continual, heroic, and heartfelt effort he works with himself, perfecting his own knowledge, enlarging his own powers, quickening his own instincts, improving his own practice, that he may match and minister to the best in his fellow-men, like a true teacher giving his thoughts for their good, and speaking them as the spontaneous utterances of his own heart.

The most heartfelt of these utterances we have in *Fors Clavigera*, which is really the book of the prophet of the nineteenth century. Though this work is an amorphous and mixed production, it is amorphous as the clouds are with infinitely changing shapes and bewitching lights, and mixed as the rainbow with irradiant colour and beguiling beauty. There is here the spiritual sensitiveness of Jeremiah, weeping over the sins of England, and the deep yearning lament over the lost beauty of her life and of her land; here, too, we have reproduced Isaiah's mock praise of the cunning working artist shaping his own gods, and Isaiah's sarcastic flouting of your man and woman of fashion, and also Isaiah's rising and ringing prophetic outlook from the height of faith over the clouds of error, till our spirits are stirred with the magic of his words, and our hearts strengthened by the might of his hope. We know how a certain old warrior was affected by these letters as they came living from Ruskin's heart month by month. Writing to Ruskin in April, 1871, Carlyle says:—

“This *Fors Clavigera*, which I have just finished reading, is incomparable; a quasi-sacred consolation to me, which almost brings tears into my eyes! Every word of it is as if spoken, not out of my poor heart only, but out of the eternal skies; words winged with empyrean wisdom, piercing as lightning,—and which I really do not remember to have heard the like of. Continue, while you have such utterances in you, to give them voice. They will find and force entrance into human hearts, whatever the ‘angle of incidence’ may be; you come in upon us at the broadside, at the top, or even at the bottom.”

Fors Clavigera is Ruskin's Acts of the Apostles, the exposition and explanation of his own work, the preaching of his own

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practice. While yet in this work the saint's strength failed him ; while his hope was not yet dim, nor his spiritual strength abated, God's hand led His servant into a long retirement, only preceding his entry into the everlasting rest.

Ruskin is a part of that great spiritual revival that set in with the century. Byron, Shelley, and Keats struggled with the new spirit, and gave fitful and fretful utterance to its groanings, but never by its help of their infirmities did they gain any clear vision or conscious vocation of their own. These were followed by Wordsworth and Coleridge, who gave a more manifest and manful account of things, carrying their light with a steadier hand, and, holding it over a wider area, enlarged the sphere of the spiritual. Tennyson followed, though with no finer insight, yet with a more finished expression both of word and thought, giving a new spiritual significance to human passion, to human longing, to human loss, to human love, and to human effort, making many converts to the service of the spirit by the glowing beauty in which he set forth the spiritual. Whatever depths had been left unstirred by the steady flow of these master minds received an impetuous hitch from the rousing optimism of Browning, whose incisive spiritual analysis cut like a two-edged sword, dividing to the joints and marrow, and whose urgent and vigorous thought drove with the force of a tornado, taking the kingdom of heaven by violence. Along the whole line of these supreme spirits were many minor minds who ministered at the altar of the opening kingdom, and reflected the light of the new dawning dispensation upon all believers. The centre of all this spiritual movement of the century, the point at which the "open sesame" was spoken to the century's resurgent life, was in its 33rd year. It was in this year that Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* gave the new time its pentecostal touch. From this date and from this book a new voice spoke with a new tongue, and men everywhere began to repent. After this men ceased striving against the darkness merely, and had some glimmer of where the light lay. It was no longer the

Spirit striving with men, but men striving under the influence of the Spirit; God had ceased to wrestle with Jacob, while Jacob held on wrestling with God till He made Himself "a rose of dawn." As the century here crossed its Peniel the sun rose upon it. Ruskin was writing his three great art works from 1843 to 1860, under the immediate inspiration of this life. He was one of the first and one of the best readers of Carlyle. In these first works of his, he set himself to put the new spiritual significance into a new exegesis of the arts of form; set himself to show that between man and every form which God had created or man copied there lay a moral sympathy. As Carlyle had lifted the sky and made men to feel that they lived under the Divine heavens, so Ruskin withdrew the veil from the earth that men might see they lived in a divine home. For this task Ruskin was endowed as no other man of his age was endowed; and he accomplished it with such consummate skill, such crowning courage, such calm patience, as may well acquit him at the judgment day.

Ruskin finished this task in 1860, and in 1862 he published *Unto this Last*. That is to say, at the age of 41 he had written his gospel, and was taking up the work of an evangelist. He now sets himself to do for Carlyle what in his first task he had so triumphantly done for Turner. This was for Ruskin a less pleasant work, and less congenial to the whole nature and make of the man, and we know with what unwillingness he at first faced the unlovely, and unwholesome, and unquiet world that now began to surge against his perturbed spirit. Like so many great spirits when heaven's call first comes to them to take up the burden of the Lord, Ruskin retired into the desert, spending a few years almost alone in the solitude of the Alps, setting his heart in fit attitude to bear this burden that was being laid upon him. From this solitude he writes:—"The loneliness is very great, and the peace in which I am at present is only as if I had buried myself in a tuft of grass on a battlefield wet with blood—for the cry of the earth about me is in my ears continually, if I

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do not lay my head to the very ground." And again, sometime later (1863):—"I am still very unwell, and tormented between the longing for rest and lovely life, and the sense of this terrific call of human crime for resistance and of human misery for help, though it seems to me as the voice of a river of blood which can but sweep me down in the midst of its black clots, helpless." We behold with what manifest misgiving and trembling of terror this man stands face to face with a service not of his own seeking, and yet with a dauntless diffidence dare not dally with it; and we remember Moses at the burning bush, Elijah in the cliffs of Horeb, Isaiah in the Temple, Paul in Arabia, Luther in Wurtzburg, Carlyle at Craigenputtock, and know that this life of ours is not made pure without pain, nor, in its highest issues, served without sacrifice, in its supremest sons.

It is now that Ruskin shows in so many strange lights, or, as some will say, shadows. There is a mixture, and an odd mixture, in him. His acknowledged masters are Scott and Carlyle, while he was moulded and nurtured on the Bible and Dante, and the conflicting flashes of contrary facets of truth form a wonderful feature in his character. But I have no wish to deal with the oddities and accidents of Ruskin's character. When a man is right with absolute sureness in the main, his iniquities, his inequalities, are to be pardoned. Here is a man, in this our own day and our own country, amid all our greed of gold, competition of commerce, feebleness of faith, perversity of practice, who has given himself wholly, and through his whole life, for the salvation and instruction of his fellow-men, and though they laughed him to scorn, went on saving and teaching them; while he for himself set himself, with a directness and simplicity that made the nineteenth century incredulous, to obey the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, and to make his own teaching but the echo of that Sermon.

But I must leave you to prove and to know all these things for yourselves, if you wish to know them, and will leave you with some words of Ruskin's own, spoken in his art class at Oxford to

the young gentlemen in England,* and I give them to you as an expression of his own inspiration and aim:—

“Every seventh day, if not oftener, the greater number of well-meaning persons in England thankfully receive from their teacher a benediction, couched in these terms:—‘The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you.’ Now I do not know precisely what sense is attached in the English public mind to those expressions. But what I have to tell you positively is, that the three things do actually exist, and can be known if you care to know them, and possessed if you care to possess them; and that another thing exists, besides these, of which we already know too much.

“First, by simply obeying the orders of the Founder of your religion, all grace, graciousness, or beauty and favour of gentle life, will be given to you in mind and body, in work and in rest. The grace of Christ exists, and can be had if you will. Secondly, as you know more and more of the created world, you will find that the true will of its Maker is that its creatures should be happy; that He has made everything beautiful in its time and its place, and that it is chiefly by the fault of men, when they are allowed the liberty of thwarting His laws, that Creation groans or travails in pain. The love of God exists, and you may see it, and live in it if you will. Lastly, a Spirit does actually exist which teaches the ant her path, the bird her building, and men, in an instinctive and marvellous way, whatever lovely arts and noble deeds are possible to them. Without it you can do no good thing. To the grief of it you can do many bad ones. In the possession of it is your peace and power.

“And there is a fourth thing, of which we already know too much. There is an evil spirit whose dominion is in blindness and in cowardice, as the dominion of the Spirit of wisdom is in clear sight and in courage.


“And this blind and cowardly spirit is for ever telling you that evil things are pardonable, and you shall not die for them, and that good things are impossible, and you need not live for them; and that gospel of his is now the loudest that is preached in your Saxon tongue. You will some day find, to your cost, if you believe the first part of it, that it is not true; but you may never, if you believe the second part of it, find, to your gain, that also untrue; and therefore I pray you with all earnestness to prove, and know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possi-

* *Lectures on Art*, iv., sec. 125 (1870).

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bility, and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them. Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close:— Then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others—some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves, so, from day to day, and strength to strength, you will build up indeed, by Art, by Thought, and by Just Will, an Ecclesia of England, of which it shall not be said, 'See what manner of stones are here,' but, 'See what manner of men.' ”

THE RUSKIN UNION.

HE recurrence of the Annual Meeting on February 14th brings round once more the opportunity for summarising the year's proceedings.

There have been two sessional meetings. At the first, held on Thursday evening, June 12th, 1902, at 20, Hanover Square, Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., delivered a lecture on "Ruskin as I knew him and as he has impressed me"—a most interesting essay which, by the lecturer's kind permission, was printed in *St. George* for October, 1902. The usual vote of thanks was moved by the President, Sir Henry H. Howorth, and seconded by the Rev. S. F. Bridge, vicar of Herne Hill. The second meeting was held at the Dudley Gallery in Piccadilly on Friday evening, December 12th, when the members had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Oscar Browning discourse on his "Personal Reminiscences" of the Master. This lecture, embodying five Ruskin letters, appears, by consent of Mr. Browning and Mrs. Arthur Severn, in the present number of *St. George*. The vote of thanks to the lecturer, proposed by the President, was seconded by Dr. Furnivall, and supported by Messrs. George Allen, Henry Wilson, J. P. Smart, Henry Beaumont, and Warwick Bond. Another vote of thanks was passed to the New English Art Club for the use of the Gallery.

The Annual Meeting, February 14th, was held in the same place by kind permission of Mr. Walter Severn, R.C.A., President of the Dudley Gallery, who was also good enough to provide the seating accommodation, and to whom a vote of thanks was duly recorded. The members listened to an able and lucid discourse from Mr. J. Churton Collins on "Ruskin as an Educational Reformer." Unfortunately the lecturer's suggestion that, as he should lecture only from notes, a shorthand writer should be secured, reached us too late to be acted on, so that the lecture cannot now appear in these pages. The ensuing discussion was,

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however, of more than usual interest, inaugurated as it was in a speech of some length by Sir Henry Howorth, and continued by Dr. Furnivall, Mr. Wyllie (H.M. Inspector of Schools in the Spitalfields district), the Hon. Sec., and Mr. R. Warwick Bond. Mr. Churton Collins briefly acknowledged the vote of thanks to him unanimously passed.

The business transacted by the meeting before the lecturer's arrival included the receipt and adoption of the Annual Report for the year ending December 31st, 1902, and of the Hon. Treasurer's statement of accounts for the same period, the passing of a vote of thanks to the Executive Officers and the Editor for their services during that period, and the re-election of the surviving members of the Council to serve for another year. The feature of chief importance in the Report is the dissolution of the Memorial Committee established in 1900, and the passing of a resolution by the Council, July 18th, 1902, postponing for the present any attempt on the Union's part to proceed in this direction. It is hoped that this resolution has enabled the members to give the freer support to the memorial scheme of the Birmingham Society. The matter received detail notice in *St. George* for October last.

The Union's membership remains at about the same number as on the occasion of the last report; its financial position shows much the same little balance upon the right side at the bank. The Executive Committee and Officers have been re-elected by the Council.

The Union is very fortunate in securing the able services of Sir Henry Howorth as its President for a second year. His constant attendance at our meetings, his kindly and humorous conduct of them from the chair, and his personal contributions to our discussions, constitute no slight addition to their value. He is himself inclined to predict a considerable future for the Union. That will depend, however, on the growth of a keener interest among the members themselves, and on the slow diffusion among

the outside public of a knowledge of us and our proceedings. Our activities are necessarily limited by our funds; nor can we hope to undertake anything more ambitious without a much fuller measure of public support than we as yet enjoy. The Editor confesses to a certain disappointment in the matter of literary contributions to *St. George*. He would invite the members to give, if possible, a more active and personal assistance in supplying or securing skilled work for its pages. The Union, if it is to become a permanent success, will require the energetic co-operation of more than the two or three members on whom the burden of its work at present falls.

But we have no load of debt, no legacy of mismanagement, to contend against. Our position is sound, our aims righteous, our methods (we trust) unimpeachable. With hopeful, cheerful temper we go forward into the future.

REVIEWS.

The Life and Letters of James Martineau. By James Drummond, M.A., LL.D., Litt.D., Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, and C.B. Repton; Professor of Philosophy in Manchester College, Oxford. London: James Nisbet and Co. 30s.

THESE volumes will always be indispensable to historians of Religious Thought. In the history of its development in England they will take rank, we think, with Wesley's *Journal* and with Newman's *Apologia*. Wesley's life was almost co-extensive with the eighteenth century, and on its religious thought he was the greatest influence, not only the father and founder of an ardent, and active, and widely ramified organisation, but the practical originator of the pietistic sentiments which to this day have a hold, however enfeebled, under the name of Evangelicalism, on thousands of the most devout and thoughtful of religious minds.

The lives of Newman and Martineau were almost co-extensive with the nineteenth century; Newman lived from 1801 to 1890, Martineau from 1805 to 1900. In their views they may be said to stand, like a theological Janus, with their faces looking, the one back to the past, the other forward to the future. They both had in them the blood of the grave and serious Huguenots, and with both religious sentiment was the ruling influence of life, and to the investigation of the meaning and origin of religion and its scope and aim they devoted their lofty spirits and their powerful intellects.

The religion of England, it may be said, is still, with more or less conscious resistance, to a large extent under the yoke which the intellectual dominance of Newman laid upon her. His secession did not destroy that influence. He and his fellow-workers had set an ideal before the minds of their contemporaries which fascinated many of the most ardent spirits of the time.

This is no place to trace its influence fully. It may be seen in the fresh and unbounded activity in the episcopate displayed by Samuel Wilberforce, as, perhaps, the beginning of its downfall may be seen in the memorable passage of arms between that prelate and Professor Huxley. It may be seen, perhaps less clearly, though, maybe, it has penetrated more deeply, in the fascinating personality of the present Bishop of Lincoln, which, when he was an Oxford Professor, won the hearts of so many youths of ardent susceptibility, ready for the seed sown by so genial a hand.

Wesley and his children, the Evangelicals, sought the basis of religion in the personal communion of the heart of the believer with God, with no wide outlook on the Unseen, with no reasonable speculation on the attributes of the Deity they lovingly worshipped.

Newman and his school looked backward beyond the sixteenth century for the authority of the Church as established by the Founder of Christianity, and invested with the dignity of a historic continuity the mystic efficacy of the rites and ceremonies of the Christian Church.

To Wesley, the seat of authority in religion is the Bible, in its dynamic power on the heart of the believer. To Newman and his school, the seat of authority is the Church and its traditions, on which the writings of the Bible are but as interpretative commentaries.

Then, in the nineteenth century, across both schools seemed to stalk the obtrusive phantoms of Biblical criticism and the Theory of Evolution, uprooting or convulsing the views of the adherents of both systems, and seeming to demand their abandonment or readjustment.

In the throes of the struggles thus entailed on all thoughtful minds we are still struggling. We look with admiration and gratitude on the loving labours of the Evangelicals for the reformation of the wicked; on the revival of the beauty of worship, the reverence for the past, the social energies due to the Anglicans;

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but the poets, the novelists, the journalists, the common talk of intelligent men and women continually betray their intellectual dissatisfaction with the theories of both.

Those of us who are growing old have derived solace from the courageous common-sense philosophy of a Jowett; from the profounder mysticism of Maurice, binding heaven to earth, and bringing nearer to our hearts the God of love, in whose presence that fervent thinker ever lived; we have feasted weekly on the wise and discriminating utterances of the spiritually-minded Editor of *The Spectator*, Martineau's pupil, friend, admirer, and critic. We have felt we lived in "an ampler ether and a more pellucid air," and have too often forgot our Christian charity in petulance at what we deemed the narrowness of the Evangelicals and the bigotry of the Anglican.

We have been seeking for a "Philosophy of Religion." The Agnosticism of Mansel brought us cold comfort though it brought him a Deanery. If it was a grave disadvantage to their studies and influence that Augustine knew no Greek and Newman knew no German, it was a disadvantage to those of Maurice that he knew nothing of Physical Science. Both he and Westcott continued to speak respectfully of "The Fall." We waited for the theologian who should have absorbed the views of evolution; we wanted a Huxley with a devout heart to guide us in faith through nebular spaces and solar systems.

And whether we are to agree with all his theories or not, what nobler or better equipped companion in our travels can we find than Martineau? A little scornful it may be to other guides whose methods were based on obsolete knowledge, yet, at least, he was as serious, as devout, as devoted as any that had gone before. He had studied German and Hebrew, was well versed in Physical Science and mathematics, could speculate fearlessly and reason precisely, was bound to no school, looked to no promotion, and though charitable to men of all views, relied on none.

He relied on no authority for the sanctions of obedience to the Moral Law and the Maker of the Moral Law, but, to use the words of Milton, the Maker's secretary, Conscience.

He showed no fear at the loss of all the shows of religion which had been men's props and solace in the past, whether they were the letter of the Scriptures, the voice of Popes and Councils, or the mystic efficacy of sacraments. "If the theatre in which we sit be dissolved and the stage lights go out, we do but find ourselves beneath the stars."

"The tests by which we distinguish the fictitious from the real, the wrong from the right, the unlovely from the beautiful, the profane from the sacred, are to be found within, and not without, in the methods of just thought, the instincts of pure conscience, and the aspirations of unclouded reason."

Martineau probably owed much of the lucidity and sparkle which characterise his style to his French descent, and the stimulating influence of a bright mother. He was singularly happy in his early teacher, Dr. Lant Carpenter. From him he derived the strong ethical bias which subsequently distinguished his teaching, as well as the tone of deep sincerity in religious feeling, and a rare knowledge for one so young of the criticism and interpretation of the New Testament. On leaving Dr. Carpenter, he was apprenticed to an engineer at Derby. With this work he soon became dissatisfied, and, in spite of his father's warnings that he was courting poverty, he determined to be a minister, and was entered as a student at Manchester New College in York. Here he seems to have been lacking in the spirit of comradeship, devoting himself, as he acknowledged, too exclusively to an intimacy with a fellow-student, named Darbishire. "He and I," he says, "were like two lovers and not a thought kept from one another." Here his studies were very varied. He read, he tells us, Newton's *Principia* and Hebrew without the points. The students disdained all prizes and honours, and refused to engage in rivalry. A college missionary society was formed, whose members managed during one

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of their vacations to find the means to build a small chapel. The parish was under the charge of Sydney Smith, who indulged in some good-humoured grumbling at the youthful heretics.

He was ordained in Dublin in 1828, and we have given us in full the earliest declaration of his views, in which there is little to be found to which any orthodox minister could object. Were the high ideal he set before him more generally adopted by ministers of religion, knowledge, and the toleration that comes of knowledge, would make more rapid progress.

“To secure the appropriation of some portion of time to the acquisition of knowledge—to gather together the stores of history and philosophy, and apply them to the critical study of the Bible—I regard as an essential part of a minister’s duty, and one great object for which a separate ministry is set apart. In like manner do I think it obligatory upon him not to hide the light that is in him, but to impart to his people, and more especially to the young, the knowledge which he may acquire and the conclusions to which his investigations conduct him, that they may read the volume of holy writ with increased interest and intelligence, and that their minds may be opened to enlarged views of Christian truth.”

In what follows we already hear the voice of the author of *The Seat of Authority in Religion*.

“In these enquiries and instructions he requires and can receive no aid from the authority of any man or any church. His most valuable guides are his own mind and his own conscience: and his most valuable privilege in the use of these is his unquestionable right of private judgment.”

His biographer tells us that his “earliest sermons were Martin-esque, distinguished by refinement in thought, taste, and language, and remarkable for combining bold generalisations with delicate analysis, and the most ardent, fearless love of truth, with a warm reverential devotion.”

In 1832, in consequence of his scruples with regard to the

acceptance of the *Regium Donum*, Martineau resigned his pastorate in Dublin and accepted a similar position in Liverpool, which he held for sixteen years. He also lectured at the Mechanics Institute on Experimental Chemistry and Physical Astronomy, and commenced work as a reviewer on the staff of *The London Review*. It is important to note that Martineau—unlike his great compeer, F. D. Maurice, had a sound knowledge of Physical Science which enabled him to meet the Materialist School on their own grounds in his famous chapter on "Teleology."

It was during the Liverpool period that the greatest change in his philosophical and religious thought took place, and this was in large measure due to the writings of Dr. Channing.

We have said enough to indicate how Martineau was equipped by his early training for the high position he achieved as a religious and philosophical thinker. Whatever views may be taken as to his conclusions there can be no doubt of his integrity and sincerity. The progress of religious thought has suffered in England because of the religious tests so long imposed by the older Universities, and the apologetic tone necessarily encouraged by the Established Church. In Germany the Professorial system has held out inducements to the advancement of original ideas of a sensational character. Martineau's training saved him alike from the pre-judgments of traditionalism, and from the ambitions of speculative coteries. He saw perhaps more clearly than any other Englishman of his time the gravity of the problems presented by the enlarged view of the Cosmogony, and the sweeping changes in all branches of science brought about by the theory of Evolution.

It was a saying of the Imperial Stoic, Marcus Aurelius, "Imitation is the most acceptable part of worship: and the gods had much rather mankind should resemble than flatter them."

Landor expresses the idea more definitely, and in terms more to our purpose.

"Christianity, as I understand it, lies not in belief but in action. That servant is a good servant who obeys the just words of his

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master: not he who repeats his words, measures his stature, or traces his pedigree."

The life of Martineau seems to us a plea for a closer union of such servants of the Master, whose service is the service of humanity, not in a narrow philanthropic sense, but as striving to further spiritual, intellectual, and social, as well as material progress.

No Englishman in the nineteenth century lived a more strenuous life than Martineau: no thinker grappled with greater vigour and ability with the problems presented by the age. He was never deterred by penury, by weakness of health, or old age, in the tasks he set before him.

Yet, owing partly, perhaps, to temperament, but far too much to his opinions, he lived a life of comparative isolation from most of his great contemporaries. This thought is impressed upon one after perusing the biography, by the lack of letters addressed to such men. There are letters to R. H. Hutton, to Francis Newman, to Henry Sidgwick, to Mr. Thom, but there seems to have been no free play of thought or intimate social intercourse between Martineau and orthodox traditionists, as far as correspondence was concerned, in spite of the gatherings of the Metaphysical and Synthetic Societies, and the memorable testimonial presented to him on his eighty-third birthday. Many of his great contemporaries who could sympathise with his speculations, and were emancipating themselves, not without a fluttering of wings and beating of hearts, from the easy traditional view, which refused to confront the difficulties presented by the expansion of knowledge, were associated by birth with the Church of England or other orthodox religious bodies. It is a feature of English life that amazed and amused men like Emerson, that even the intellectual sympathies that raise such men above the prejudices of the average pietist do not avail entirely to break down the barrier thus formed by hereditary sentiment or caste feeling, partly social, partly religious. Hence it is, perhaps, that in spite

of the ordinary tone of austere and lofty intellectualism that pervades these volumes, we sometimes come across a pathetic note of depression, as when Martineau complains: "Never do I feel my exile from the common heritage of Christendom as in reading a book like this (Bunsen's Prayers), which, after making me sure of the profoundest communion, reminds me but too plainly that I am, and must remain, a spiritual outlaw. However, alone, or in the great company, we must live by the light we have."

Very pathetic, too, as coming from one who seems stoically to have determined never to allow sentiment to soothe his intellect, is his statement that he found some of his spiritual sustenance in Tauler, Wesley's Hymns, and the *Theologia Germanica*.

Whatever the attitude of members of the Ruskin Society towards the speculative and theological views of this master-mind, we can find even in Ruskin's works no nobler expression for the conduct of life than may be found in the words of Martineau, which in a somewhat condensed form run thus:

"We have to combine the active and passive virtues, the life of devotion and the life of activity; to be able to show moral indignation at wrong-doing without betraying pride in our own rectitude or personal feeling against the wrong-doer; to seek truth by every method of investigation, and yet to be unassuming and simple before the ignorant and unlearned; to be resolute in will, and yet tenderhearted in our affections; to love all beautiful things that are in the world, and yet to be capable of showing sympathy with the unlovely and the deformed, and working, if necessary, amid squalor and misery; to combine heroism with refinement and saintliness with manliness; to be the light of the society in which we live, and yet to be so little conscious that we ourselves are so, that we shall create no jealousy in the minds of other men."

Nor, again, alien to the spirit of the Ruskin Society are the dreams of Martineau with regard to the future of religious sentiment and associations.

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I. That theoretical animosities should no longer keep apart those whom a common love should otherwise unite, that discipleship to Christ might be the basis of Christian union, in spite of difference of dogmatic view.

II. That the Christian Church of the future might be based on religious sentiment, toiling on from age to age, changing or modifying its doctrines as new light comes, yet without break in the continuity of its life.

It is probable that Martineau's character and work will be far better appreciated by posterity than they have been by his contemporaries. The signs of the times are all in his favour. His views of religion based on a profound philosophy are, with modifications, those of an increasing number of devout men, who have shed much of what Martineau called Christian mythology. Non-miraculous Christianity is commending itself to an increasing number of the pious, who a few years ago regarded Matthew Arnold's lay and comparatively superficial utterances with horror and dismay. Martineau's high-bred courtesy to opponents is having its effect. Men and women are learning that fervent devotion to the dogmas that commend themselves to their intellects need not weaken the ties of brotherhood that bind them to one another in allegiance to a common Master. They will follow Him side by side through the wilderness of life, though to some the signal that leads them seems to be an illuminative pillar of fire, to others a dubious pillar of cloud, though some are animated by the warm confidence of Faith, while others must content themselves with the colder inspiration of Hope.

And Martineau's has been a unique position. In the eyes of traditionalists a destructive critic, in the eyes of not a few of his philosophic contemporaries he has been a mystic dreamer. He was a mystic who never suffered emotion to drug his intellect, he was a thinker who never suffered his reason to chill his heart. He who seemed to many an arch-heretic, destroying the foundations of the Christian faith, was rallying to the standard of

Christian love every pious heart that yearned for communion with God and fellowship with man. He summoned the conventional dogmatists to sincerity of expression and clearness of thought, he summoned the hardy sceptic to allow play for the claims of the pious emotions : he summoned both to unite, if not in intellectual assumptions, at least in sympathies wide enough for mutual affection, and labour for the good of others.

J. Hunter Smith.

The Mabinogion. Temple Classics. Dent. 1s. 6d., 2s.

IN the recent revival of interest in mediæval romance, *The Mabinogion* have taken a prominent place. Not long ago Mr. Alfred Nutt published his annotated edition, then the text was reprinted by Mr. Fisher Unwin; and now that Messrs. Dent have added it to their beautiful series, it should gain a much wider circle of readers. All these editions are reprints of the translation made by Lady Charlotte Guest and published in 1838.

A knowledge of these Welsh legends is indispensable to the student of Celtic, and especially Arthurian, romance. For the general reader they have considerable charm, for their strange glimpses into the past and their sidelights upon mediæval thought, for their curious and wayward magic. The translation is from the literary point of view one of rare excellence.

All the stories in their present form are a late amalgam of materials from very various sources. Even a reader who is not a specialist will be struck by the difference between the various layers. Reading in the order of the present edition we begin with the most elementary, which are still pre-Christian. Their figures are still on a scale more than human, memories of old gods and demi-gods investing them with a shadowy dignity. We can watch

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the grafting of Christian thought in many ways. For example, in the early stories Annwryn appears to be simply the land of shades, whose king holds friendly intercourse with the demi-god kings of earth; but already in the tale of Kilhwch we read of Gwynn, whom "*God* has placed over the brood of devils in Annwryn." Arthur himself and his knights are still giant figures at first. When Rhonabwy in his dream is brought before Arthur the king says, "It pitieth me that men of such stature as these should have this island in keeping after the men that guarded it of yore." The story of Peredur is said by Mr. Nutt to be the earliest form of the Grail legend—it is quite pre-Christian, and recounts "a hero's vengeance upon supernatural beings for the injuries inflicted by them upon his kindred." Yet in this same story the confusion of sources is well seen in the evident influence of chivalry and of French literary methods. The last stories show a further stage in the normal development—the ecclesiastical.

One of the charms of the legends is that it sets you dreaming of many parallels in literature and history. There are little relics like the mention of the British Princess Helen and the Roman Emperor Maxen, the British Kings Caswallawn and Caradawc, and Lludd, who rebuilt London and gave it his name. Kai is already the tall, unmannerly seneschal, and Modred a traitor to Arthur's hurt. The atmosphere is, as usual, one of a hunting world—and it has its tender touches. When the hounds of Pryderi vanish into an enchanted castle he follows with the cry, "I cannot thus give up my dogs!" Then there is the beautiful story of Owain's lion friend. Arthur's quest of the boar is a more substantial and satisfactory form of the weird story (familiar in Malory) of the Questing Beast.

There is a beautiful image of "two brindled white-breasted greyhounds." "And the one that was on the left side bounded across to the right side, and the one on the right to the left, and like two sea-swallows they sported around him."

The change from pagan to chivalric (consummated in the

great romancing centuries, the 12th and 13th) had its artistic advantages. The last quotation reminds me of the very interesting progress in workmanship within this little body of legends. In the first half-dozen stories there is practically no imagery. Here is the close of the description of Olwen:—"More yellow was her head than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountain." "Four white trefoils sprung up wherever she trod." There is a notable growth in the power of suggesting colours, and there are some wonderful colour-schemes, *e.g.*, the descriptions of the knights in the dream of Rhonabwy. There is a growth also in humour from the solemnity at once stern and tender of the earlier tales. For examples of this one might take the garrulous porter of Arthur's palace, or the ludicrous malice and befitting fate of the old King Yspaddaden Penkawr, which ends with the grim joke—"And Kaw of North Britain came and shaved his beard, skin, and flesh clean off to the very bone from ear to ear. 'Art thou shaved, man?' said Kilhwch. 'I am shaved,' answered he. 'Is thy daughter mine now?' 'She is thine,' said he."

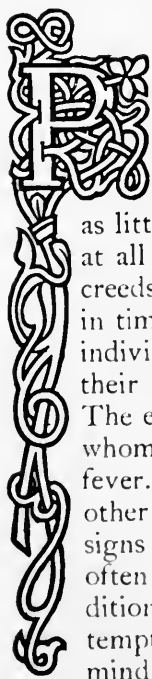
The early invention is more naive and easy flowing, the later more artificial. The world of the earlier stories, in spite of all admixtures, is frankly magic, and its spell is upon us also. We do not demand that the sequence of its events should follow the natural laws of our own world—such as it is, it is simple and congruous. In the later more consciously artistic work, we are made to feel a new strain. This is partly due to a fanciful inventiveness which embroiders (and rather clumsily) the old work, and partly to an attempt to fit it more closely to the contemporary world, to inform it with new ideals, to make it the handmaid of new creeds, political and religious. Thus we feel a challenge, and no longer submit so readily to the demands made on our imagination.

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This little sheaf of stray notes will have failed in its purpose if it does not induce some who feel interested in the Celtic wonder-world and its delightful relics to make a first-hand acquaintance with *The Mabinogion*.

J. A. D.

The Varieties of Religious Experience: A Study in Human Nature.
By W. James, LL.D. London; Longmans & Co. 12s. net.

ROFESSOR JAMES' previous work prepares us for the point of view from which in these Gifford lectures he approaches religion. He is not a theologian or primarily a metaphysician, but a psychologist. The word "experience" is important. He is concerned as little as possible with varieties of religious belief, and not at all with those of religious organization. Churches and creeds are second in importance to him, as they are second in time. What he deals with is the religious experience of individuals. And as these phenomena can best be studied in their extremest forms, the commonplace man is ruled out. The experiences he is in search of are those of people "for whom religion exists not as a dull habit, but as an acute fever." It is here that the first difficulty occurs. For, like other geniuses, these "religious geniuses" frequently show signs of nervous instability. Their peculiar experiences are often accompanied by abnormal psychical or physical conditions, such as are usually classed as pathological; one is tempted to explain them away as the offspring of a diseased mind or body. Professor James' reply is that a distinction must be drawn between a statement of origin and a judgment of

spiritual value. This cuts both ways. If it forbids us to dismiss certain things as negligible on account of their originating or accompanying conditions of body or mind, it equally prevents us from accepting them without question as of supernatural origin. The only test left is the empirical one—"How do such things and their results fit into life as a whole?" "By their fruits ye shall know them, not by their roots." In claiming a patient examination of his cases and an avoidance of hasty judgment, James is preparing the way for the abnormal, and he does not disappoint us. It is natural that apart from the great classics like S. Augustine, S. Teresa, Bunyan, Fox, Tolstoi, most of his material should be found in his native country. And much of this is very far indeed from the experience of the common man.

Nothing could be fairer or more scientific than Professor James' method. He introduces each phase of religious experience by more or less parallel cases which have nothing specially religious about them, in order to help towards a notion of the psychological peculiarities of the religious cases. His people speak for themselves—often for several pages at a time. His psychological comments are always to the point, and he keeps true to his principle of freedom from preconceived notions and from the wish to explain things away. You can only get at the truth of such things by giving full value to all the facts in turn, however different from one another. The clearness and narrowness of dogmatism are alike rejected.

He passes from the religion of "healthy-mindedness," of which the most striking example is the so-called "Christian Science," to the opposite extreme of religious melancholy and doubt, thence to the phenomena of conversion, to the fruits of religion, which he groups under the term "saintliness," and lastly to the experiences included under the vague term "mystical," which claim a validity other than that of intellectual conviction. In contrast to these last stand the attempts of dogmatic theology and philosophy to construct a system necessarily appealing to all men as true. In

conclusion, he very briefly outlines his own rather startling religious philosophy. The facts of religious experience do not in his view unequivocally support the assumption, made equally by mystics and by philosophers, that the higher power with which the religious man makes connection is a unique God, the all-inclusive soul of the world. It might conceivably be only a larger and more god-like self, of which the ordinary conscious self is but the mutilated expression. To this view the author hopes to give fuller expression in a later work. It is not in a summary of general conclusions that the interest and value of the present book lie. It is almost its essence that it cannot be summarized and reduced to formulæ. Its value lies rather in its great mass of concrete fact, in its series of personal accounts, many of them of extraordinary vividness, of experiences foreign to the ordinary course of life. In the second place Professor James' comments and connecting links are most illuminating. His style has something of the peculiar quality we find in Emerson and Thoreau—a vigour, pungency, and dryness, a calm use of the most out-of-the-way illustrations. Another characteristic is the courageous way in which he attacks all sorts of important people. The dogmatic theologian and the monistic philosopher have their peculiar vices pointed out, while his heaviest blows are aimed at the "sectarian scientist," who asserts that the world of sensation and of scientific laws and objects is all. Leaving the philosopher, the theologian, and the scientist to fight their own battles, if they consider Professor James worthy of their steel, we may offer a few points of personal criticism. Making all allowance for his argument that things of this sort are best studied in their extreme forms, one still feels that such general conclusions as he draws are dependent too much on what is peculiar and personal. There are men who have had no voice out of the unknown for their private ear, who have seen no visions, whose readiest approach to the truth of things is through their common relations with the people about them. One may ask also whether it is necessarily true that

"the point round which the religious life revolves is the interest of the individual in his personal private destiny. Religion, in short, is a monumental chapter of human egotism." It is only by a sort of paradox that this can be made to cover the whole ground. We have heard much of late of a reaction against the exclusive individualism of "saving one's soul." It may be that this expresses only a subtler form of egotism, but room should be left for those who genuinely care little about a personal private destiny. Finally, as Professor James himself says, the effect produced in one's mind by the cases he gives is on the whole one of sentimentality and want of balance; and notwithstanding his provisos and cautions, one is inclined to rebel in favour of coolness and common-sense. Of the value and interest of the book, however, and of the success of the writer in his special aim, there can be no doubt whatever.

J. M. Ramsay.

BRIEF NOTICES.



R. GEORGE ALLEN has issued under the title *Notes on Pictures* (2 volumes, 7/6 each net), Mr. Ruskin's various criticisms of pictures. These have not been reprinted hitherto, and many of them have for a long time been inaccessible. The first volume deals with Turner, and is divided into three sections, of which the first two contain Mr. Ruskin's notes on the works by Turner in the National Gallery, and the third section consists of a reprint of "Notes by Mr. Ruskin on his Drawings by Turner, and on his own Handiwork illustrative of Turner." This first volume contains twelve plates of pictures and drawings by Turner. The second volume is mainly devoted to Mr. Ruskin's "Academy Notes" for the years 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, and 1875, and to his "Notes on Samuel Prout and William Hunt," originally published in 1879-1880. This volume contains nine

admirable plates of pictures by Millais, Windus, Brett, Watts, Prout, and William Hunt. The entire work is edited by Mr. E. T. Cook, who has performed his task with that care and scholarship which are always associated with his name.

Mr. Grant Richards continues the issue of his justly popular *World's Classics* series (1/- each, net), the latest volumes including Bacon's *Essays*, Hazlitt's *Winterslow*, De Quincy's *Opium Eater*, and Poe's *Tales of Mystery and Imagination*. The latter is hardly a "World's" classic, and we trust it will soon cease to be either reprinted or read, but for the other books in this series we have nothing but praise. This is a perfect pocket edition.

Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons have issued Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* in their excellent thin paper series (cloth, 2/-). The Cambridge University Press have published Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, edited by J. H. Flather, M.A. This edition contains a careful introduction. Messrs. Dent issue *Marmion*, in their Temple Series of English Texts, an admirable series for school and college use. Mr. John Murray has published a little book on Plato's *Republic*, by Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D. It is written in a clear scholarly style, and its value is increased by some admirable illustrations. Messrs. George Bell & Sons have issued an account of Stratford-on-Avon Church, by Harold Baker, uniform with their well-known Cathedral Series; and also H. J. L. J. Massé's *Mont. S. Michel*. Both these works are admirably illustrated.

Finally, we have before us the first three parts of *Representative Art of Our Time* (Offices of the *Studio*, 2/6 net, each). It would be difficult to speak too highly of these extremely beautiful numbers. Each contains six plates, including original etchings and lithographs, and reproductions of oil and water-colour paintings, pastels, etc. These are, without exception, produced in an entirely satisfactory manner, and for these alone, the work will, we doubt not, be eagerly sought after. Each part, however, also contains an article on some branch of art by an acknowledged expert.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of *Saint George*.

Gentlemen,

I read the essay "Some Notes on Imperialism" in the current number of *Saint George* with very great surprise.

Let me put a quotation from it again before the eyes of the Companions of our Order:—

"Then let Englishmen pay no heed to the ridiculous suggestion that anything they do or abstain from doing will in the slightest degree affect the feeling of others towards them. . . ."

This passage is not rudely torn from its context; it is the gist of the teaching in the essay. True, the writer states that what we are and not what we do affects others, but (he is described as F.S.A., and therefore, presumably, belongs to a learned society) is he not aware that if, nationally and individually, we are courteous, our deeds will be those prompted by our courtesy, and *vice versa*?

I am probably, in the May of this year, taking some children through Normandy. Should I not be lacking in my duty if I did not strive to show them that our justice and gentleness should be doubled while among a foreign people whom we might, entirely unwittingly, irritate or hurt?

Mr. Wilson's statements are so entirely alien to the teachings of Ruskin that it is surprising that they should have found a place in a Ruskinian magazine. *Audi alteram partem*? Yes. But not without a protest.

Again:

"Leave . . . a white man alone to build a house of any material he likes . . . and to educate his children to his own mind, so long as he does not annoy his neighbours."

Is not Mr. Wilson aware that the liberty he craves has been possessed, and that the licence its possessors took rendered necessary the interference of law and the existence of the "inspectors"

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he cavils at as "parasites"? Let the Government of the country find employment for the out-of-works and the "tramp parasites" would disappear. But Mr. Wilson pleads that we "leave a white man alone to . . . work what hours and for what wages he pleases!" The tramp too often pleases to work none. Ruskin advises that he be compelled to work. And Mr. Wilson refers to a greater Master than Ruskin: His teaching undoubtedly was, "If any will not work neither shall he eat."

Finally, Mr. Wilson tells us that "most of what (Dickens) wrote on social questions is clap-trap." It may be—for Mr. Wilson. Has he read a book called "Nicholas Nickleby"? Because I would like to say that, so far from Dotheboys Hall and Squeers being clap-trap, I should welcome a Government measure for the closing of every private school in the kingdom, or for the rigid inspection of the food and sleeping accommodation provided for the pupils therein and the levelling up to a minimum standard in these matters.

And I, a private schoolmaster, "speak that I do know."

I am, gentlemen,

Your very faithful,

HARRY LOWERISON.

14th January, 1903.

[We gladly print Mr. Lowerison's letter. The views expressed by Mr. Wilson in the article which appeared in the last number of *Saint George* must not be taken as the views of the conductors of this Journal. We recognize that Mr. Wilson's views are opposed to those held by many of our readers, but we are sure the latter will appreciate the spirit of fair play in which we allowed a member of the Ruskin Union to give a free expression of his convictions.—GENERAL EDITOR.]

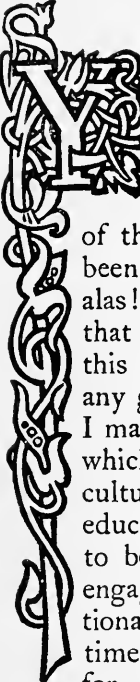
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July, 1903.

JOHN HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

By the Rev. J. Hunter Smith, M.A.

 YOU *must* know Mr. Shorthouse. Such were the words addressed to me about forty years ago when I first came to Birmingham straight from Oxford, and I have ever since been thankful for the suggestion and for my discretion in adopting the advice. One of the most valuable friendships any man ever enjoyed has been the result. Its memories are full of fragrance, and, alas! not free from bitter regret that I did not appreciate that rare friendship more highly. I have no intention in this paper to desecrate my friend's memory by publishing any gossip details of his private life. Something, perhaps, I may venture to say in illustration of his life and character which are likely to be honoured by all Birmingham men of culture. To one who spent forty years in the work of education in Birmingham the chief lesson of his life seems to be that it has proved the possibility of a man actively engaged in business, and with no great preliminary educational advantages, reaching a high standard of culture, finding time and energy both for deep and wide study and also for successful writing, and that in spite of the grave disadvantage of delicate health. During the time he was writing *John Inglesant* Mr. Shorthouse was, I believe, never absent from business. He was also an active churchwarden as he was a

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dutiful son and a devoted husband. The writing of *John Inglesant* and the reading for it were the work of his evening's leisure when the day's work was done. He had been trained in writing by an "Essay" Society. He had, however, always been a reader, and was well acquainted, before he began his great work, with standard literature, at least in translations. To this he had been encouraged by the example and precept of his parents, themselves cultured members of the cultured Society of Friends. His literary work added to his happiness and did not injure his success in business, nor yet drive him to the life of a recluse. His house was singularly hospitable, ever open to those who most needed hospitality, to the young curate or schoolmaster living in lodgings, or any youth who had the happiness to have an introduction to him and whose breeding and tastes made him a welcome companion. We dubbed his house in Beaufort Road the "house of Gaius."

His life then is a proof that a man may successfully cultivate a taste for literature and sound learning without the advantages of a University Education or even of University Extension Lectures, or such social companionship or privileges as a professional career confers. It is a life that is as noble a protest as could be made against the banality and frivolity that are too apt to characterise the lives of the English Middle Classes, against the corruption of taste that cannot discern the demerits of such works as those of Corelli and Hall Caine, and makes Farrar's *Life of Christ* more attractive than the Gospels.

Other striking features in Mr. Shorthouse's character were his reserve and his modesty. He was, I believe, ten years in writing *John Inglesant*. During the whole of that time no one but his wife saw the manuscript, nor did he ever trouble his friends with any mention of the book. I think I supped with him nearly every Sunday evening for ten years, but I was very dimly aware that he was writing a book, and certainly never dreamt it was so big a thing or likely to achieve so high a reputation. After the

first edition of a hundred copies was published by Messrs. Cornish at the author's expense and presented to his friends, I remember well one day walking up and down New Street with him and urging him to seek for it a wider circulation. I told him I felt sure it would become a standard work, though it would probably not have numerous readers. I said it would enjoy a reputation with scholars such as Peacock's novels do. He replied, with a modesty which seems ironical now, that he was quite content. The book had been read by a hundred educated people and he desired no more. I do not think he himself made any great effort to get the book published. Certainly its vogue was in no way due to any encouragement given by the local press. The *Daily Post* did not review the book till long after its fame was ensured. This is an unpleasant fact, very bitter to those who have at heart the honour of the provincial Press. At that time we were probably more provincial than we are now. I do not think the leading men in Birmingham ever quite forgave Shorthouse for attaining a distinction which seemed a blasphemous attack on the pontifical intelligence of the Liberal Party.

It is worth while recalling for a few moments the condition of Birmingham at that time as it struck an onlooking stranger. There could have been very few of its inhabitants who were in sympathy with the Broad Church Sacramentarianism of Mr. Shorthouse. The clergy were for the most part of the old-fashioned Evangelical School, with their one monotonous message. In the *Birmingham Red Book* an asterisk was placed against the name of two churches with the significant note, "these are High Church"! There was a somewhat dry and rigid Unitarian set who regarded themselves as the "Friends of Light," and were probably looked upon by the Evangelicals as outside the pale of Christianity altogether. They had a reasonable claim to the title, but a nice critic might surmise they carried about with them a keen consciousness of the claim that narrowed their capacity for the widest enjoyment of social life. Outside this body, if you

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met any Birmingham man who displayed any interest in the "things of the mind," or the humanitarian side of religion, he was usually found to be a disciple of Mr. George Dawson. Mr. Dawson was his prophet. He had probably never heard of F. W. Robertson or F. D. Maurice. All honour to Mr. Dawson, to whom, perhaps more than to anyone, Birmingham owes an intellectual awakening! But Mr. Dawson was neither a profound scholar, nor in theology anything more than an amateur. He was a genius as a middleman, bright and sparkling in expression, but it may be doubted if his thoughts were often original. He had never had time or fair opportunity for deep study. He was handicapped, too, by his isolation as a religious teacher. I think the Church of England would have known better how to utilise his rare gifts than did the Baptist community to which, I believe, he originally belonged. She would not have made him a Bishop or a Dean, he was far too original for that, but she would not have cast him out, and contact, inside an organisation, with his intellectual equals, would have chastened his somewhat defiant spirit, and by removing prejudices, excited quite as much by his isolation as by his brilliant paradoxes, would have extended an influence that was as wholesome as a purifying wind.

But Dawson suited the temper of Birmingham far better than Shorthouse could do. To adopt the words of the latter, when speaking of the effect of Maurice's arguments upon Mansel, in presence of *John Inglesant*, the average Birmingham citizen "was somewhat in the position of a Weaver Bottom, who, through a troubled dream, is dimly conscious of a world of mystery and glamour, which he could in no way realise."

There was something monstrous to the imagination of the practical common sense man that he should meet on 'Change a man whose favourite word was "mystic," who seemed no less shrewd in that place than other men, yet seemed to be in some quaint way an onlooker in the game, sometimes seemed to be indulging in quaint soliloquies, and had a Chaucerian twinkle in

his eye and a smile on his face which might be kindly or might be sarcastic.

So that neither in politics, nor religion, nor greatly in his habits of life, was the author of *John Inglesant* much in harmony with the majority of his fellow citizens. The assertion of individual religion they could understand, the opposition to certain phases of other people's religion they could understand, but the blend of freedom of thought with scrupulous attention to religious observances, which was the chief note to outward observers of Shorthouse's character, that was a thing they could not "reckon up." A man who could not be labelled Low Church or High Church, and was neither a Unitarian nor a Ritualist, was to the average Birmingham citizen in those days an unknown quantity.

Professor Dowden has written an eminently instructive book, termed *Puritan and Anglican*, which has the noble tendency to aid to a better understanding with one another, and a deeper mutual insight and appreciation among those who at first seem to hold antagonistic opinions.

Now, I think we may regard our late distinguished fellow-townsmen as the chief lay and literary exponent in our days of cultured Anglicanism. Let us use the words of Professor Dowden to aid us in seeing what that implies.

The central idea of Puritanism was this, "that the relation between the invisible spirit of man and the invisible God was immediate rather than mediate. . . . The cardinal error of Puritanism lay in a narrow conception of God as the God of righteousness alone, and not also the God of joy and beauty and intellectual light. Among the Puritans of the seventeenth century few besides Milton, who was more than a Puritan, had that coherent conception of human life and human culture which recognises the Divine Spirit as present and operative in all the higher strivings of man."

Let it be remembered that Shorthouse was originally a member of the Society of Friends, and also that *John Inglesant* is to a

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large extent a satire, and not altogether a fair one, on the principles and system of the Jesuits, and in this light read Bishop Westcott's summary of the view with which those two religious bodies regarded the relations of the world and religion.

"On the one side the Society of Loyola, recognising the infinite varieties of life and character, of place and circumstance, have endeavoured to win from men as they are a partial or a promised homage to the cause which they held to be divine. On the other side the Society of Friends have declared open war against the fashion of the world, and called each hearer to acknowledge his own immediate obligation to follow the light of God within him."

After an estimate, liberal, and in no way overstated, of the strength and purity of the type of character formed under the system of Quakerism, the Bishop continues, "It was condemned to failure, like the Order of Francis, because it was essentially incomplete. Francis sacrificed the individual; Fox left wholly out of account the powers of the larger life of the Church and the race. For him the past was a long and dismal night of apostasy and darkness. He had no eye for the many parts and many fashions in which God is pleased to work. He had no sense of the action of the Holy Spirit through the great Body of Christ. He had no thought of the weak and immature, for whom earthly signs are the appropriate support of faith; *no thought for the students of nature, for whom they are the hallowing of all life.*"

Now if we turn to the twenty-eighth chapter of *John Inglesant* we shall find the hero face to face with a noble, pure-minded, and resolute Puritan, who expresses with all the intensity of sincere bigotry the views of asceticism attributed, though with more moderation, to George Fox, and the courteous and polished answer of the hero, which may be regarded as the reasoned conviction of the author himself. I must, of course, abbreviate.

"Standing in a new world," says the Puritan, "and speaking, as I speak, to men of another language, and of thoughts and habits distinct from mine, I see beneath the tinsel of earthly rank and splendour, and a luxury of life and beauty, the very meaning of which is unknown to me, something of a common feeling which assures me that the voice that I utter will not be entirely strange, coming as it does from the common Father.

* * * * *

"Is it a time for chambering and wantonness, for soft raiment and dainty living, for reading of old play-books, such as the one I see on the table, for building houses of cedar, painted with vermilion, and decked with all the loose and fantastic devices which a disordered and debauched intellect could itself conceive, or would borrow from Pagan tombs and haunts of devils, full of uncleanness and dead sins?"

"You speak too harshly of these things," replied Inglesant, "I see in them nothing but the instinct of humanity, differing in its outward aspect in different ages, but alike in its meaning and audible voice. . . . My imagination follows humanity through all the paths by which it has reached the present moment, and the more memorials I can gather of its devious footsteps, the more enlarged my view becomes of what its trials, its struggles, and its virtues were. All things that ever delighted it were in themselves the good blessings of God—the painter's and the player's art, action, apparel, agility, music—without these life would be a desert; and, as it seems to me, these things softened manners so as to allow Religion to be heard, who otherwise would not have been listened to in a savage world, and among a brutal people destitute of civility. As I trace these things backward for centuries I live far beyond my natural term, and my mind is delighted with the pleasures of nations who were dust ages before I was born."

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Do we not here seem to read a justification on the part of the author for the abandonment of his membership of the Society whose Founder had regarded the past as a long and dismal night of apostasy and darkness? In the author's intense delight in art in all its shapes and in all beauty of sound, and colour and form, we see the joyous sense of emancipation from the barren baldness of the average Quaker's life. In the high and (as we see from the last chapter of *Sir Percival*) the somewhat fantastic regard for the sacrament as a vehicle of grace we see the revulsion from the unceremonial Quaker worship. And through all his works I think we see a struggle sometimes almost bordering on vacillation between the Quietist, meditative, ascetic view of religion and the more generous and comprehensive view that regards the Deity as a great Educator, working through many outward forms, as well as varied spiritual influences, on the characters and dispositions of his creatures. The wider view prevailed. Yet, perhaps, it is to the blend of the two elements in the character of the author that we owe the unique fascination of *John Inglesant*. On its loftiest side the result is the spiritualisation, in the main sentiments of the book, of the whole external Universe. The terms used of Wordsworth by Professor Dowden might, with equal justice, be used of Shorthouse. "In the large sense of the word 'Catholic' we might name Wordsworth in some of his earlier poems a true Catholic, discovering, as he does, the ideal in the real, the divine in the natural, the invisible in the visible." Sometimes, however, we are constrained to say of our author as Dowden says of Keble, that he was "a pseudo-Catholic, applying, occasionally, a factitious or a traditional symbolism to sanctify what, in reality, is sacred in itself." I confess, in this connection, never to have been able to get over a feeling of repulsion at the scene in *Sir Percival* where the hero and the Bishop, by way of receiving the sacrament together, eat three blades of grass, howbeit the ceremony has the authority of the tradition of the Middle Ages. Surely the chivalrous though entirely useless devotion of the young hero was

sufficiently sacramental without that visible sign, and the communion of the two lonely and dying Christians was felt sufficiently without the performance of this mediæval ceremony.

John Inglesant has been compared to *Marius the Epicurean*. In both books the hero serves as a vehicle to convey to the reader the thoughts of the author on the opinions current in the times with which they deal, and on the permanent bearing of those opinions on thought. The same is true of two remarkable volumes, recently translated into English, by the Russian, Merezhkowski, termed *The Death of the Gods* and *The Fore-runner*, in the former of which the hero is the Emperor Julian, and in the latter Leonardo da Vinci. Did space permit an interesting parallel might, I fancy, be drawn between *John Inglesant* and the latter. For, as in the spirit of Inglesant we see the contest between the ascetic and the humanitarian view of religion, so in Leonardo we see the seemingly incongruous element of the pietistic and the nascent modern spirit. It is as though you had side by side pictures of the Madonna and a Bacchante, the dancing Faun and the crucified Christ.

But, attractive as might be such a comparison, a more interesting one would be that of *John Inglesant* with the *Faerie Queen*. Was not Spenser an offshoot from Puritanism as Shorthouse from Quakerism? Were not the souls of both ravished with the contemplation of the saint who was also the gentleman? Is not Little Gidding the child, though but a puny child, of Spenser's "Home of Holiness" the home of Caelia, a matron grave and lore—

"Whose only joy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched souls, and help the helpless pore;
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes."

Is it displaying an exaggerated partiality for my friend's memory to say of him, with due modification, as Dean Church says of Spenser, that few of his time approached him in "feeling the

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presence of that commanding and mysterious idea, compounded of so many things, yet of which the true secret escapes us still, to which we give the name of beauty? A beautiful scene, a beautiful person, a mind and character with that combination of charms which, for want of another word, we call by that half-spiritual, half-material word 'beautiful,' at once set his mind at work to respond to and reflect it." And this also is true of all the work of Shorthouse: "Face to face with the Epicurean idea of beauty and pleasure is the counter-charm of purity, truth, and duty."

Some years ago was published a sermon by a famous preacher entitled, if I remember right, "How to make the best of both worlds." This appeal to the mercantile instincts of the uncultured Middle Classes ensured the work large sale and great popularity. Let us now hope it has gone the way of Smiles' *Self-Help*, and other such monstrosities. I venture to think the *Faerie Queen*, and in a humble degree *John Inglesant*, show how "to make the best of both worlds" in a nobler and more generous sense. Mr. Shorthouse was neither a professed theologian nor a systematic philosopher. Yet, perhaps, no one in our time more forcibly than he brought home to men's minds the reality of the immanence of God in all the works of His creation, the sacramentarian spirituality of the ordinary facts of life.

CONCERNING DAMSONS AND OTHER THINGS.

By Blanche Atkinson.

IT is a truism that the physical strength of a race is kept up by its peasantry. Deterioration sets in after two generations of town life. From the type of country-bred Yorkshire or Cumberland peasant to that of London artizan the change is unquestioned physical degeneration, and one wonders that the fact has not caused a panic in these days of Health Worship. For if the villages of England are decreasing, and the cities increasing, the English race is necessarily deteriorating—physically. Is there compensation in mental or moral gain? There are factors in city life which act as brain stimulants. While the poisoned air, the crowded dwellings, the vicious surroundings, lower his bodily health, the dweller in a city has constant excitement and the interest of active life to rouse his thinking powers. He is in contact with men, and with ideas. He hears talk of questions concerning civic and national polity. There is movement, change, friction. Above all, he knows that by industry and thrift he has a chance of gradually bettering himself. He may have “a career.” He does not see the end from the beginning. In every position of life (even in Penal Servitude), except in that of agricultural labourer, there is room for hope. Is not this, in great measure, the cause of the continued and fatal exodus from country to town? Give the agriculturist a reasonable hope that he may not only exist on the land—a dull drudge, without further aim than to keep alive, and rot upon it at last—but that he may live prosperously and hopefully, and the tide from country to city will begin to turn.

If the labourer on the land had remained, while all else was changing, stolid and satisfied, marrying at 18, bringing up or dragging up a family on 12/- a week, and drifting into the workhouse when labouring days were done, one might have felt

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that he was no more to be pitied than the sheep and cows which browse placidly until led to slaughter. But he is awake, like the rest of the world. He has become possessed by a "divine discontent"; and he is leaving the home of his fathers for any spot where he may look forward to "getting on." If we want to induce him to stay where he is, we must make the same hope possible to him on the land.

Something, doubtless, is going to be done. For several years every one has said that "something is going to be done." Old Age Pensions may help. Allotments will help. In time, Parish Councils will help. Everything that tends to make life hopeful and *interesting* will tend to keep the young men on the land. When the young man can feel that he, too, has a career dependent on his own industry and thrift, he will be content; the reasonable hope of reaping the fruit of his hands will sweeten each day's toil; and he will know that when, at the last, he lies down to rest, he will have done something to make a little bit of the world better than it would have been without him. That is as much as most men ask. "There is no Wealth but Life," says Ruskin. "Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal, and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others."

Do these words sound only a grim mockery applied to those who are trying to live by agriculture in the present day? There is nothing impossible in the ideal they put before us. Few people live in the hope of merely getting bigger wages. That love, joy, and admiration may move his soul to finer issues—that he may perfect the functions of his own life, and know the happiness of communicating good to the lives of others—this ought to be, and might be made possible for the agricultural labourer as for all men.

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The first step towards the fulfilment of this ideal is to give each labourer an interest in the product of the land. Small holdings should be encouraged; and some portion of ground, *near his cottage*, should be secured to every labourer. This must be his by right. Allotment ground should not be conferred as a favour by the landlord, at his choice of site, and his fixing of rent. A landlord has been known to charge his cottage tenants 40s. an acre for land of which the usual agricultural value was 10s. per acre. The rent, it is evident, must be legally settled; and fixity of tenure secured. One cannot look for hopeful results unless these conditions are granted. And when they are, there is another necessary condition. It is often reiterated that the people do not want land of their own to cultivate; that they are not interested in it when they have it, and that in places where land is so cheap that it could be had for next to nothing, they do not apply for it. Why not? *Because they have no market for their produce.* The labourer may work his hardest to grow cabbages and potatoes; but when his own family is supplied, what can he do with the rest? No one wants them, in his neighbourhood.

It is true, and perhaps he knows it to be true, that in the great cities, as many cabbages and potatoes, lettuces, peas, and beans are wanted as he could possibly grow; and that he could get a good price for them there. Vegetables are "dirt cheap" where everyone can grow them. They are dear in the cities, not many miles away, where poor people look upon vegetables as luxuries. Does no remedy suggest itself for this curious state of things? Must we always be content with our old formula of Demand governing Supply? Can nothing be done to bring the supply to places where there is demand, by means of our costly (in more precious things than money) network of railroads throughout the land?

An example or two will show the urgent need there is for the cheap and speedy transport to markets of agricultural produce.

In Kent, a year or two ago, there was a splendid damson crop. Everyone likes damsons, and there was a ready sale for them in

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London at 4d. a pound. But it cost more than that to have them picked and sent to London; and so the delicious fruit fell, and lay three inches deep in places, rotting on the ground; the grower got nothing; the public went without those damsons, and of course paid proportionately more for those they did get. The other day I was in a train in Westmoreland one Saturday morning, when some market women got into the carriage with their baskets of butter, eggs, flowers, and fruit. "Do you think we shall get 10d. a pound for butter this morning?" one asked another anxiously, before they left the train at Kendal. At the same time, butter, in the Lancashire manufacturing towns, was 18d. a pound. In two or three hours, the produce of these poor people's labour would have been paid for at a rate which they never dreamt of receiving at Kendal. Often, in remote districts, fresh butter is sold for 6d. a pound.

It is not difficult to realize what this means to the farmer—forced to sell his butter where he can, at a price which barely gives him any profit; or to the fruit-grower, driven to let his damsons rot on the ground as less actual loss than if he had paid for their carriage to London. Can we wonder that cultivation of the ground is unpopular, and the whole agricultural industry depressed? Yet we pride ourselves on being a practical people; and teach Political Economy in our Board Schools.

It is surely time for "something to be done." Even if large producers are able to drive railway companies into making more reasonable bargains with them, individually, it is absurd to suppose that small farmers and labourers can fight on their own account for easier rates. One of the first steps to be taken to revive agriculture, is to insist upon the *cheap and speedy carriage of agricultural produce* by every railway line in the kingdom.

When, and only when, the agricultural labourer knows that there is a market for all he can produce, will there be any encouragement for him to work on his allotment. One instance of what can be done by men with "their own bit of land" is

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interesting in this connection. In one of the Eastern counties, many years ago, it became necessary for a certain Squire to build labourers' cottages. He selected the poorest part of his property, thoroughly bad land, not seeming capable of growing anything but rank weeds; of this he took the worst part, and there erected a row of cottages, ugly, ill-built, but each with a quarter of an acre of ground attached to it. The cottages were let at 1s. 6d. a week. The bitter humour of the tenants named the place "Poverty Row"; still, land is land, and by dint of patient industry even this desert was made in time to blossom as the rose. By-and-by the little gardens produced potatoes, peas, beans, lettuces, cabbages; and gay flower-borders cheered the eye with their colours. So changed was the aspect of "Poverty Row" that the landlord wished to call it by the less damaging title of "Garden Terrace." The old name, however, remains to point the moral that all things are possible to men who work in hope.

Another example of what may be done is taken from the "Land Agents' Record" some time back, describing an experiment made by Mr. W. J. Harris, of Hallwell Manor, N. Devon. "Land was offered to the cottagers, and about twenty of them took some at moderate rents. Some of the men have occupied these holdings for fifteen years, and during that period only one has failed. They farm from three to forty acres, many of them having added acre to acre, mainly through the reclamation of moorland, which was let to them at 5s. an acre, and was soon worth 20s., or more, by being ploughed and laid down in temporary or permanent pasture. The small holders work for the whole or part of the week as labourers on a large farm, held by Mr. Harris, jun., except one, who has over forty acres. All keep one or more cows, and some have several, and all make butter, and rear some calves for sale, as store cattle or cows. Pigs and poultry are also to be seen on all the holdings. Although the holdings are distant from a good market, and are not well adapted to corn or fruit, they pay their occupiers well, apparently, certainly

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those who have kept on increasing their acreage. One sign of the prosperity of Mr. Harris's enterprise is the fact *that the population of Hallwell has increased during the last fifteen years, while that of neighbouring parishes has declined.*"

Besides the main difficulty of getting his produce to market, the labourer has also, hitherto, had the great drawback to contend with, of want of time for cultivating his own ground. When he has to walk two or three miles to and from his daily work, what time can he have, or what energy, for extra labour on his own bit of ground? Shorter hours—or the distance from his home counted in working hours—must be fixed for him; that is, if it is seriously wished (as one takes for granted) to stem the tide of emigration from country to town.

Further on, we will consider, in greater detail, the question of Markets. For the moment let it be supposed that the small farmer and the agricultural labourer—no matter how distant from centres of populations—know that they cannot produce *too much* butter and milk, too many vegetables, too many eggs, too much honey, too much fruit. Here is an incentive for each man to do his best. Each will be eager to improve his stock, to learn all he can about fowls and bees, soils, and crops; to turn every corner of his "bit of ground" to the best advantage. He will not need to tell his children, as they grow up, to go where there is work to be done and money to be made. There will be work for all at the old home—for the more labour that is put into the land the better. And Hope means Industry, Thrift, Cheerfulness, Life. The agricultural labourer will see that, in the country as in the city, his future depends largely upon himself. He will come to see that every improvement in his method of cultivation, in carefulness, and increased knowledge, will be rewarded by larger profits; all his brain power will be brought into action, and an unlimited range of subjects will become of personal interest to him. The laws which govern the climate, the chemical constituents of the soil, the natural habits of plants and animals, will closely concern

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him when he enters into this partnership with Nature, and makes her minister to his success. It can never be maintained that the intelligence of the artizan is called upon to exercise itself on nobler or greater topics than the intelligence of the agricultural labourer. His work, too, will be for the good of the whole community ; he will have a stake in the interest of the country. Instead of flying from the miserable prospect of "living on the soil," young men will enter upon such a career with zeal. Country life is rich in the elements of joy and healthfulness unknown to dwellers in towns. Love for the country is inherent in Englishmen, and before long our villages will once more become populous and busy ; new homesteads, pleasant and peaceful, will stand among the hills and valleys ; and a race of intelligent, independent peasants will prove that the decadence of England is not yet. There is no country in the world so well suited for an agricultural life as England. No other country has so varied and productive a soil, so temperate and healthful a climate. No country is less subject to violent catastrophes by flood or earthquake. This beautiful and pleasant land may flow with milk and honey, and our big cities remain black spots indeed, but diminishing spots on its green surface, if the nation chooses that it shall be so.

"A pretty fairy tale," sneers the sceptic. "We are a practical people. We want Possibilities." The answer to which is that the possibilities of modern resources are more potent than magic. There is a power, called organization, which gives to one man the capacity of a hundred. There is the power of electricity, whose achievements have become a commonplace. There is a multiplied system of railway communication which brings within easy reach the uttermost corners of our little island.

Without question, the time has come for the great railway companies to take up seriously the question of the cheaper and speedier transit of agricultural produce. When they do so difficulties will vanish—or will remain only to be speedily overcome by combination and organization. The following briefly sketched

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plan would meet most of the requirements of the case. We will suppose that the various railway companies have agreed to take the carrying trade into their hands, and to make a profit out of it—all working together, and dispatching this branch of their business with the regularity and attention to detail of the Post Office Department. That is to say, the railways will organize themselves as merchants for all the agricultural produce of England.

The first object will be to gather in the goods from country districts regularly and rapidly, and in good condition; the second, to carry and distribute such produce where it is wanted with the utmost promptitude.

To meet the first necessity, every wayside station will become a collecting centre. One train, in the early morning, will be the daily market train. There are few farms or hamlets in Great Britain more than eight or ten miles from a station; but, whether from far or near, the farm produce will be brought daily to the nearest station in time for the market train. (Perhaps the railway company will employ someone to go round on a motor-car and collect the produce; or the farmers and labourers will combine to find a collector for each day.) At the station, the goods shall be received by the station master (or someone appointed by him) in small or large quantities; and, if delivered in good condition and at the specified time, *shall be paid for at once*. If a cottager have only half-a-dozen new-laid eggs, only a few bunches of freshly gathered primroses, only two pounds of butter churned the same morning, he shall be paid for them there and then. This is essential to the scheme.

Country station masters have usually plenty of time to spare, and are often growers of fruit and flowers. They can avail themselves of the same market, for there need be no limit to the supply. When the scheme is fairly established, prices of all articles of agricultural produce will vary as little as the price of bread does now. The point to be insisted upon is that the

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producer shall have a constant and secure market, and that he shall be paid a fair price at once. At the same time, there can be no doubt that so abundant would be the daily supplies flowing into the great centres from the country, that London, Birmingham, and Manchester would get fresh butter from Cumberland or Devonshire as cheaply as they now get it from Denmark or Brittany.

When the station master has received and bought his goods, he will dispatch them as quickly as possible to the nearest town to which he has been appointed "Feeder." Suppose it to be Kendal. A certain amount of country produce will be required for the town itself; the rest will be sent on by the first train to the larger towns which Kendal is to supply. Thus each wayside station will be a market for the peasant, and a feeder for the country town; and each country town will be a great gathering centre, and a distributor to the non-agricultural districts.

At each of the larger stations will be an Agricultural Dépôt; for it may be taken for granted that this branch of the railway service will soon become the most important. There is an *unlimited* demand for articles of agricultural produce in the manufacturing towns; and when sold at a fair, and, if possible, *fixed* price, fresh milk, butter, and eggs will be taken in daily constant quantities by the shopkeepers of large towns, as they are now in well-ordered households. There will be no risk and no delay. Each day the country will pour in its precious produce; the producers will be paid regularly; and the consumers will be supplied with a better article and at a cheaper rate than now.

Then as to the Merchant—the railway companies. No one expects railway companies to turn philanthropists. Shareholders might object. But shareholders do not object to increased dividends, and such a partnership as that above suggested between Producer, Carrier, and Consumer would, undoubtedly, result in a profit to each.

SAINT GEORGE.

For instance: to return to the unfortunate damsons left to rot on the ground in Kent when people wanted damsons in London. Fruiterers in London would have bought tons of them at $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. a pound, to sell at 4d. If the Railway Company had shared this profit with the Producer, charging him a minimum rate for cost of carriage, he could have afforded to pay for picking and packing the damsons; and the Londoners would have got the ripe fruit. The present charges for transit of goods by our railway companies is out of all proportion to the actual cost of carriage. Everyone knows that fruit, flowers, butter, eggs, can be brought into London from France or Belgium more cheaply than from many parts of England because of the prohibitive railway rates here. Everyone knows also that it is cheaper to carry goods in large consignments than in small. Sir Rowland Hill showed long since in the case of the Penny Post that the cost of *transit* was practically nil; the expense of working the Post Office is in collection and distribution. It is no less expense to run a train carrying only passengers than one which has also a van full of goods; so that it is unnecessary to point out how large a profit might accrue to the railway companies from the Agricultural Produce Distribution Branch of their business.

Railway directors may of course decline to be forced into a new branch of business, however lucrative, as they apparently now refuse to lower their rates of carriage for agricultural produce.

Without sympathizing in wild socialistic dreams, may one not ask whether the public, as a body corporate, must continue to suffer grievous injury at the bidding of a few individuals, even though they be railway directors? Railways have superseded the King's highway, and are the main arteries of the land. They have changed—for good *and for ill*—the entire social and economic condition of England. For good, or for ill, they have acquired a gigantic monopoly of the carrying trade. But is such a monopoly to be treated as a private concern? If railway

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directors refuse to consider the good of the commonwealth, refuse to recognize the fact that it is a primary duty to carry food where it is wanted, at reasonable charges, then even railway directors must be coerced. "The resources of civilization are not exhausted." The commonwealth must not be for ever sacrificed to save the pockets, or the feelings, of railway directors; only the co-operation of the railway companies can alleviate the depression under which agriculture has so long languished. Is it conceivable that railway companies will always be allowed to withhold this co-operation?

There are already rumours of a Department of the Board of Agriculture, on which no holders of railway stock shall sit, to whose discretion it shall belong to control carrying rates. The day is not far, some among us who are not Socialists even venture to hope, when the State will take over the railways, and administer them, as it does the Post Office, for the advantage of the whole community, not for the profit of a few. But "that is another story."

To return to our agricultural labourer, or small farmer. We have supposed him to be owner of a portion of the land he cultivates; we will also suppose that he is secure of a regular market for his produce. He has still anxieties enough to whet his energies; difficulties enough to temper his ambition. Winds will still blow at the wrong time and scatter his promising fruit blossoms; rains will fall when he needs sunshine to ripen his crops; drought will set in when moisture is sorely wanted for the roots. Mysterious insect pests are insidious foes; cattle and sheep are subject to disease; he learns more quickly than most the folly of counting chickens before they are hatched. More than other men has he need to possess his soul in patience even when the stars in their courses seem to be fighting against him. Government can do little to help in these matters. But that little the Government must surely do before it has fulfilled what ought to be the aim of all Governments—"to make a man a man, and let him be."

SAINT GEORGE.

At the present time dense ignorance prevails among country labourers concerning the matters which would be most useful to them. It would be only a half-measure, after all, to give men land, and to provide a market for the produce of it, without trying to teach the best methods of cultivating it. To give agricultural labourers instruction in the art and science of agriculture, it will be necessary for an efficient staff of teachers to hold Schools of Agriculture in various villages, where for a very small fee everyone can get expert's advice and instruction. The teachers would also give Demonstration Lessons in the delicate operations of grafting, pruning, transplanting, etc., and, as is already done in many districts by the County Council lecturers, instruction in the rearing of poultry and bees, and in butter and cheese making. Such instruction, to be worth anything, must be given by first-class men ; and first-class men must be well paid. This, therefore, will be a costly and not directly remunerative undertaking, and must be the business of the State ; unless certain wealthy land-owners set up and maintain Agricultural Schools, as they frequently do Cattle Shows, Race Meetings, and so on. It would not cost more to keep a staff of Agricultural Instructors than a pack of fox-hounds for a county ; the benefit to the county would not be less, and the Squire's prestige would not seriously suffer without the letters M.F.H. as a tail to his name.

Again, here and there a landlord now lives upon his estate, and makes the well-being of his tenants the chief interest of his life ; believing in the responsibility of those who hold land, and desiring that life should be better for each one of his tenants, because he has a lord over the land who is his best friend. Such a landlord might see well to place a gardener or bailiff on a small farm, and make this an Academy of Agriculture for the district. All who choose should go to him for advice as to the best kinds of fodder and manure in special instances ; and the boys should be allowed to help him at his work, and so learn in the best possible way. Some such scheme, wisely planned, and carried out by the right

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men, would tend to a great increase of useful knowledge, and also to spread the sense of sympathy between landlord and tenant, which is of value merely as a basis of industrial prosperity. It is many centuries since it was said: "Bear ye one another's burdens"; but the words still sum up the highest moral law, and the best policy yet shown to man. For bearing each other's burdens—or Co-operation—pays well. In such an Agricultural Academy culture under glass would probably be taught; and at small cost many a handy man might build himself a greenhouse, where delicate plants could be preserved and the cultivation of tomatoes, cucumbers, perhaps even of grapes and peaches, carried on. All the industries connected with Forestry would also be encouraged; in particular the planting of fruit trees instead of ornamental evergreens in all suitable situations would be recommended.

It is cheering (amid much that is not cheering) in these days to note that horticulture is becoming more and more profitable. Flowers are more valued and more abundant than they have ever been. No pageant, solemn or gay, is complete without a profusion of flowers. The bridal day is not more flowery than the day of burial. The Hero is fêted with garlands of his favourite flower, as well as the Bride. The dingy streets of our cities are gladdened by the golden gleam of daffodils as soon as winter is gone; and all the summer through baskets of flowers, bunches of flowers, pots of flowers, make the town air sweet with garden scents, cheer tired eyes with their beauty, and waken memories of far-off flowery fields in passers-by. Old-fashioned flowers, too, have come into vogue, and such easily grown things as violets and primroses, wallflowers, pansies, marguerites, marigolds, are sold in enormous quantities in the streets of London and Liverpool. With little expenditure every cottage garden can help to supply this constantly-increasing demand. As soon as children can learn anything they can learn to help in gardening. The love of flowers is natural to children. It is not until "the petty dust of every day our soon-choked souls has filled" that we lose the childlike

SAINT GEORGE.

capacity of rejoicing in gay colours, and cease to be pleased by the sight of flowers. Flowers are the playthings which God has given for His children to amuse themselves with in the leisure hours of this work-a-day world.

When the little ones know that the flowers they love for their sweetness and brightness are valued by other people far away in the dark towns, and that the sale of them helps to bring comforts to the home, they will work with a will, under orders; and the culture of flowers may do much to keep country lads and lassies out of harm. It is, perhaps, less poetical to grow flowers for sale than for love of them, but it is not in human nature "to be strenuous" in action without a glimpse of the "bright reward" awaiting success. Giotto knew this. His lovely "Hope," in the Arena chapel at Padua, strains upward in eager poise, with outstretched hands, with uplifted face, and trustful, patient eyes. She sees before her the crown, the visible prize of her high calling. Ruskin knew it, when he spoke of Hope as "the recognition by true foresight of better things to be reached hereafter." Plato knew it, when he quoted the saying of Pindar: "Hope, which more than aught else, stirs the capricious will of mortal man." Give to those who are on the land the hope of making a living out of the land, and we shall hear less and less of the depression of agriculture and the dwindling of the villages.

As the care of the garden will belong chiefly to the girls (when a labourer is fortunate enough to have both sons and daughters), so the care of the animals will fall to the boys. Poultry and bee keeping may be made sources of considerable profit and constant interest. There is a story of a boy who when asked to name the principal products of Ireland, answered promptly, "Shop eggs." His words are evidence of the need of "the saving grace of common sense" in our national economics. Simply for want of careful and systematic gathering and dispatching, Irish eggs now only sell at a low price as "shop eggs"; while millions of eggs are sent to England from Holland and Belgium, even from

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Vienna, and sold in London at the price of "new-laid eggs." A little organization could make eggs as profitable to the peasants of Donegal as they now are to the peasants of Germany.

As it is, without such organization, many country places even in Westmoreland or Cornwall are more cut off from English markets than villages in Austria. I know a small farm on the side of Ingleborough. The moorland maintains a few sheep, and there may be a small patch of oats or barley. The chief source of income, however, is the brief harvest made by the good wife out of summer visitors who find rest and refreshment at her picturesque door after climbing to the breezy brow of Ingleborough. She keeps poultry; but is obliged to sell her eggs for what she can get—and often finds it difficult to sell them at all. She was glad to sell them eighteen for a shilling at a time when in towns the price was five or six for a shilling. The difference in price would have made all the difference to these hard-working folks between penury and plenty. In winter, my Ingleborough friend told me, the snow was often so deep round the mountain farmstead that a way to the fowl-house had to be cut through the snow, and, light in hand, she had to traverse this chilly tunnel twice a day to keep her fowls alive. Surely it is worth while to help people so willing and ready to help themselves. Without co-operation, these poor people *cannot* get a remunerative price for their produce. With such a scheme as that sketched above, the eggs from the farm on Ingleborough would find eager customers, at a fair price, in the shops of Liverpool, Manchester, or Leeds, *the day they were laid*.

In all cases, absolute cleanliness and perfection of punctuality must be observed with food produce. No one proposes to flood the market with cheap, indifferent articles; but to provide it with the best and freshest produce as far as possible at a fixed price. Thus, while bringing to the cities good and wholesome food in larger quantities, a powerful incentive will be given to those whose lot falls in the country to stick to the country. By

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making country life full of interest, hope, and healthy variety—and only by so doing—will the stream of population be turned back from the towns to the land. Then, and not till then, will the shame of our civilization, our hideous cities with all their dark horrors of “slums” and “submerged tenths” begin to disappear. Then, and not till then, will a better era dawn for the toilers of the earth; and then at last shall “sweeter manners, purer laws,” lift the rural life of our England into harmony with the ideal drawn for us by our great English teacher:—“No scene is continually and untiringly lovely but one rich by joyful human labour: smooth in field; fair in garden; full in orchard; trim, sweet, and frequent in homestead; singing with voices of vivid existence. . . . As the cost of life is learned, it will be found at last that all lovely things are also necessary:—the wild flower by the wayside as well as the tended corn; and the wild birds and creatures of the forest as well as the tended cattle; because man doth not live by bread only but also by the desert manna; by every wondrous word and unknowable work of God.”

ALKESTIS.

By John C. Kenworthy.

ARGUMENT.

Without some prefatory note, the reader will, I fear, lose the charm of reality that truly belongs to the lovely story here told once again. Research compels me to accept a historical basis for much in Greek legend that is, through vulgarisation in times modern and ancient, now taken as mere invention of tale-tellers. A saying of Aristotle has been translated to mean that "poetry is a superior kind of history." I should insist that Aristotle meant, "versemaking is a something *beyond* history," and that he wrote blamefully of versifiers who cannot see poetry in real events of great soul, but must reduce all to the level of the nursery, as the tale of Jack-the-Giant-Killer has been brought down.

At all events, this much is clear. Ἡρακλῆς (in Greek, in Latin, Hercules) was a splendid personality of the Levantine nations, two centuries after Moses, and a few generations before the Trojan war—twelve centuries or more B.C., that is. Hellas, the country of his birth, saw his conflicts, defeats, and triumphs; which were not of external kingship, but of great people-making manliness. He travelled far, and left his influence everywhere, as tradition attests. His twelve labours were, as Mr. Ruskin has so admirably shown, services rendered to the life of man, in enlightening and purifying human society. The Homeric chivalry came through him, and Aristotle inherited him in a people *μεγαλόψυχος*.

But this Herakles was not only ministrant to the body politic; he was also, like Moses, a spiritual teacher, a giver of Divine institutes. Hellenic religion was (as were Hebrew and Roman religion also) a matter of practical communion with the unseen world of spirits. "Spiritualists" of our day know many things, and practise much, throwing light on the real nature of such primitive, practical religion. The oracles of Dodona and Delphi became dumb, only when a greater was to be opened from Jerusalem. Of such spiritual work of Herakles, many noble legends survive—with this of Alkestis.

We may well and reasonably suppose that Admetus, king of Pheræ, was called by the oracle to prepare himself for initiation to "the divine mysteries"—a system of induction to the spirit-world which was purely restored in later times as "the Christian mysteries." So doing, he would, by knowing "the mind of the Spirit," become true *Βασιλεύς*—priest-king—of his people. But the process meant spiritual death to the life of the world,—and he was unwilling, or unable. He was, however, put under necessity of obeying the spirit-decree in his own person, or of finding another to accept death and endure the initiation. His kingdom might not remain without a mediator between heaven and the

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world. The wife of Admetus, Alkestis—the princess of whom it is told that in her youth she had many lovers, and that she, with her sisters, compassed her father's death—for love of her husband, stood in his stead. The spirit-guide, the mediator, who carried Alkestis through the awful opening to her, while yet in life, of the mysteries in death and beyond, was Herakles; and the poem, faithful to Hellenic belief and experience, here tells of the *ἐκστασις* of Alkestis: how it must have been with her, in her trial by Death.*

Remember that with the Greek mind, all such poetry was meant, not as pretty or touching fiction, but as *reality*, tragic or joyful. All was matter-of-fact.

Persons.

ALKESTIS (prepared for death), ADMETUS, and CHORUS OF
HOUSEHOLD ATTENDANTS.

Scene.

A Balcony before the palace of Admetus, at break of day.

ALKESTIS.

Husband and King,—I am but beautiful!
Turn thy loved eyes, that weep to see me die,
And I will turn mine eyes upon black night,
And sing thee all my terror sees in death
One weak, last deed of sacrifice for thee
Be my last thought in going down to doom!
I leave to earth thy living, noblest soul,
And send to Hades mine,—a ruined thing.

CHORUS.

*O King Admetus, her blue eyes
Are turned, her lips are grey!
Kneel with us, King and priest,
Her last voice speaks—kneel—pray!*

* Sir Frederick Leighton's picture of Heracles rescuing the body of Alkestis from a bat-like Death, is a ridiculous travesty of anything Greeks ever thought about the subject.

ALKESTIS.

ALKESTIS.

Ah, night it is! The day hath left me,
Blind, blind is Hades; here is more than night.
Save me! . . . 'tis Lethe . . . Memory is bereft me . . .
My lovers! . . . What was love? Naught but a bright
Faint failing star that fades from Hades' brim,
Lost, lost,—to shine on Him,
The true Beloved—

CHORUS.

O king, she dies!
Pray, pray with all thy passion
That some good god
May yet these loveliest nostrils fashion
And move these eyes,
To breathe, to see, before she sleeps—a clod
Dumb in dead mysteries!

ALKESTIS.

O yellow daffodils,
Gold in the emerald spring,
Kisses about my feet and face
And treasure to my hands!
No mortal ills
Found me when I could fling
My arms to you and twine your grace
Of gold among my golden hair and bands.
Ah, Zeus be thanked if Hades be but this,
A child—a flower—a lover—and a kiss!

CHORUS.

Sweet Queen, great wife, oh, tell us more!
Thy climbing song sees the Elysian Shore.

SAINT GEORGE.

ALKESTIS.

Why should a kiss
Bring midnight here again,
This midnight of grey ghosts?
Ah, go your ways,
Boys and young innocents who hoped amiss
To find delight in a young maiden's train
Of lovers! Into boasts
Of my young powers, I turned your praise
Of my white body! O poor ghosts,
Why, why so many? All your guilty names
Burn out afresh above you,—brandished fames
Of murderous deaths—O God—my soul—

ADMETUS and CHORUS.

*O Herakles, great lord,
Her soul is dying,—let her body die,
So her soul sing the Olympian accord!*

ALKESTIS.

Breathe, breathe, my breast! My father,—sire
Who gave me breath, again thou art my breath.
What lord of the three worlds hath sent *thee* here,
To save my heart from death?
Call me not guilty! Read these lovers' souls,
See the black lusts, ambitions of their lives.
Call me forgiven! What distant thunder rolls
Thy far-off voice? Say, why that right hand strives
To touch thy breast! . . . Oh, send my lovers back!
I had forgot,—
Thou, thou hast not,—
That at the last our murderous touch did hack

Thy life away. Three sisters' hands
 (And mine were twain)
 Tore out thy soul. O piteous father-heart,
 Thy love becomes a fearful legend scrolled
 To roof in Hell. . . . My lovers black, untrue,
 Is there deep sleep in Orcus?
 Take, take me there,—
 The basest soul of you
 Is better than a murdered father here!

CHORUS.

*O fear!
 Marble she is, and grey in agony,
 And we are her's to hold in Tartarus.
 Ye powers of kindly heart, whether are ye
 In sky or earth, pity our king and us,
 We loved her smile about the daffodils,—
 Let not this anguish be,
 Herakles, lord and god!*

ALKESTIS.

My mind is gone, flows round me like the sea,—
 Chaos—old night
 Tell me of yon horizon black, where floats
 A starry light,—
 I think it is a lost soul's hope of bliss,—
 Wavering, flowing,—
 O, hopeless, sunk in blackness,—
 Nay, burning, glowing!
 I do remember when the mothers sang
 I saw that shining
 Ah, who art thou whose godlike step advances
 In the bright mist,

SAINT GEORGE.

The oak-leaf crown entwining
Thy head all beautiful?
O Herakles, all women's lord and christ,
I bow me dutiful ;
Thou, thou at last in Orcus keepest tryst
To save thy worshipper
At last, thy light !
Thy glorious head
Flashing with splendour bright
Dazzles the dull, dead sun
That made the daffodils and fired
My lover's and my father's blood
Through earth-warm days. O good
To dwell where days of earth are overdone
By Herakles the sun-attired
In light and warmth—what warmth ! . . . My lover,
Lover thou art, O Herakles oppress me not
Awful thy burning splendours cover
Hot Hell, that bursts upon me.
Thou oak-crowned christ, what flames
Of molten mind rush forth from thee !
By all the names
Of wisdom thou hast won, by me not seen,
Do one last mercy to me,
Let me die,
And be as though I had not been
My lovers slain, my father pierced to death,
Were naught to my abuse of thy great life,
Parricide daughter, multi-faithless wife,
Who trailed her garments, white as snow, in dust,
Taking the God of love for gilded lust !
I burn have mercy

ALKESTIS.

CHORUS.

*O praise ! 'Tis Herakles, 'tis he, 'tis past.
Daughter of Heav'n, thy song of praise at last
Shall rise to him.*

*Ah, happy in thy tears, Admetus, king,
Bend down thine ear ; her new-born breath shall sing
Joy to the full cup's brim.*

ALKESTIS.

O, peace. O, rest.

I passed through a great stream of fire
That burned me back into myself. My breast
Heaves with a heart new-molten. Higher

Than the high sun He bore me up,
From his own hands he filled me with the cup
Of the great weeping, and now, new for thee,

My husband, I am sent to see
Thy dear days to their end,
Thy wife new-wed. Our children cried
Of nothing when I gave them thee,—
My new-born song

I heard just now, new-chanted by a throng
That round Olympus stretched from sea to sea.

Listen,—they praise christ Herakles our lord ;
Who fought with Death for us, restoring us.

In that black fiery day for me he fought
'Gainst cruel claws that tore my body through.

He bent, he rose, he strove, he cast about,
He cried and laboured in his blood and sweat,
And I forgot myself and cried to him

(Clapping my hands, rejoicing in his strength),
“Great Zeus be thine, beloved, lord of life !”

Then the Death died, and new dawn broke the East.
He smiled and kissed me. Husband, I am here.

SAINT GEORGE.

CHORUS.

*O beautiful, she hath won Herakles,—
Dear king, a queen-enchantress is thy wife.
See, while Olympus still empowers her eyes,
The gods' own choirers even to us arise,—
O hear what lovely hymn they breathe through her.*

CHORUS OF RISEN SPIRITS.

From seas Ægean to th' Ionian sea,
The Hades-held of Hellas rise,
Rise from their shadowy death to honour thee,
Their lord of life in earth and skies.
A starry band of souls, to thee we bow,
We, the delivered ones: deliverer, thou!
Round with the sun thy twelve great labours sweep,
Earth, air, fire, water, do thy will,—
But man with beasts conspires thy death; we weep
The woe thou hast at heart, to kill
Creatures thou lovest; creatures such were we,
Now joining praise in hosts from sea to sea.
Praise we for great Alkestis, Death's last loss,
Awful in sin, in love as great.
Wailing from Tartarus vast prayers that cross
The brassy walls of Orcian fate,
Our sister won thee down, and all thy road
Was brightness through the clouds of our abode,
Brightness and clearness, lighting us to where
Clotho, the Spinner, gently reigns
At the world's gate, to thread our life through there
To the old joys and the old pains.
By thee, great lord, in trembling hope we sink
Into now childhood, pure from Lethe's brink.

ALKESTIS.

Pray the Olympian Father that He send
The fame of great Alkestis wide
Through Hellas, so wise motherhood may lend
To noble fatherhood the bride
Of her white body, that fair life again
Be ours to joy through, pure from lying stain.

Ah, woe! The fairy grottos of the Soul
Are closing from us, and the earth
And the new trial come in clouds that roll
About the gates of death and birth,
And golden memory slips from our hands,—
Be ours in earth, christ of Hellenic lands!

Lands we shall see, to love and err again ;
Where we may turn to curse thy face ;
Where we must linger through the ancient pain
Of the earth's death-doomed race,
If thou, Olympian, touchest not the heart
Of mad forgetfulness that lets thy light depart!

ADMETUS (in ecstasy).

Mine eyes and ears are touched with a new sense,
And I am priest this hour and priest indeed ;
Spirits and men, to you in your joined spheres
Great Herakles replies. My voice is his.

THE VOICE OF HERAKLES (*Chants*).

Sheep of heaven, ever-wandering! ere ye seek the day and night,
Hear the wisdom Zeus-given, mine of choice and mine of right!
Many times to earth descending, I have dwelt as man with men,
Now, a sage of ancient faith, a light to the barbarian, then,
Never living men have known me but as liar and as fool,
Fit to clean their stables only, dumb to teach and small to rule.

SAINT GEORGE.

Sweet of tongue and great in action, women loved me as their child,

Jealous loves that slew my honour, murder upon murder piled.
Only when the Fates have slain me and my soul hath scaled the skies

Hath heav'n heard my name as hero, Zeus-appointed saviour, rise.
Reverence, then, in earth the great dead, give true honour to their souls,

That your eyes may find them living in the world that round you rolls,

For I swear by Zeus that liveth, one shall meet you in the path
In whose heart I dwell, and in the soul of him my love he hath.

Poor and quiet is his going,—fear his eye that looks on thee!

Strangely truthful all his sayings,—to the world a liar he!

If thou fold him to thy heart as mine, then he and thou are mine,—
Laugh, cry “beggar, fool, and liar,”—ice of Tartarus is thine!

Sheep of heaven, ever-wandering, ere ye seek the day and night,
As ye love your soul's lord, keep the memory of Alkestis bright!
Know that Herakles Olympian, whom his wife for vengeance slew,
Strove and groaned in hell to save a wife, and tore from Death his due.

'Tis his heart who watches for you till ye turn again to him,
'Tis his judgment ye must suffer, as ye drink at Lethe's brim.

THE RUSKIN SCHOOL-HOME.

By H. Lowerison.

IN spite of the fact that all true educationalists continue to make vehement protest against it, we still continue to make our little children pass through the fire to the Moloch of examinations. Under present conditions, and in later life, they are necessary, but a preparation for an examination can never be education in the one sense of the word.

Applying the Ruskinian method to the word e-ducation (Latin, e=out of, and duco=I lead), we see that it should mean a *leading out* of the best latent human faculties. One of the noblest human faculties is that of reverence, for any man or thing greater, beautifuller, than ourselves. Link the words, Reverence and Preparation for Examination, together! But until we link Reverence and Education together, Whitechapel will be Whitechapel, and Regent Street Regent Street.

Ruskin has sketched, in the Preface to *Unto this Last*, his ideal of Education. It is very simple, very far-seeing, and easily applicable to all.

His desires are: That a child should be taught—

- a. The Laws of Health, and the Exercises enjoined thereby,
- b. Habits of Gentleness and Justice, and
- c. The Calling by which he or she is to live.

Three years ago, when the Master lay dying at Brantwood, I was fighting with packing cases, and dust, and straw, and new furniture, in the house that we had taken as a School-Home, in which to try and realise Ruskin's ideal. And one night, when darkness and weariness had made surcease of my work, in the little living-room we had cleared among the confusion, I opened the daily paper to read that he was dead. And I had no sorrow therefor, only I went to my bed and slept, with *Unto This Last* under my pillow.

SAINT GEORGE.

Three years ago, and we can take mental stock of our failures and our successes, of our methods and their application, and whether they have brought about the desired results.

In the first instance, I must preface that as the first ideal of a good school will be the physical health of the children, and as pure air is one of the first essentials to that end, all lessons possible should be given in the open air, and not in more or less stuffy class-rooms. A satchel for books (not many books: books are becoming the bane of thought), a camp-stool, and a mackintosh or umbrella, added to this much abused climate of ours (in which a man can nevertheless spend more time in the open than in any other), and it is wonderful how much time can be spent profitably out of doors. We learn the laws of health, truly, in a simple "body-lore" talk once a week, but we learn more, and gain more, by practising them. Many children sent to us weakly and pre-disposed to various illnesses have grown quite out of them while under our care. For exercises we have walking—with an object, Norman Castle, Danish Earthwork, Gothic Church, fossil bearing quarry, or insect-eating plant; swimming—nearly all, both boys and girls, can swim after one summer term; and, of course, boys will have cricket and football, while the girls have their tennis-court. Good health—rude, robust, abundant health—is our norm; but this term we have had two serious cases of illness that have broken our hitherto splendid record.

Boys and girls alike are received with us, sharing all studies, games, and occupations. The boys learn to darn their own stockings; the girls, if they choose, may go into the workshop and handle saw and plane. To get a real respect for a chimney-sweep try to sweep a chimney. How can the sexes, as boy and girl, respect each other while our present system obtains? Where is the boy's gentleness, the girl's self-reliance and fortitude? So we teach other, an't please you, habits of gentleness and justice.

Our system has its dangers. Granted; only it is better than the monastic one that survives to-day. Some day, when "the

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earth shall be full of the knowledge of good as the waters cover the sea," all men will be chivalrous, all women pure, and we shall live brotherly in a world of brothers and sisters. And with the young our Utopia is possible, now and here.

We teach no dogma in our school. Last Sunday night I read one of the fierce vindictive *Psalms* and then a passage from the *Koran*, and compared them with the Sermon on the Mount and the self-renunciation of the gentle Buddha. Has God left so many nations in utter darkness? Or shall we accept that brave universalism of Longfellow in the forewords to *Hiawatha*? And we prefer King Alfred to David as exemplar, and English Bede to Paul of Tarsus. Our own folk appeal more strongly, and are more easily understood.

Now, as to our curriculum. [Good word, curriculum (Latin, a race-course), for the present system! A course where tired children are flogged and spurred to do abnormal feats for the reward of winning a prize not worth having.] But, accepting the word, I may say that our subjects are practically those of the ordinary schools, only much more attention is given to plant-lore, and rock-lore, and sketching from nature.

It is in our methods that we differ from the accepted type of school. Not the acquisition of knowledge, but the open and observant eye, the reverent soul, the keen, trained, reasoning mind is what we desire. And not to burden ourselves with unnecessary knowledge. Do you remember, gentle reader, the length in miles of the Thames, and the Tweed, and the Zambesi? the height of the Hindoo Koosh? the date of Queen Anne's death? But they *made* you learn them at school. And all the while they are in the encyclopædia in the bookshelf over your writing-desk, or at furthest in the Free Library in the next street. But do you know, again, the scarlet female flowers of the hazel? Can you name a score of the wild-flowers round your feet or the wild-birds in the forest on a country walk? Ah, my friend, this knowledge sells not in the market for gold, so your schools do

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not teach it, and you go through the world having eyes and seeing not, having ears and hearing not. And "God's calm annual drama" is enacted every year before *such* an audience! I am a poor man, and shall be so all my life, but I would not sell for £5000 a year the joy I shall have presently in the reappearance of the yellow-globed, green-ruffed winter aconite on the bank under the limes just outside my window. Perhaps if I did not remember so well the date of Marathon I should be able to find out why a wagtail wags his tail. A fool's quest, the shallow man would say: let him read Tennyson's "Flower in the crannied wall."

Mind you, some children care for none of these things. The workshop will interest some boys far more than the garden. Twelve-year Cedric, for instance, will to the end of his life care far more to make a hive himself than to watch the bees through a glass-shuttered one in the garden, to make a cage for his guinea-pigs rather than to puzzle his child-craftsman's head as to why the animals have no tails.

I have learnt in my three years of work here, unfettered, except sometimes by lack of means, that heredity is more powerful than education. I "snatched at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of the gods," man's perfectibility, and I find that Darwin speaks the last word on it. Centuries more of evolution must elapse before the ape and tiger die in us. This very morning, as we were snowballing, I watched the fierce Celtic blood surge up in a little Welsh boy, who kicked savagely at a comrade who had planted a ball cunningly. And many a time have I reduced that lad to tears and penitence by shaming him with gentle words about his irascible temper. But there is nothing to whine about: the tiger is useful in his own domain, and when no longer needed will be exterminated.

We dwell in a beautiful old house, bowered in ivy, Gloire de Dijon rose, clematis, jasmine, and passion-flower, standing in its large garden, with old-world trees, mulberries and medlars and

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giant araucarias, with hazel avenues and a big orchard of walnuts; a paddock for football and cricket and another for lawn tennis; and a good-sized botanic garden where we hope to collect ourselves a type collection of our country's flora. Of out-buildings, the pet-house is much visited, with its menagerie of rats and mice, and snakes, and tortoises, and guinea-pigs, and jackdaws; an old stable has been transformed into a workshop, another does duty as a cycle-house; while the dove-house inmates are tended mostly by our girls; and boys and girls alike bring their finds to our little museum. A large vinery makes a capital studio for our photographic club, and a little dark room is at their disposal indoors. The vinery aforesaid is often used also in dull weather for our drawing classes. In the garden every child has its duties, and a glass observation hive forms the basis of practical object lessons on bees.

It would be difficult, in a short article, to enumerate the activities of our children, but some mention should be made of our open-air theatre, which we cleared, laid with turf, and keep in order ourselves. A pastoral play will be performed here, all being well, every summer term. Last year we chose *As You Like It*.

It must never be forgotten that children are like birds, restlessly active; and this activity should never be dammed, it should be directed. If it be dammed it will run into dirty channels, if it be directed it will do sweet and wholesome work. But to find scope for all activities we must broaden our scope to the uttermost, and that is why I am seeking funds to buy a boat for next year. The sea is within ten minutes; the young muscles pluck wistfully at an oar left lying in a boat on the shore: we *must* have our boat.

Space would fail me if I tried to show you how we direct our youngsters how to learn, rather than teach them; how a lesson is given three times over when the teacher or conductor of the class thinks that they can be led to find out anything for themselves rather than accept it on his or her dictum; how a lesson on a

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geometrical problem may resolve itself into a discussion as to the relative merits of the Early Decorated (Geometrical) Period of Gothic Architecture as compared with the later Floreated.

Now, if we were eternally looking forward to results at examinations such a discussion or discursion would be impossible. The *work* must be done, at whatever cost of lack of interest. And that opens out another big question: was Shakespeare right?

“No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.”

I hold he was, and that one wise saying utterly condemns the modern system. Ruskin has told us that while industry without art is brutality, work without pleasure is slavery. And from our child-slaves, if they were articulate, or we had ears to hear and know, would go up one long moan of pain.

My fellow-members of the Ruskin Union, if they were wise, would join the Parents' Educational Society. It does not recommend my school, so I can recommend it with a free mind, but it seems to me the most important attempt to find out on what firmest basis education may stand, and to build on that foundation an edifice on which all the Seven Lamps may shine.

In truth, to educate parents, is *the* problem. We are so conservative. We cling, limpet-like, to our traditions. Our wheels have run so long in the old ruts that their straight grooves are not felt as obstructions. Greek and Latin verse and mathematics have turned out such noble men, that flower-lore, and star-lore, and rock-lore may well be distrusted at first! To say that German and French may be made to yield as much mental training as Greek and Latin, besides being of solid practical application and use! It is the rant of a Radical! For a school-master to aver that he has forgotten all his Greek and cannot teach it! that he prefers Ossian to Homer, and the Scandinavian mythology (our fathers' religion) to the Greek! Worst of all, when he talks quite openly to parents and tells them that the problem of the existence of evil hangs on him sometimes like

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a physical weight till he begins to doubt the existence of an omnipotent and omniscient Being! Is it small wonder that respectability shakes the dust of our school off its feet? that Pharisaism thanks God that it is not as we? And when I add that we teach, here within six miles of the king's residence, that royalty and nobility are only to be respected for their true royalty (best law-wardship) and true nobility, that of character, is it to be wondered that our little corner of Norfolk stands aghast? But we survive, and our school is always full and gradually enlarging, so that, *pace* Thomas Carlyle, there are many men not fools in the land—to our way of thinking: there may be even many like John Ruskin's father, "entirely honest men."

But the bairns are practising a Christmas Carol in the dining-room as I write, and that reminds me that some will leave at Christmas. What about Ruskin's third ideal, the calling by which they are to live?

On this point, as a rule, I can only advise parents. We do not keep our children long enough to train them in any specialised way. But the boy who left us last term to go into an architect's office had planned out grounds and gardens, drains and paths, over all our little estate, and made plans and elevations, beside, of our buildings. The boy, who came last term for one year just to get a larger outlook on geology and botany, preparatory to taking up gardening as his life-work, has mapped out our botanic garden, and pruned and lopped, and dug and planted, and sought the habitats of all the plants of our peculiarly rich and abundant flora. And the girls are to keep house, really and truly, in one of our houses, Ivy Cottage, under the bright eyes of our French master's wife, cooking and washing, and dusting and cleaning, and keeping accounts, and making the marketing, with a real live doll of a baby to tend. I am wondering if I shall ever be invited to dinner at Ivy Cottage! And what I shall get to eat! But it will be great fun, and the children will learn things at first-hand. My wife, on our return from the wedding-jaut, took down Mrs.

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Beeton, a wedding-gift, to learn how to cook potatoes! But she had been well "educated" at a good middle-class school! You laugh! Ah, if she had not been a very docile and adaptable lady, perhaps I should not have laughed with you.

And need I say more? We do not need advertisement, but if any member of our Societies would like further knowledge of us we shall be pleased, at any time, to welcome them. And the School Magazine, one shilling per annum—with stories, nature notes, reviews of books, verse, and photographs and designs by the children—is a better index of our life here than anything I can write.

SOME RUSKIN VIEWS.

By the Rev. A. C. Hill.

RUSKIN was a man whose absolute honesty of purpose is almost beyond the apprehension of the ordinary mind. Men who have been accustomed to make all their judgments of men and things agree with their assumption that the teacher and reformer has always his private axe to grind, are unable to understand one who is willing to say what he honestly believes, and who looks for no reward that could be granted by Government. The members of the ruling classes found in him one who could not be bought, who was magnificently candid, and who was in possession of the ear of the British public.

That he was allowed to preach so boldly doctrines opposed to every idea of modern legislation is a proof that we have moved considerably from the intellectual tyranny of the Middle Ages. Especially is this manifest, when we remind ourselves that Ruskin's method of promulgating his ideas was the reverse of diplomatic. Candour was with him a passion, and he was utterly disqualified both by temper and taste for resting content with the statement of half-truths.

Anything in the nature of compromise was repugnant to him. He could not be satisfied until he had spoken his whole mind on any subject. The result of this wholesale candour, this disposition to shout from the housetops what other men merely whispered in the closet, is that, as the years move on, many of his ideas appear to be contradictory, and when the statements of one period are put against the statements of another, it is not easy to reconcile what are apparently diverse propositions. But the contradiction is always more apparent than real. For Ruskin's ideas in their essence never varied. As his life progressed he became more interested in the practical application of his theories, less content

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to regard his words merely as seeds that might bear fruit after many days. But it is the same thinker, with the same purposes and ideals, who writes the fiery pages of *Modern Painters* and speaks with authority from Coniston.

In either case the man is pleading for an application of the principles of Art to life. He is, and must ever remain, an Idealist, with the firmest faith in the perfectibility of man; and his theories and suggestions towards a philosophy of life can only be made intelligible in the light of this implicit belief in the possibility of human goodness. That man was beautiful in himself, and the inhabitant of a beautiful world, he believed with all his heart; and his purpose in life was to set the soul of man free from the clinging webs of old custom and base selfishness. Whatever his theory of man may have been, he has done more perhaps than any other writer of his time to nourish the love of goodness and the hatred of all things evil within the human breast.

It was because of this belief in the essential dignity and beauty of all human life, that he saw so clearly where the welfare of England really lay. Men prated then as they will now, and probably will for many a century to come, of the wealth of this country; and pointed to our buildings, our houses in Mayfair and by the banks of the Thames, as proof that we had all the visible signs of vast wealth and inordinate luxury. But they forgot the crowds of weak-chested men, and feeble women, who were earning all this wealth, and on whom the very existence of the social fabric depended. Ruskin could not forget. On the contrary, year by year it became more manifest to him that there was no salvation possible for the country that did not touch and radically alter the life of the masses in our cities. Urged on by the love of beauty as he saw it in Nature, and moved from the heart by his knowledge of the misery of men, it was inevitable that he should turn at last to the solution of the great problem. Whether his treatment of it is to satisfy the intellect and conscience of future ages time alone can tell. But there are many who believe

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that in his teaching there lies the best answer yet given to the world's questionings. As yet the majority of men have scarcely grasped the fact that a great prophet has been in their midst.

Misinterpretations of his teaching, and qualified acceptances of his ideas, have hindered rather than advanced his cause. But we have at least the certainty that time is with us. Many of the ideas that to-day have been most contemptuously rejected will yet make good their claim on the attention of men, when men are better able to apprehend their true meaning.

To show what entirely diverse opinions may and do prevail about his work, I quote two utterances of intelligent men made in my hearing : " Ruskin's political economy is the weakest part of his work." " Ruskin as a theoriser about Art does not interest me ; as a student and teacher of political economy he appears to me supreme." I see not how we can fairly distinguish between his teaching as an Art Master, and as a founder of a school of political economy. His work is so bound up, his ideas are so intimately connected, and the leading principles in both departments are so entirely similar, that I do not understand how a division can profitably be made between them.

There will always be the men who prefer to take from a writer simply that portion of his teaching which commends itself to their own ideas, and who will summarily reject the parts which conflict with their interests and prejudices. Wholesale acceptance of any man's statements, however great his authority, is never to be expected. But Ruskin would certainly have expressed himself with vigour, and indeed did so more than once, concerning those who accepted gladly all that he had to say on the questions of Art, but when the same principles were applied to industrial life and its problems refused to follow their teacher further. In the one case it is safe to suppose they followed because the matter was of no great importance to their personal interests, and in the other that they refused because the practical application of the principles they had professed to admire would be likely to affect their temporal

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concerns. Any man may sermonize to his heart's content while he deals in abstractions and theories. It is when he proceeds to the application of his theories that his hearers become restive.

What were these principles which so deeply moved the hearts of men, some to a reverence for their expounder that can never die, and others to a passionate hatred of his name and derision of his teaching? The first is that there is no such creature as the Economic Man, described and postulated by the orthodox political economist of his time. Many have denied that any creature like the Economic Man had ever been asserted to exist; they conceive it as a mere bogus figure which Ruskin sets up only to destroy. But, in fact, he simply gathered together the ideas and suggestions he found in the books of the economists, and prepared from them a picture which was startling even to those who had contributed some of its lineaments. The Economic Man is idle. It was supposed to be necessary to assume this, otherwise there would be no possibility of calculating correctly what the value of the worker would be in the social body. Man worked only because hunger compelled him, and when that impelling force was removed, man would cease to work.

This creature of imagination was supposed also to be intensely covetous, not of admiration and of love, but of money; and he desired money for the sole reason that when he had enough of it, he could cease from work. The idea that any man can find pleasure in his work, that there are men to whom work is the chief delight of their life, was treated as absurd.

Here Ruskin joined issue with the economist. His study of Art led him to perceive the fallacy in the theory thus taught. He saw no reason why the spirit that animated Correggio should not be the spirit of the artisan. To this the employer of labour would answer that many of the facts were on the side of the orthodox economist. Men came to their work in the morning, without interest, at the last possible moment, and when the time came at night for retiring, they were down the stairs and out of the door

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before the clock had ceased striking the hour. And with many another argument the employer would urge his point that the men of to-day were not fond of work, but would only toil when driven by necessity. To much of this Ruskin was compelled to listen, but he had one answer ready, an answer based on his own experience as artist and writer. He said that if the conditions under which the man worked were made just, and the work itself was such as was worthy of the whole-hearted attention of intelligent men, they would interest themselves in it. Thus the answer of the first question which confronted Ruskin in the study of Political Economy was unequivocal. Man is always a working creature under normal conditions, and if to-day he is not partial to his work, the reason lies in the nature of the circumstances or of the work itself. Change these, and then make your test of the natural man's liking for toil.

Of Ruskin's definition of Wealth, as "that well-being without which there can be no healthy activity in the life of the individual or the nation," one need only say that it is the one idea which seems to have entered the mind (we trust to remain there) of the average British man. That it is so often to-day on the lips of men in this country, and is being adopted by men as the idea by which their corporate activities ought to be guided, is to be attributed to the constant enforcement of the truth by Ruskin. We all know now that wealth does not and cannot consist merely in the possession of a great quantity of marketable commodities, as though a nation whose ports were crowded with barrels of ale and millions of cheeses were necessarily wealthy, in defiance of the fact that the people who composed the nation were all dyspeptic. It is ultimately a vital standard rather than one merely commercial that we must apply to our national prosperity. If we are better in morals and stronger in physique, with deeper chests and loftier foreheads than others, then we are truly wealthier than they. But to suppose that a debilitated people is wealthy, because they have more corn and wine than they can ever eat, is to contradict the

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elementary principles of human life. The wealth of a child, considered merely as a child, does not depend on the number of cows tethered in its father's byre, but in the amount of natural food it is capable of absorbing into its system.

As an instance of his inveterate habit of moralizing everything he touched may be mentioned the fact that he divided the science of Political Economy, as it was then known, into two branches. The one which deals with the ways and means of earning a livelihood he denominates Mercantile Economy; that which is concerned with the distribution of pleasurable things, he calls by the old name of Political Economy. Mercantile Economy receives severest reprobation because it divides a man into two sections. As a labourer a man is conceived as one creature, but as a lover, or as an artist, he is conceived as another and entirely different. The lover gives himself altogether to the immediate purpose of his life. Romeo cares for nothing until he is the sure possessor of his Juliet's affection. Michael Angelo works at his task as though in very truth the stone were being struck by the hands of a demon. But the labourer who is working for wages, and he is the only man who is considered by the student of Political Economy, throws, we are told, into his work only a part, and that by far the meanest part, of his nature. There is no glad surrender to the thralldom of his task. Some intelligence and some attention he may bestow, but his thoughts are far more engrossed by the idea of pecuniary reward than by delight in his art. As lover or artist, man works with his whole nature; but as labourer, his nature is split into fragments, and only part of him is brought into play. To the economist man is simply the repository of certain producing powers. Ruskin pointed out that man is an organic being. His work is not the expression of a mechanism, but of a vital being. Love and hate do enter into his work and affect its character. The zeal with which William Pitt throws himself into the war against France, the anguish he suffered with every defeat of the coalition, and his joy at every success they won, is

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greater in its intensity than the feeling with which the weaver sends his shuttle flying through the groove, because there is a vast difference in the importance of the two tasks. But both men, as far as they are true workers, are animated by the same desire to do well. The difference in degree may be enormous, but they are singularly alike in the principle which really guides their conduct.

It was a result of this conception of man as an organic being, that the thinker should ask the teachers of Political Economy to fix the living wage.

No man has taught more freshly the truth that "Man liveth not by bread alone." Admiration, hope and love were the essential food of every man, and the meanest workman had a right to some share in these. Your Irish peasant starving on a diet of rotten potatoes and sour milk, the scorn of all Europe, and the perpetual thorn in the side of the English statesman, is not further removed from the conditions of a pure and healthy existence than is the denizen of one of our great cities, who is compelled to live in a back garret with his family and breathe the pestilential air of a city slum. Nay, the poor Irishman may be regarded as the happier mortal, for he has at least the privilege of seeing the blue sky, and breathing the air of his mountains and his lakes. Though his body may be starved it is not impossible that he may nourish his soul on great ideas, and dream of a freedom that is long in coming. But the man who is forced by the law of Supply and Demand to accept the lowest wage that will keep the soul in his feeble body, and in order to secure even this is compelled to live in the vilest quarters of a great modern city, has as little chance of nourishing his soul on things that make for life and health as the slave chained to his oar in the galley's hold.

Man is not to be regarded merely as a horse, needing so much oats and hay with an occasional corrective in the shape of a bran mash to equip him for doing a certain quantity of work in a given time. He is something more than a workman, a being with

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appetites that can be fed by nothing less than the great ideas and pure intentions that have been the sustenance of the soul since man was made conscious of his own potential greatness. To judge things by a vital rather than by a commercial standard was Ruskin's purpose. In things he saw potency for good or evil independent of their marketable value. A cask of whiskey and a selection of good books may have the same value in the market, but the true value is intrinsically different. That is to say, that he always judged of things by their moral effect on the consumer. Commodities are to him simply so many tons or pounds of stored up energy which will be let loose either for the production of true fellowship or of moral abasement amongst men. It is doubtful whether there will ever be brewers or booksellers who measure their goods by such a standard. But there are signs at least that men are conscious of the power for moral good and evil that may be enshrined in marketable commodities.

To possess is not to hold in the hand, but to understand with the mind and feel with the heart. The true owner is the connoisseur whose taste is cultivated, and who can therefore select what is pleasing, and reject that which he disapproves. And this suggests that before we can lead the people of our land into the possession of beautiful things, they must be trained to appreciate and enjoy. Our Art galleries may be thrown open, and the crowds may pass through them, but many of the beauties that are to be seen in each picture will be hidden from the knowledge of the crowd. Only by the deliberate and persistent effort on the part of educated men to impart their knowledge to the multitude can the perceptive powers of the rest be trained and perfected. This is the task that awaits every man who is touched by the spirit of Ruskin's teaching. He must live to make the crowds who know it not conscious of the beauty of the world.

He protests vigorously against the present system of Division of Labour. Of the necessity of a modified division, no one was more conscious. But of the evils resulting from excessive

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specialisation he was also well aware. He saw it as an instrument for the reduction of the average intelligence of man, and for the removal of joy from the life of the worker. His dislike of machinery is to be attributed to this. That he was at times unjust to the services machinery has rendered us may be admitted. But his severest censures are part of a manful protest against the encroachments of mechanism upon vitality, and the spontaneous expression of human volition. Ruskin has definite theories of life as it ought to be. Many of his ideas appear visionary to those engaged in the actual work of life. He, like Tolstoy, accepted with sadness the difference between the city of his dreams and the crude reality. Because the bodily and mental condition of its members is the true criterion of the wealth of a state, he placed the laws relating to marriage in the forefront of his programme.

Marriage is to be the reward of the frugal, honest and industrious. Men are to regard admittance to it as a mark of the esteem of their brethren. It implies the recognition by the community of those virtues which the young have cultivated in the school and the workshop, and which are evidence of their title to be ranked amongst the men of the state. Education is to combine fitness for the station in life to which the pupil belongs, with opportunities for farther advancement if the desires and *powers* of the aspirant are adequate. Yet no man has a greater dislike to that gospel of getting on, which has been preached so vigorously by Samuel Smiles. He was a sworn foe to that spirit which can never see without envy anything more beautiful and rare than itself possesses. But he was too well aware of the uncertainty of nature's gifts to do anything but help forward the man of power who wished to "break his birth's invidious bar."

That Jacob's ladder, which so many of the best men of modern times have dreamed of, the foot of which rests in the lowest school of the people, and the top of which enters the University, was not unknown to Ruskin. He, who so thoroughly appreciated all that learning and study had been able to do for himself, would gladly have extended the same boon to others. For he knew well that

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it is only by the spread of great ideas, and the influence of lofty examples, that men can be moved to the pursuit of the ideal in character and conduct.

The Guild system which he advocated is touched with the spirit of mediæval times. Each trade is to have a Guild composed of the best men in the trade, chosen by the members. This committee is to act as a directing and restraining influence over the general activities of the trade. Questions of price of labour, of the introduction of new designs, and whatever pertains to the good of the trade, are to be settled by the Guild.

Ruskin rejected the doctrine of equality between man and man. The aristocrat therefore plays an important part in his philosophy, for he is a believer in aristocracy. The noble is still to retain his land, but he is to retain it as the servant of the State, not merely to draw rent from it himself, since that is not noble work, but to watch the interests of those who are working with him. Being noble he must labour more severely and endure more cheerfully. The plebeian, perhaps, may live with his mind fixed on the temporal reward of his toil, but the patrician labours not for the meat that perisheth. Thus Ruskin breaks away from many of the leading ideas of his time. From the doctrine of a liberty opposed to that obedience to law by which alone can come life and light, he recoils. He will have nothing to do with any notion of equality, save the equality of duty. That all men should give of the best that they have, and are, for the service of the State and the race, he is convinced. Equality of endowment he sees contradicted by each department of natural life. His faith in democracy is touched by a fear which the present writer does not share. But the democracy of to-day and the future needs to learn that in sobriety and chastity and piety will be its ultimate salvation. Many are still inclined to doubt the sanity of Ruskin's conclusions and suggestions. There are some, however, and the number is steadily increasing, who find that his reading of life covers the largest number of facts, includes the widest circle of interests, and is most firmly based on the rock of eternal truth.

CRITICISM AND THE MAN.

By G. Moulton Piper.

IN his somewhat pessimistic biography of Ruskin, Mr. Frederic Harrison repeats Ruskin's complaint that the second volume of *Modern Painters* is usually read only for its pretty passages, its theory of beauty being scarcely ever noticed. Whether Ruskin's complaint was justified it is not easy now to determine, but no one who cares to give even a cursory attention to his general theory on art can afford to overlook this important part of the book. Behind it all there is, too, the glowing enthusiasm of the man himself for all that is ideally beautiful. It is luminous without being discursive; its one word is moderation, which should, Ruskin remarks, be inscribed in letters of pure gold over the door of every School of Art.

But admitting, for the moment, the complaint of Ruskin, the natural question is, why is this part of his work neglected? So far as the author is concerned, the accuracy or inaccuracy of its main propositions is not actually questioned—they are simply ignored, and by those who should heed them most. A glance at the criticism of art in England to-day shows that while the volume of it is greater than it ever was, its chief characteristics are, unfortunately, vagueness and sterility. Individualism is its curse, and individualism such as it has developed is inimical to the healthy growth of criticism. As a fine art, criticism demands the greatest discipline and the most sedulous cultivation; and that it so generally fails in dignity and depth is the reason why so much of it is without any effect upon the general public. Indeed, by the serious student, almost the whole of the current criticism of art might be advantageously ignored. There is a small but powerful group of writers, best represented by the late R. A. M.

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Stevenson, who practically deny to anyone the right to criticise a work of art unless the individual is a trained worker in the art itself. The fallacy behind this is injudicious and harmful at the same time. It is injudicious because it overlooks the natural tendency of the intelligence always to ask why? a demand which increases in volume as every new wave of cultivation passes over the community ; it is harmful because it seeks to place an insuperable barrier between the natural appeals of art and the public to whom those appeals are addressed. To glorify the technique of an art at the expense of its inner meanings is the first step towards decadence.

In its own domain criticism which is worth the name is a living force. When they overlook this fact artists are in danger of repelling the very persons whom it is most their duty to conciliate. For in regard to painting, what is the real function of criticism? Is it to promulgate a body of dogma concerning only the right use of tools and materials, the disposition of masses, the relations of colours, etc.? We say at once, no. The places for such teaching are the academy and the school, not the work-a-day world, where a large proportion of the most intelligent are wholly destitute of any productive art-faculty. The function of criticism as regards the general public is rather an explanation of the power, and a pointing out of the affinities, by which all manifestations of the artistic spirit are joined to one another ; and it is the duty of criticism here to replace the so far unmeaning formulæ of the schools by a correct appreciation of the qualities which correlate all works of genius. *The main duty of criticism is to create a correct standard of taste.* In doing this for the art of painting it is hardly too much to say that, for the general public, more regard must be had to a wide application of comparisons, and to indicating where beauty exists, than to appreciation of the merits of the technicalities upon which the art is based. In short, to be of any real use, criticism must be allowed a province of its own, which can, if necessary, exist altogether apart from the material of the

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subject with which it is dealing. And in thus attempting to show to men the relation as well as the character and the value of any work of art, one is met at the outset by the fact that men's preferences, as well as their lives, are influenced very largely by matters hardly within the plane of the intellect. The judgment of even the most unbiassed is more or less the subject of mere whim or even temperamental prejudice. And the strongest appeals of art are really made to the emotions; yet how few English writers have given this important consideration its proper weight! It is here that the worth of Ruskin as a writer on art exhibits itself. Whether his opinions in regard to technique were right or wrong, matters very little for most of us. What does matter is, that in place of the academic formalism of art he puts its vitality; and, where others are content to see only brilliant workmanship, he looks deeper, and discovers perennial beauty. And throughout the whole of the division of *Modern Painters* to which reference is made above, this is the position taken up by Ruskin. His concern is not which is the best method of producing a certain effect, but what will be the use and value of the effect when you have produced it. Leaving technicalities largely on one side, as matter rather between the practical art-teacher and his painter pupils, Ruskin conceives it to be the art critic's duty to address himself to the emotions which the finished work of art expresses and arouses in the general spectator—to set up some standard and lay down some general principles by which the infinite variety of emotional effect may be classified and judged, and to which the infinite variety of individual whim and preference may be referred and thereby corrected. This opens up, for him, a very wide field in which things quite different from pigments and their correct uses are discussed; and rightly so, for our environment and education have led to this, that even the most uninitiated brings to the consideration of any work of art a mind full of complex images and ideas. With these the critic must deal if he is to be of any real use, and his work anything more than a mere pastime;

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for, as Ruskin elsewhere remarks, "art instead of being foreign to deep questions of social duty and peril is vitally connected with them."

One reason for the neglect of which Ruskin complained was, possibly, the fact that his readers did not keep sufficiently in view the phase of his life when he wrote those chapters, and what he meant them to convey. He was then fresh from the enthusiastic study of the most opulent school of painting that the world has yet seen. The freshness, the fulness, the extraordinary wealth of this Venetian school were strong in his mind. Hence the first attribute of beauty with which he deals is infinity; and, throughout, he never gets quite rid of the fascination that the sublime in nature and the rich in art have for all passionate souls. It should also be remembered that *Modern Painters* was written before "scientific" criticism became fashionable, and before Morelli had created the school of critics whose chief, and almost only, concern is the correct classification and ascription of noses, and eye-lids, and finger-tips. Yet the result achieved by Ruskin is as sound a piece of illuminative criticism as any to be found in English literature. It is purely academic in the sense that it conforms to the highest rules known to experience, but it is splendidly oblivious of manipulative detail. It starts with the recognition of the fact that in England, at least, the intelligence of every thinking man and woman is largely tinctured by emotion. The effect of this in the realm of the imagination is not always easy to estimate precisely, but no writer on æsthetics who wishes himself to be taken seriously can afford to overlook it. Admitting this, one can conceive of the possibility of the rise among us of a great art-critic who shall be entirely untrained in matters of technique. Such a thing has happened; it happened in France in the case of Diderot, whose *Salons de Peinture* are read with delight to-day, while thousands of disquisitions, written both then and since, by capable painters upon the technical merits and demerits of Greuze and Watteau are buried in oblivion. Sainte-Beuve's remark on

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this unique power of Diderot applies with double force to Ruskin. "Such writers lead you on, they fix your attention, and while you are following them your latent sense of form and colour is aroused and quickened. From some mysterious cause that words cannot define you become in your turn a good judge and connoisseur."

The qualities that confer distinction upon a work of art are beauty, feeling, and imagination, and these do not subsist in the mere materials used for the expression of any art. Directly, therefore, a work of art is produced, it is henceforth beyond the trammels of the studio; and the truest judges of its real worth are those who, appreciating its beauty, can elucidate its meaning and fitly describe its charm. In the place, then, of an over-obtrusive grammar of art Ruskin would put a clear knowledge of the attributes of beauty—a domain elusive, indeed, requiring a mind of subtle grasp and penetrative range for its proper exploration, but far wider and richer in the results it yields than that which is circumscribed by technical laws and formulæ. As he says, "Any work of art which represents not a material object, but the mental conception of a material object, is, in the primary sense, ideal;" and the whole of this part of *Modern Painters* is written to point out the basis upon which that conception, to be of any value, must rest. It is rich in allusiveness and, what is better still, it is fertile in suggestion. In its breadth and sympathy it is characteristic of its author, and without some such qualities as Ruskin possessed, it is useless for any critic to hope to explain convincingly to men at one and the same time the magnificence of Veronese and the nebulous charm of Corot, the serenity of Giotto and the daring of Henner, the peaceful sublimity of Bellini and the dazzling brilliance of Turner.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines written for the Unveiling of the "Dr. William Smyth Memorial Window" by Her Excellency the Countess of Dudley, in the Belfast Medical Institute, on Nov. 26th, 1902 :

By Prof. Frederick S. Boas (Queen's College, Belfast).

The veil is drawn :—and from the jewelled pane
Flashes on straining eye and beating heart,
Emblazoned by the limner's loving art,
A story fashioned in heroic strain.

Yet this, no fabled feat in days of yore,
No mythic song, nor legendary lay,
But all-true tale of this our latter day,
Amid the wastes and wilds of Arranmore,

A lonely islet in the western wave,
Lashed by Atlantic surge and winter-storm,
Through it came stalking Fever's spectral form,
Gathering her tribute for the yawning grave.

And men fled shuddering from her path away—
Men fled, save only one, a man of men,
Who, lion-hearted, leapt into her den,
And battled with her for her anguished prey.

Alone across the strait his skiff he plied,
And knelt beside the sufferer's bed alone,
Till one, with heart undaunted as his own,
Sprang to the place of peril at his side.

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And while the billows break on Arranmore,
Men still shall wond'ring tell, and wond'ring hear
How, in a wave-worn bark of yester-year,
They piloted the sick from shore to shore.

No thought was theirs of home, of child, of wife,
Of worldly guerdon, or of worldly fame,
But theirs the spirit rapt, the heart aflame
To render up, so others lived, their life.

And life from one was called for, and laid down
By him who first had braved the Fever-foe :
His fellow wears the laurel here below ;
But his the martyr's palm, the martyr's crown.

Alone he now hath voyaged forth again,
And ferrying o'er th' unfathomable tide,
Beholds, encircled by the glorified,
The Sovereign Healer of the whole world's pain.

THE RELATION OF SCIENCE TO ART.

By R. Warwick Bond.



THE opposition between forms and facts is certainly one of the oldest things on this planet. It has subsisted ever since the line was swept by the golden compass

Round through the vast profundity obscure,

and reluctant chaos bowed to the imposition of a new order : it has ramified throughout the scale, and into every mode, of being. It is an opposition specially prominent and crucial, perhaps, just now in the spheres of morals and religion, in our public and social life at large : but let not my readers be alarmed ; I do not feel called upon to discuss these aspects of it at this place and time. It may be that the opposition between pretension and reality, between baseless fad and reasoned choice, between showy superficiality and honest toil, between clever trick and genuine inspiration, is as pronounced in the sphere of Art as in any ; yet the proportion of brainless painting, and of connoisseurship whose ineptitude and ignorance may be measured by its positiveness, is, perhaps, no greater now than it has always been. In any case, what I am here concerned with is rather the degree of correspondence between the facts of the physical world and the forms of art, between the organized knowledge of the one and the organized practice of the other, and the way these act and react upon each other.

First of all the whole material of Art is drawn from the physical world—its brushes, pigments, and the materials in which the sculptor, wood-carver, architect, goldsmith, or other metallist work. Obvious limitations are thus placed on the artist. Colours cannot be mixed without a knowledge of the chemical properties of their constituents, and the changes wrought by their combination ; they cannot, or should not, be chosen without a consideration

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of their durability of hue, and the varying effect upon them of atmosphere and of light ; they should not be laid without a consideration of the way in which atmosphere and temperature will affect their consistence and coherence. These are elementary but inevitable facts, the attention to or neglect of which may preserve or destroy the whole harvest of painting at a particular place or time ; though its preservation or destruction depends almost as much upon the knowledge and forethought of its curatorship as of its original production. In rainless Egypt sheltered colour will last longer than in Greece. Titian mixed a red which is brilliant after three hundred and thirty years, Reynolds a red which is a dull brown in a hundred and twenty ; the flaking of the white has left some of Turner's fairest pictures of Venice a mere wreck ; the warping of a panel opens a hideous fissure in a Raphael or a Rembrandt. So dependent is the artist on the chance of time and circumstance, on the operation of natural laws, the province of science, which, left unconsidered, will be as surely, if not so speedily, fatal as the cannon of Austrian or Prussian, the knife of malice, or Puritan iconoclasm. The nature of the material, again, will inevitably determine the character of carving in wood or stone. In champagne cellars at Rheims—cellars of immense extent, excavated in the chalk some fifty to a hundred feet below the surface—I have seen on the side of a great vent reaching to the upper air a colossal representation of a vintage-scene, the ease, fluency, multiplied detail and bold relief of which would hardly have been possible in a more difficult material ; and the magnificent efflorescence of cathedrals like those of Rheims or Rouen is attributable, in part, to the same cause. Where the prevailing rocks are older and harder a sterner, simpler mode results, as in the ruined cathedral of Iona in the Hebrides.

The effect of physical fact is seen in another way, in the choice and the treatment of subject. We may put aside the suggested origin of Gothic architecture in the interlacing boughs of the forest, an idea suggested, I think, by Schlegel, but perhaps much

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earlier. In the *Stones of Venice*, II, ch. vi, sec. 70, Ruskin seems to deny all natural suggestion for its origin, though he allows the influence of vegetation on its gradual development in foliated ornament, and this is what he means by a sentence in the *Eagle's Nest*, p. 106, where speaking of the growth of Norman Cathedrals as a result of local conditions, he says, "The sapling trees beside the brooks gave example to the workman of the most intricate tracery." If natural origin is to be sought for it—and, since the mind of man creates absolutely nothing of itself, but only reproduces and recombines forms and ideas received from outside, the search is at least natural—it is difficult not to trace in the arch, round or pointed, and the groined roof, the likeness of the overarching caves in which men have continually found temporary shelter or hiding for themselves and their possessions, and at one time a permanent dwelling-place. But, architecture apart, there is the striking effect of physical geography on painting, firstly on its subjects, and secondly on its feeling. There are no mountains in Holland, no country that can even be called undulating, save a small area on the East which the traveller to Cologne passes through after crossing the Meuse at Liège. Dutch painting, then, is always of flats—

Where the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign:

—or at least of the same flats, meres, and canals, under the stern stricture of the ice and the glory of frosty sunsets, where the jolly activity of the skaters equally triumphs over the disfavour of Nature. If, as in Rembrandt, Dutch painting occasionally attempts a more varied landscape, it is either conventional, or copied from Italian art, or suggested by Italian travel. Flat countries, again, are the earlier civilized, owing to the greater ease of communica-

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tion. Holland is no fair instance, because it lay far north in an isolated corner of Europe ; and the land itself is of late creation, rescued from its marshes, and the sea, as Goldsmith describes, by the industry of her "patient sons." But the earliest seats of civilization are found, of course, in the alluvial plains, with great waterways, of Egypt, Chaldæa, India, and China. These more easily become the home of wealth and luxury than mountain regions ; and wealth and luxury—however ultimately and potentially derogatory to the spirit and temper of art—are its indispensable foster-nurses. But it is indisputably rather by the mountains, with their grandeur of mass and precipice, their beauty of sheltered glen and hidden waterfall, their witness to colossal forces of earthquake and rending and upheaval, their changing effects of storm and light and colour, their infinitely-varied moral associations of strength and permanence, of danger and menace, of protection and beneficent shade, of ambition and toil and widening survey, that the imagination of man is kindled and his art-power developed : and though, in countries and periods where travel is easy, we cannot draw any very certain conclusions from the surroundings amid which men live ; and though Shakespeare's youth was passed amid the gently-undulating landscape of the heart of England and the slow lapse of Mercian streams, yet Ruskin is surely justified in pointing to the mountains as a main source of deep feeling in the artist. In the fourth volume of *Modern Painters* (Part V., ch. xx., sec. 22) he points out that of the Italians, Leonardo da Vinci, who lived on the whole farthest from the hills, obtained the greatest executive perfection, while the two who have most feeling, Giotto and Angelico, are both hill-bred.

And generally, I believe, we shall find that the hill country gives its inventive depth of feeling to art, as in the work of Orcagna, Perugino, and Angelico, and the plain country executive neatness. The executive precision is joined with feeling in Leonardo, who saw the Alps in the distance ; it is totally unaccompanied by feeling in the pure Dutch schools, or schools of the dead flats.

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This may strike the reader as carried to a rather fanciful extent in detail, but the general truth, as almost always with Ruskin, remains. And granting this very wide effect of Nature on the artistic spirit and its efforts, we see how thoroughly he is justified in insisting that we shall not try to force varieties of individual talent and impulse into a single mould, even the best, for which they may not be fitted; but shall rather allot to each its opportunity of natural expansion, and the full measure of credit it deserves. Ruskin will have us study Greek sculpture and learn what we can from it; study Italian painting and assimilate what we can of Perugino, Raphael, Mantegna, Michael Angelo, Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, and the rest: but he will not have us *imitate* these, in the sense of trying to do what they did; partly because we shall not succeed in doing what they did, but only in producing halting and servile copies, partly because we shall be fatally stifling whatever of natural faculty and endowment we may ourselves possess. He praises the delicate wood-carving of houses at Abbeville; he praises the rude wood-carving of houses in Strasbourg, and "the broad chalk touches," in a provincial not a subtle or finished manner, in which Prout rendered these. He asks us to make what we can, giving our best to the effort, of England, its scenery and its sons, and not to be for ever hankering after foreign models and a foreign excellence. "Find out," he says, "what people have been in the habit of doing, and encourage them to do that better. . . . Set no other excellence before their eyes; disturb none of their reverence for the past, . . . but cherish above all things *local associations and hereditary skill*" (*The Eagle's Nest*, pp. 109-10). My readers may possibly remember the admirable remarks in a precisely similar sense made by Lord Curzon at the recent Delhi Durbar about the native art of India. And Ruskin, linking this *more suo* (and the best of manners, too!) to the wider theme of general life and conduct, bids us all make choice to do of that which we *can do*, feeling a modest pride and happiness in that particular share of power

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accorded us, and not despising it because we recognize other and higher power elsewhere.

To live generally more modest and contented lives; to win the greatest possible pleasure from the smallest things; to do what is likely to be serviceable to our immediate neighbours, whether it seem to them admirable or not; to make no pretence of admiring what has really no hold upon our hearts; and to be resolute in refusing all additions to our learning, until we have perfectly arranged and secured what learning we have got;—these are conditions and laws, of unquestionable σοφία and σωφροσύνη, which will indeed lead us up to fine art if we are resolved to have it fine; but will also do what is much better, make rude art precious.*

We have now reached a point where the gist of the question becomes discernible. We have seen that Art, the queen of forms, is conditioned by Nature, the queen of facts, not only in all the materials and instruments of which it makes mechanical use, but also in the forms which it chooses to represent, and to a very large extent in the spirit in which it represents them. In the plastic arts, above all, we can never afford to forget that the original instinct from which art springs is, if partly a creative, yet also and mainly an imitative one. The earliest extant fine-art products are those representations of elephant, horse, or reindeer, cut on horns or tusks of the animals themselves, which have been found in the Pliocene deposits in some of the caves of central France. Art is acceptable, healthy, natural, only in so far as it is a representation of real things, and not of

. . . . prodigious things,
Gorgons and Hydras and Chimæras dire.

And while the facts of Nature thus authoritatively limit and direct the efforts of Art, there is obviously no reciprocal effect whatever of Art upon Nature; or, if the spectacle of some monstrous represented form might indeed affect injuriously the issue of a woman who saw it constantly during her pregnancy

* *The Eagle's Nest*, sec. 90.

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(and from certain Greek stories we should gather that such had been the case), yet the occurrence would be so rare, and so extraneous to and powerless beside the age-long scheme and methods by which Nature works, that its trifling effects may be altogether disregarded, and leave quite untouched the relative position of Nature as the invariable mistress, and Art as the invariable handmaid. Spite of that curious reflex action by which Art sometimes leads us to a closer investigation or appreciation of Nature, bidding us

love

First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see,

there is no doubt that the ordinary progress is just the reverse of this. With healthy minds and in ordinary circumstances the course is what Ruskin describes it to have been in his own case.

You never will love art well, till you love what she mirrors better. It is the widest, as the clearest, experience I have to give you; for the beginning of all my own right art-work in life, depended not on my love of art, but of mountains and sea. . . . When I was taken annually to the Water-Colour Exhibition, I used to get hold of a catalogue beforehand, mark all the Robsons, which I knew would be of purple mountains, and all the Copley Fieldings, which I knew would be of lakes or sea; and then go deliberately round the room to these, for the sake, observe, not of the pictures, in any wise, but only of the things painted.

And through the whole of following life, whatever power of judgment I have obtained, in art, which I am now confident and happy in using, or communicating, has depended on my steady habit of always looking for the subject principally, and for the art, only as the means of expressing it.*

Nature, then, is the mistress; Art only the handmaid. But no sooner does the handmaid get to work, than various considerations arise which require us to modify this simple statement. Assuming that Art has the capacity to do what she attempts—assuming that

* *The Eagle's Nest*, sec. 41.

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her vision is normal, and not the piteously imperfect and diseased eye to which we must needs refer most of the work of modern Impressionists, who paint, they tell us, "what they see"; assuming, further, that she has by years of obedient toil disciplined her hand to the perfect rendering of objects, a toil to which we may suspect the majority of the Impressionists to be strangers, and which they would probably reject as superfluous—granted, I say, the perfection of natural faculty, the perfection of just cultivation, there will and must arise other questions which press for a decision. For Art, or its representative the artist, is not a machine, but a human being endowed with reason and imagination, possessions which place him at once and for ever far above the very highest of the creatures that he is to represent. Into his vision, and therefore his representation of those creatures, he will inevitably read things which would not be read by any creature not similarly endowed, which are not read, for instance, by the highly sensitised photographic plate by which we have enabled Nature to reproduce, though only partially, herself. And this reading-in will be only partly voluntary and conscious. Be the artist as impartial and dispassionate as you will, the slight variation of his powers, natural or acquired, from those of another artist, will be reflected in his representation: while the painter who has due knowledge of his peculiar strength and limitations will be led intentionally to emphasise some parts rather than others, to dwell on what appeals to his capacity or his taste, and minimise what does not. Many of the differences perceptible in the renderings of different artists, and much that distinguishes their rendering from photography, will be properly referable not to difference of mechanical power, not to inability to see or to record, but to choice, to precisely those higher qualities of judgment and imagination which the photographic plate does not possess. Clearly, then, if the work of the human brain be higher than that of Nature's reasonless agents (and neither Ruskin nor any other artist or critic will deny this), we must not hastily condemn a picture for mere failure of likeness, un-

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less that failure be absurd in degree and entirely wilful in its absurdity. We must endeavour to strike a balance between fidelity and treatment. In striking it, we shall have first to consider whether our own eye be a faithful reporter of Nature, and, secondly, what were the motives or causes that coloured the artist's report. And our verdict on this work of a reasoning creature cannot properly be given until our own minds have formed some general idea how much should be allowed to beauty and how much to truth, how much to pleasure and how much to instruction, how much to creation and how much to imitation; and how far an apparent concession to either may in reality be a higher or subtler form of the one it seems to contradict. The ramifications, so soon as one begins to think about it, are endless. They produced those highly theoretic chapters which occupy so much of the first two volumes of *Modern Painters*. To attempt to settle these principles, or summarise these chapters, here is impossible. A mere glance at them shows how cautious we should be in our judgment. It shows at how many points science and art come into contact, and the extreme difficulty of defining accurately their due shares of respective influence. For the artist to confine himself to the study of Nature is to forego the benefit of all the experience won by artists in the past: on the other hand to attach himself slavishly to the example of great masters is to become conventional, and stray fatally wide of the only true standard. Moreover, while Nature is the pattern, she is not the absolute pattern: she has nothing which may not be modified in some measure by the intelligence or imagination of the artist, and she has much that must be so modified. Ruskin, who as quite a young man forsook the conventional rendering of trees and set himself to draw what he actually saw, and who applauded the minutely-rendered foregrounds of the Pre-Raphaelites, has to confess that total effects, whether of foliage or water or mountain, cannot be attained by minute reproduction.

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"But why not give everything just as it is; without caring what is dominant and what is subordinate?"

You cannot. Of all the various impossibilities which torment and humiliate the painter, none are more vexatious than that of drawing a mountain form. It is indeed impossible enough to draw by resolute care the foam on a wave, or the outline of the foliage of a large tree; but in these cases when care is at fault, carelessness will help, and the dash of the brush will in some measure give wildness to the churning of the foam, and infinitude to the shaking of the leaves.* But chance will not help us with the mountain. Its fine and faintly organized edge seems to be definitely traced against the sky; yet let us set ourselves honestly to follow it, and we find on the instant it has disappeared: and that for two reasons—

one being the difficulty often found by the eye in separating it from its background, the other the fact that it is "composed of millions of minor angles, crags, points, and fissures, which no human sight or hand can draw finely enough, and yet all of which have effect upon the mind."†

Again, while you cannot draw properly what you have not most closely observed, the very closeness of observation generates a new danger, that of painting too much. Study earnestly a foot of weathered brick wall, and you will see it has many colours in it besides that general dull red which you at first perceived: yet if you deliberately set yourself to reproduce, each in its proper place, the various sub-tints that you now discern, you will not produce on the spectator the right effect, not even if you are painting the square foot of wall on a square foot of canvas, still less if it be reduced in scale. Yet by minutely observing the wall you will arrive at such modification of the colour as will much better enable you to reproduce its general impression. The artist has first to learn to see, and then not to paint all he sees, or at least not to paint it literally. Something similar is the case with

* Doubtless it was the recognition among Greek painters of the truth Ruskin here announces which prompted Pliny's humorous story ("De Pict." *Nat. Hist.*, xxxv, 36) of Protogenes, long baffled in trying to render the foam about a dog's mouth, and reaching the desired effect at last by throwing at the picture in a fit of impatience the sponge loaded with colour previously wiped off.

† *Modern Painters*, Vol. IV, Pt. v, ch. xiv, sec. 29.

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distance and perspective, though here the knowledge to be unlearned has not been acquired by special *ad hoc* observation, but by the experience of a lifetime. What the eye really sees is a flat surface: for the artist to represent this on another flat surface sounds simple enough; but, directly he begins, he realises that from earliest childhood he has been in the habit of *interpreting* the flat surface printed on the retina in terms not of two, but of three, dimensions. There was a time, could we remember it, when the corner where two walls and the ceiling meet looked flat to us; and before we can paint that corner we must unlearn our acquired habit of inferring depth, *i.e.*, we must learn perspective. There was a time when the farther of two ridges of hills possessed neither the height nor the distinctness it now does to eyes rightly informed of its distance. The painter who would truly represent the distant must unlearn the knowledge he has derived from other sources than the eye, and soften his colour, and lessen his height for the retiring avenue or receding mountain range. Turner, again, doesn't put the portholes into the hull of a man-of-war seen against the sunset at Plymouth, for all the indignant protest of the naval officer by his side; and would, perhaps, hardly have done so even if "the great Armadas" had been coming up the Channel behind her. He may, indeed, have had a further reason than the fact, which justified him technically, that they could not really be seen against the background of light.

And now, behold! a shadow of repose
Upon a line of gray,
She sleeps, that transverse cuts the evening rose—
She sleeps, and dreams away,
Soft-blended in a unity of rest
All jars, and strifes obscene, and turbulent throes
'Neath the broad benediction of the West.*

In the instances just given the correction is made by the painter in the interest of the literal facts of sight; but there is a further

* *Poems* by T. E. Brown: "The Schooner."

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sense in which he has even to correct Nature in the interest of an ideal generalized truth of her, at which he has arrived only by long and patient observation. However necessary exact knowledge, Art is not a matter of rule of thumb. The skilled artist himself is the standard.

Do you fancy a Greek workman ever made a vase by measurement? He dashed it from his hand onto the wheel, and it was beautiful; and a Venetian glass-blower swept you a curve of crystal from the end of his pipe; and Reynolds or Tintoret swept you a curve of colour from their pencils, as a musician the cadence of a note, unerring, and to be measured, if you please, afterwards, with the exactitude of Divine law.*

There is, in fact, a truth and a beauty higher than that of science. No drapery, says Ruskin, thrown over a nude statue, or a living or lay model, ever looks quite right. Only the poetic and fabric instincts, guided by patient practice from actual drapery, will enable you to get the right folds and right number of folds to aid the expression, whether of movement or character. And so with the folds of mountains.

You will never get from real mountains, copy them never so faithfully, the forms of noble landscape. Anything more beautiful than the photographs of the Valley of Chamouni, now in your print-sellers' windows, cannot be conceived. For geographical and geological purposes they are worth anything; for art purposes, worth—a good deal less than zero. You may learn much from them, and will mislearn more. But in Turner's "Valley of Chamouni" the mountains have not a fold too much, nor too little. There are no such mountains at Chamouni; they are the ghosts of eternal mountains, such as have been, and shall be, for evermore.†

We could not have a better illustration of the balance that has to be struck—of the desired Art, founded faithfully in science and fact, yet not itself either. It is this ideal view of painting, even when only of landscape and not of humanity—not portrait, nor

* *The Eagle's Nest*, sec. 139.

† *The Eagle's Nest*, sec. 147.

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historical—that lifts it above that severe condemnation passed upon it by Plato in the tenth book of the *Republic*. To Plato actual mountains, trees, beasts, or other objects were themselves only imitations of the original archetypes or ideas of such in the mind of the Creator; and the painter of them was, therefore, but an imitator of imitations. But the ideal view of painting just propounded shows the artist rather as the recoverer and revealer of the original Divine archetype, than as the reproducer of some necessarily degenerate individual specimen from it.

We must, however, hold fast to that general precedence of Nature over Art already stated. The continual remembrance of it should, I think, give us a stronger bias to the knowledge of facts than Ruskin is sometimes inclined to allow. He held that the facts the painter was to consider were almost solely those of appearance; and the striking instance is his disapproval of the study of Anatomy for art purposes. It first found expression in the second volume of *Modern Painters* (1846—pt. III., sec. i., ch. xii., §17), and in his insistence that “Michael Angelo’s anatomy interferes with his divinity; in the hands of lower men the angel becomes a preparation” (sec. ii., ch. v., §17). In the *Stones of Venice* (1851—ch. v., §7) he says: “*Studiously* to conceal it (anatomy) is the error of vulgar painters, who are afraid to show that their figures have bones; and *studiously* to display it is the error of the base pupils of Michael Angelo, who turned heroes’ limbs into surgeons’ diagrams.” The danger he feared was the obtrusion of the knowledge of structure in the province of appearance: “So it is, that, as an artist increases in acuteness of perception, the facts which *become* outward and apparent to him are those which bear upon the growth or make of the thing” (*Modern Painters*, vol. IV., 1856—pt. V., ch. xiv., sec. 18); and in the Appendix II. to that volume he writes:—

For the natural tendency of accurate science is to make the possessor of it look for, and eminently see, the things connected with his special pieces of knowledge; and as all accurate science must be sternly

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limited, his sight of nature gets limited accordingly. I observe that all our young figure-painters were rendered, to all intents and purposes, *blind* by their knowledge of anatomy. They saw only certain muscles and bones, of which they had learned the positions by rote, but could not, on account of the very prominence in their minds of those bits of fragmentary knowledge, see the real movement, colour, rounding, or any other subtle quality of the human form.

But the strongest utterance is the latest, in *The Eagle's Nest*, 1872, where he maintains that the study of anatomy has fostered a close attention to the ignoble, ridiculous or ugly side of animated nature—to apes, pigs, rats, weasels, etc.—and a neglect, through want of sympathy, of the nobler creatures—the stag, lamb, horse, and lion ; and adds (p. 176) :

I am now certain that the greater the intellect, the more fatal are the forms of degradation to which it becomes liable in the course of anatomical studies ; and that, to Michael Angelo, of all men, the mischief was greatest, in destroying his religious passion and imagination, and leading him to make every spiritual conception subordinate to the display of his knowledge of the body.

He illustrates this by the perfect expression of doggishness and babyishness seized by Reynolds in his picture of a little English princess with her terrier, in spite of the fact that the child's limbs are not drawn as accurately as Mantegna, Dürer, or Michael Angelo would have drawn them ; while Dürer's knowledge of the form of the skull causes him to fail in rendering the expression of a woman's face.

All will acknowledge the share of truth there is here, and most of us have felt a spontaneous distaste for the exaggeration of bone and vein and muscle in the work of the great Florentine. But a distinction should be drawn between painting and sculpture. The latter works mainly in the nude, and, for practical reasons, chiefly in single figures rather than groups ; and chooses, therefore, by preference, such intense moments and vigorous action as may make the single figure interesting. To pourtray vigorous action

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in a nude statue without anatomical knowledge would be simply impossible, the more so when one remembers the physical impossibility of getting a model to maintain a strained position for the long periods of time necessary. Michael Angelo was as much, or rather more, sculptor than painter ; and the study essential for the former art may have injuriously affected his practice in the latter. But the failure of a great man to perceive a danger or resist a temptation is no valid argument against the process which exposed him to it. Man ate long since of the fruit of the tree, and bears thenceforward the penalty of knowledge. His supremacy in the scale of being is justified by his acceptance of greater danger, greater responsibility. We must not ask him to forgo that for which he pays so dear ; nor deny the educative and disciplinary value of a privilege, because it is liable to abuse. To neglect the study of inner structure, anatomical or geological, is to diminish the fidelity of that study of appearance on which Ruskin insists. Very few have that bird's faculty of clear sight with which he was endowed ; artists are far more likely to notice the minutiae in a landscape or a figure, when theoretic study has forewarned them of their existence, and taught them where to look. Think of a hand, pourtrayed as a mere lump of pink or pasty flesh, without the hinted course of blue vein and pliant sinew, without the indicated articulation of wrist and finger ! think of the face, shorn of the lines which give it dignity and pathos by ignorance of the true play and trend of muscle ! And even Ruskin may be deceived as to the amount he gleaned from observation and from science respectively. Acknowledging that his works are full of reference to the latter, he will have us believe he studied it solely as critic, not as artist.

Turner made drawings of mountains and clouds which the public said were absurd. I said, on the contrary, they were the only true drawings of mountains and clouds ever made yet : and I proved this to be so, as only it could be proved, by steady test of physical science : but Turner had drawn his mountains rightly, long before their struc-

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ture was known to any geologist in Europe; and has painted perfectly truths of anatomy in clouds which I challenge any meteorologist in Europe to explain at this day.*

But even supposing the average artist could learn to draw as minutely and perfectly as Ruskin, for all his self-depreciation, could, or could learn, like Turner, to observe so closely and lovingly as to catch all that was needed without direct scientific study, could he, as an intellectual being, help being drawn to investigate the causes of appearance, drawn, that is, to those very sciences—botany, geology, anatomy, meteorology, chemistry, astronomy, the close study of which Ruskin deems unnecessary to the artist? Should we not rather despise him if he were not, and if, having the leisure, he did not study them? And, on the whole, who will say that our reverence for and interest in God's handiwork is not increased by our sense of the subtle mechanism its fair outward covers; or that our sense of Divine power and forethought is lessened by the opportunity geology affords of tracing the slow development of each cunning device? The Bishop of London has but recently upheld the study of astronomy as far from inimical to the religious life and temper: and, indeed, he must be dull of soul who does not feel his spirit solemnised, and his lawless instincts reprov'd, by the spectacle of that everlasting order. It is strangely inconsistent in one who sets, and rightly sets, such value on brain, on thought conveyed and imagination infused, in painting, and who cites from the old masters instances of subtle and pregnant feeling for the inner relations of things, to depreciate studies which may so much deepen the suggestiveness of the artist's work. Some sense of the inconsistency crops up in the following:—

For all his own purposes, merely graphic, we say, if an artist's eye is fine and faithful, the fewer points of science he has in his head, the better. But for purposes *more* than graphic, in order that he may feel towards things as he should, and choose them as *we* should, he ought

* *The Eagle's Nest*, sec. 128.

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to know something about them; and if he is quite sure that he can receive the science of them without letting himself become uncandid and narrow in observation, it is very desirable that he should be acquainted with a little of the alphabet of structure—just as much as may quicken and certify his observation, without prejudicing it. Cautiously, therefore, and receiving it as a perilous indulgence, he may venture to learn, perhaps as much astronomy as may prevent his carelessly putting the new moon wrong side upwards, and as much botany as will prevent him from confusing, which I am sorry to say Turner did, too often, Scotch firs with stone pines. He may concede so much to geology as to choose, of two equally picturesque views, one that illustrates rather than conceals the structure of a crag; and perhaps, once or twice in his life, a portrait painter might advantageously observe how unlike a skull is to a face.

As in some other cases, concession like this gives away his whole contention.

But Ruskin's jealousy of science is one of the strangest things about a strange mind. It is not that he was devoid of scientific curiosity, nor altogether incapable of the patient toil scientific pursuit demands—his own achievement proves the contrary, though our knowledge of his desultory and impatient habit of mind gives us hint of what it must have cost him. Nor can we assign it to any natural timidity of thought: this man who shrank from scientific speculation was among the most daring and original of thinkers in other spheres. Still less can he be accused of that want of intellectual honesty and candour which blinds itself and would fain blind others to untoward difficulties by a passionate emphasis on the overshadowing claims of faith, even as the generals of the French army were led to over-ride the promptings of honesty and justice lest they should impair the prestige of the organism to which they owed their rank, and France her safety and her glory. John Ruskin was never one of these: consistently he postponed even Plato to Truth; and, spite of much exaggeration and some unfairness, no man, I think, ever paid more heavily in remorse for the least infringement of her dear and sacred rights. I take it the reason must rather be sought in some special

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dislike of the temper of science in that day, a temper perhaps necessarily more aggressive and ungentle than it need be now when its position is so much more secure. In the opening chapters of *The Eagle's Nest* (1872), there is a contemptuous hustling-away of its representatives, as though they were all mistaken, all selfish, and in the main deceivers. He has no better simile for them than that of the Sirens, who by the vain promise of all wisdom lured men to destruction at the foot of their rocks. Far more unpromisingly than in *The Queen of the Air* (1869), he rejects the Darwinian theory*; and is particularly angry with experiments to discover the source of life,† which he comes just short of identifying with the sin against the Holy Ghost.

I have said before, and can only repeat, that this imposition of bounds to science is illogical and unfair. You cannot bound it. The same temper which led Ruskin to study rocks and plants leads others to experiment in Biology; and though we may perhaps echo his protest against vivisection, and allow that physical knowledge is ill-gained at the cost of tenderness, sympathy, and reverence for the decencies of life, still it is arbitrary to blame science for what is accidental, not essential, to it.‡ Equally vain is it to require its votaries to confine their efforts to what seems of present utility to mankind. The direct welfare of mankind is a matter that concerns the application, rather than the pursuit, of science—an affair for statesmen and administrators, not for the student. Ignorant, too, as we are, we cannot possibly foresee in what undreamed direction man may be most signally served: we can never tell when Science may not be delivered of some fair and smiling truth, in the serene possession of which the pangs of birth and conception—the blundering tentatives, the dust and sweat of the struggle, the vain toils, the sacrificed lives—will be forgotten. We need not share the sensational and suicidal folly

* Pp. 198-200.

† Pp. 184-6.

‡ See *Experiments on Animals*, by Stephen Paget (Murray), and review of it, and of some of the gains, in *The Academy* for May 30th, 1903.

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which races at eighty miles an hour along roads constructed for progress at eight or twelve: and we might devote some closer attention to the interested people who promote such madness. But we may without reproach sacrifice something of ease, prosperity, and comfort, and more of prejudice, in pursuit of the untried, in effort to realise some far-off vision. For the vision itself is vital. In a sense far more literal and universal than is commonly supposed, man lives by his dreams. Something of blessed and beautiful is yet to be hoped, even though we search no longer for the *elixir vitæ*, and are incurious now about "the stone in the flood of Thracia, y' whosoeuer findeth it, is neuer after grieved."

Nor need we be under serious apprehension about the effects of science on art-faculty, either individually or nationally. It is true that in the case of its professed followers the pursuit is apt to blunt the perception of and taste for the beautiful, and generally, perhaps, to deaden sympathy with the softer, gentler side of human nature. Darwin himself confessed to his loss of all pleasure in poetry, his mind having become a mere "machine for turning out general laws." But the concentration necessary to the original investigator is not incumbent on those who merely follow in his traces and reap his harvest. For them, for the artist and the poet and the world at large, the mind's horizon and power is inevitably widened with its widening grasp of the physical facts of the universe. The mode of thought, and its presentation in poetry and painting, may alter somewhat. As Emerson says—"The experience of each new age requires a new confession, and the world seems always waiting for its poet." There is no such thing as absolute fitness or unfitness for treatment by art and poetry: these terms have reference only to the average condition of the minds to which the art appeals. When the last discoveries have become part of ordinary mental furniture they will inevitably find their expression in the arts; and even the very instruments which seem so technical and inappropriate now may take their place as confidently and properly as Galileo's telescope in *Paradise*

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Lost. In those *Observations*, prefixed by Wordsworth to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads* in the last year of the eighteenth century, occur the following memorable words :

Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarised to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.

Let us resist that fatal power of the fetish, to which we English, as Falstaff told us, are so terribly liable, and which is seen as much, or more, dear friends, in the Liberal politician of to-day as in his Conservative opponent. Let us beware of narrowness or prejudice, lest one good custom should corrupt the world. Let us neither reject in scorn or fear what science has to offer, nor indulge an inordinate pride in present knowledge as though it were irrefragable or final. Ruskin's assertion, "that science cannot become perfect, as an occupation of intellect, while anything remains to be discovered ; nor wholesome as an instrument of education, while anything is permitted to be debated " (*Eagle's Nest*, sec. 65), has small relish of salvation in it for a humanity still, perhaps, only at the outset of its long pilgrimage. In a remarkable article of some fifteen years ago* the late Mr. Frederick Myers wrote as follows :—

* "Tennyson as Prophet" : *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1889.

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There is no reason to assume that our calculations, any more than our senses, have cognisance of any large fraction of the events which are occurring even in our own region of time and space. The notion that we have now attained to a kind of outline sketch of the universe is not really consistent with the very premises on which it is based. For on these premises our view must inevitably have limits depending on nothing wider than the past needs of living organisms on this earth. We have acquired, presumably, a direct perception of such things as it has helped our ancestors most to perceive during their struggle for existence ; and an indirect perception of such other things as we have been able to infer from our group of direct perceptions. But we cannot limit the entities or operations which may co-exist, even in our part of the Cosmos, with those we know. The universe may be infinite in an infinite number of ways.

The soul of man, in truth, cannot surrender her trust, nor abandon her destiny. Forward still she marches, with sinews braced, with eyes uplift, and quaffing the elixir of a quenchless hope. We are in mightier hands than our own : let us not fear to follow on the path they point us.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone :
And with the morn those angel-faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

REVIEW.

Wordsworth. By Walter Raleigh. Arnold, 6/- London, 1903.

FEW poets have inspired such valuable criticism as Wordsworth. Reproached often enough for the sparseness of his matter, he has provided for the century that followed him a greater body of food for reflection among thoughtful men than most of his contemporaries. Defence of the new poet provoked one of the greatest and most influential pieces of literary criticism—Coleridge's *Biographia*.

The latest critic, Professor Raleigh, finds it necessary to protest a little against the overwhelming influence of Coleridge upon the appreciation of Wordsworth. "The influence of a single great man, who must be listened to because he speaks nothing in vain, will sometimes darken counsel for ages."

Mr. Raleigh has expressed with a fine discernment the chief element of the debt Wordsworth owed to Coleridge—it was that he was understood, and "to be understood is a rare and great happiness." Of living critics there are three whose studies are marked above all by this quality—perhaps as rare for a critic to show as for an artist to feel. Each has gone to work reverently, with fresh and open mind. Mr. Watson I put first because he has not so much interpreted as spoken again with the old poet's voice : his gift is the greater because he has brought as

A cool and nowise turbid cup, from wells
Our fathers digged.

M. Legouis has shown fully and carefully the formative influences at work upon Wordsworth and his reactions upon them. Mr. Raleigh, while in possession of the gradually accumulated store of knowledge about the poet, has approached him here quite directly. He tries to suspend prejudice, and does his utmost "to sympathise with his aims and achievements, to accompany him on his journey, to look the way he is pointing." Here is

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the dilemma. "Either Wordsworth was the victim, during sixty years wholly devoted to poetry, of a lamentable illusion, or he has something to teach that will repay pupilage. He was a man of steady mind, and the chance that he was not deceived seems to warrant an experiment. Such an experiment can take only one form. The critic must go back with him to the starting point, and by the aid of his own writings, and the writings that throw light on his life and purposes, must watch his poems in the making." The fulfilment of this fair resolve will well repay the study not only of all who love Wordsworth, but of that far greater number who, while appreciating some poetry, do not feel any attraction towards this poet.

Wordsworth meant his poetry for propaganda. What that teaching is must be learnt from his own lips, with, if need be, such guides as these. To very many it has been, as to Arnold, a "healing power."

Rest ! 'twas the gift he gave ; and peace ! the shade
He spread, for spirits fevered with the sun.

But the man was so isolated and his discipline so severe that he could not find wide appreciation. He is like a Lucretius in impassioned singleness of idea, in faith that he has found a clue valuable for life and happiness. It is hard to hear any call to "the neglected background" of life, when the foreground has loomed so imminent as to pain our eyes and set our temples throbbing. There are two natural demands which Wordsworth meets with a flat refusal: we ask for accumulation of facts and for dramatic presentation. Both these appetites, legitimate enough in themselves, easily become inordinate—they lead to the incoherent and the sensational. Wordsworth's ascetic opposition to them rouses (as Mr. Raleigh says) "the clever reader," who can often win an easy and self-satisfying victory over the dulness of the poet. On the other hand, they correspond to real limitations. His poetic material proved ultimately insufficient: he relied too

much and too long on the creative power of the mind over its memories and their attendant emotions. His life-long search for the simple kept him quite away from that mastery of the complex which is drama: he was fundamentally analytic. "He had undervalued Art, and Art, which is long, took its slow revenge upon him."

Thus the poetry of the last half century—dramatic, artistic, a little encyclopædic—has warred against Wordsworth. Its most popular poet points the contrast: the perfect artist in words, revelling in their beauty, and their almost narcotic ministry of shadow memories. How sharp is the change from one who, with all his great mastery of words, was oppressed with the paleness of their imagery and betrayed by the antic mischief of their suggestiveness. Our idea of a field of buttercups or corn faintly rebels at being "so poorly likened to gold"; but we can be content with the image where he could not. On the other hand, the solemn use of a word about which a crowd of ribald associations are grinning, sets us smiling while it left him quite unconscious. Mr. Raleigh is especially good and sympathetic in his analysis of Wordsworth's feeling for words. I take one paragraph as an example.

For his task, "language was a makeshift, because the great crises of feeling that he wished to reproduce, still more the settled moods of lofty peace that came to him among the mountains, existed altogether apart from language, and without any dependence on expression for their vitality. The drama that he tried to transfer to the poets' small stage was played from beginning to end in silence: it rested with him to translate it into words. And hence, in his view, poetry, the poetry of words and metre, was always a secondary thing, an imitation or reminiscence of something deeper in import than itself—a sort of chantry, so to say, where the souls of great moments that had perished on distant fields with never a word said, might be commemorated by the voice of piety."

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The causes of Wordsworth's difficulty are of course deeper than that. The struggle for peace and happiness in life, which is the natural theme of poetry, he worked out in unusual terms. His method was impeached, and such result as he gained obscured, partly by the brilliance of younger contemporaries, partly by the ruthless progress of history. One of the best features of Mr. Raleigh's essay is his exhibition of Wordsworth's life as "an epitome of romanticism." He returns determinedly to the original source of the poet's young audacity and power. He analyses with great refinement the poet's mental attitude, and refuses to misread him in the light either of his critics, or of later years, when the romantic fire had burnt itself low.

When we have done with the critics and are face to face with the poet, we meet a direct challenge. It is the quandary into which all our prophets put us. We are, most of us, busy authors of the commonplace and comfortable, as we go about our appointed duty of diffusing, reconciling, pruning, conditioning, tempering the sheer words of genius, the disconcerting echoes from the past and rumours of the future. From time to time we are pulled up sharply: here is an ideal, how far is it valid for ourselves? Wordsworth needs no greater testimony than that he has done this. This is that to which he was "a dedicated spirit." He spent a greatly daring youth and a faithful age to inculcate his teaching, "but first he folwed it himselve."

Let me add, in conclusion, two more of the good things Mr. Raleigh has said by the way—not as isolated, but characteristic. There is delightful mockery in the thought that Coleridge might have wished "to change the profession of the Leech-gatherer and make of him a collector of Humming Birds!" And here (to make our account straight with Coleridge) is a beautiful simile, which gives one a new feeling for one of the most familiar of passages: "the gentle moral of the Ancient Mariner, which comes at the end of that far flight of the imagination like the settling of a bird into the nest."

J.A.D.

THE RUSKIN UNION EDITORSHIP.



R. R. WARWICK BOND regrets that the increasing pressure of his private work makes it impossible for him to continue longer to discharge the duties of Editor for the Ruskin Union portion of this Review. He resigns them into the hands of the Rev. J. B. Booth, Honorary Secretary of the Union, who will officiate henceforward as Editor for this portion. In taking leave of the readers of *Saint George*, Mr. Bond begs to thank very cordially those who have assisted him by their kind contributions in the discharge of his self-imposed office, especially Mr. Booth, his successor, to whose energetic aid he has been so much indebted; begs also to thank the General Editor, Mr. J. H. Whitehouse, for the harmony in which it has been found possible to conduct their dual task; and wishes the Review a long and prosperous career in steadfast adherence to the double aim, of impartiality of view and high literary standard, which has hitherto characterized it.

[The General Editor trusts he may be allowed to express his deep regret that Mr. Bond's engagements compel him to relinquish his work in connection with *Saint George*. The Review is greatly indebted to him for the brilliant manner in which he has discharged the duties of his office; and his colleagues feel a personal sorrow in the retirement of one who has given them ungrudging help in every way.]



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APPLIED SCIENCE AND SOCIAL CONTROL.

By Michael E. Sadler, M.A.

IF we look up from our own special work, whatever that may be, and watch what is now going forward on a great scale in the chief countries of the Western world, we can hardly fail to discern three striking facts which need to be taken into account in any forecast of the future.

The first fact is the immense advance which has been made by applied science. We feel this in our own great centres of industry in Great Britain. Stand at the foot of the Forth Bridge and look upwards. That vast fabric, with all that it implies of confident calculation and constructive skill; imprints itself on the imagination, just as on the brain of the mediæval scholar there imprinted itself the majestic structure of scholastic logic, with its far-reaching implications of intellectual power. We feel the same impressive advance of applied science in Germany. There, even more than here, an older order of controlling ideas stands in abrupt contrast to the new. Before our eyes there take place those changes in social structure which are the inevitable result of developments in applied science. The aristocracy of land has to surrender much of its former influence to the aristocracy of manufacture and of trade. But the advance of applied science reveals itself to our minds with far more striking force in the United States of America than in any part of the Old World. The air seems to thrill with electric energy. The very children in the

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schools grow up with a new conception of power and of the possibilities of its application to swift movement and quick production. As you stand on the deck of one of those steam water-beetles which ply across the Hudson River, with the salt air on your lips and the quick pulse of New York in your blood, you see on either hand the outward and visible signs of the new scientific order of things. Along the New Jersey shore your eye passes down that long line of railroad termini, the focus to which the trade of half a continent is drawn; at the seaward point of the long pencil-shaped Manhattan you see those astounding piles of offices—"streets turned up on end"—which through sea mist or at dusk block themselves out against the sky like some huge fortress with battlements and towers—the Windsor Castle of a new order of Kings. Nearly a thousand miles to the West you find yourself in the vortex of Chicago, and what Chicago meant to an American who had time to brood over its masterful and half-malign significance is well said in a novel named *The Pit*. As far again from Chicago to the South, astride of the great railway along which the new industrial ideas are pouring into the once supine and stagnant regions of the old *régime*, you find the city of Atlanta, whirring with energy, and a radiating centre of potent life. Far to the North-West, with the magical aid of applied science, Canada is rising in the flush of confident strength to a great career of industrial activity and commercial power. This, then, is the first great fact of our time—the victorious advance of applied science.

Secondly, even while we watch and try to measure the meaning of this wonderful change, are we not conscious of an undertone—of a deepening conviction that more must be done, and done on a more comprehensive scale than hitherto, for social reform? For the mass of men there is, let us be thankful for it, greater material comfort than heretofore. But is there not too, even as an outcome of that greater comfort and of the new hopes and of the new sense of capacity which have at last had a chance to grow, an

instinctive sense that more could be done, and should be done, to apply the new resources of science to the remodelling of some of the conditions alike of urban and of village life? That surely is the note which, as we listen, we hear in ever louder tones through the hubbub of things. Cannot applied science, which has done so much for commerce and industry, help us to solve some of the problems of home-making, of physical training, of leisure, of childhood? Men are beginning to ask whether they cannot, with the help of applied science, secure happier conditions for their work, and realise some civic ideals hitherto beyond their reach. There is a growing sense of individuality, but at the same time of the need for stern, though loving, discipline in the treatment of the industrially incompetent and morally unfit.

Thirdly, we feel on our minds the pressure of another necessity—the need for strict and foreseeing economy in the use of our public resources if we are to find the means for the defence and improvement of our national and imperial life.

From these three things—the advance of applied science, the deepening sense of the urgency of social reform and the conviction that the national purse is very far indeed from being bottomless—there seems likely to spring a resultant demand for the timely, skilful and therefore economical employment of scientific measures for social betterment. May we not look for this demand in three chief directions—(1) slum reform for the saving of the children: (2) factory reform, for the transplanting of industrial communities into surroundings where home life can be sweeter, and leisure be healthier, and social unity become more practicable because attempted with its diverse necessary elements on a smaller scale: and (3) village reform, for the quickening of intellectual interests and of social independence in our rural life, with a view to a revival, under the new conditions, of agriculture and country pursuits.

So great and far-reaching are the changes of which I have spoken that their influence can be traced even in that very desire

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for self-realisation which lies behind so much of the deeper feeling of our time. The old kind of stubborn, quaint, sharp-cornered individualism seems to be passing away. It is already old-fashioned, and we begin to think of it as of Matthew Arnold's Scholar-Gipsy,

“In hat of antique shape and cloak of grey.”

Men feel instinctively that, though character and individuality never had such power as they may have to-day, the old kind of individualism is out of date. Under the new conditions individuality must express itself in and through co-operation. It must have numbers behind it. It must act in concert. It must be, so to speak, at the head of a regiment of like-thinking people. And in submitting itself to co-operation, it learns. It finds that the problem was deeper and more complex than at first appeared. It loses its life in corporate effort, and finds that in losing it has gained it anew. This is the heart of individual devotion and self-sacrifice which animates collective effort and finds therein the fullest self-realisation. Thus what at first sight seemed a contradiction, is not really so. There is a deepening sense of individuality, and yet a greater disposition to move in masses. The mass movement is necessary in order to get the momentum which individual leadership may use. Is not this the key to some of the political tendencies of our time? There is a growing impatience with hesitancy in executive positions. People seem to long for strong men with executive power. This state of mind is noticeable in Europe, but far more evident in the United States, where there is less of that thick-set tradition and usage which in older countries hide for a time what is forming under the surface.

The drift of things in American municipal organisation is to give, for a fixed period, extraordinary power to a popularly elected Mayor. We know how much his magnetic personality and strenuous devotion to public duty have endeared President Roosevelt to millions of his fellow citizens. There are no signs,

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I think, of any lessening in men's minds of the care for liberty and of the opportunity for independent choice in the grave business of life. But there is a greater readiness to look below the form of government to the reality and substance of it, and to try experiments in new kinds of effective democracy. As one studies what is now being done and felt in some of the great American cities, one is led to conjecture that perhaps one form of democratic government in the future may be autocracy on short tenure—autocracy based on popular election, or on some not less effective though informal kind of popular choice, and checked by the constant influence of public opinion, operating through the press, through discussion, or through subtle but potent changes in the political atmosphere.

II.

Beneath all the material changes brought about by applied science and that shrinkage of distance which has been its most striking result, there is something deeper still—partly the effect, yet in some respects the cause, of what modern science has achieved. I mean the great disturbance which has taken place not so much in men's beliefs as in their attitude of mind. To account this an age of scepticism and to contrast it with bygone ages of faith seems to me a grave mistake in the reading of the facts. I doubt whether ever in the world before there has been so much desire to believe as there is to-day. But the intellectual change has been profound. And not less profound are some of its ethical consequences. There has been a quickening of the critical faculty: there is a deep desire for reality, for sincerity in thinking, for readiness to face the facts; and along with all this, comes more reverence for the past, more insight into spiritual things, more courage in suspending judgment during a painfully long-drawn-out period of investigation and readjustment.

The historical and comparative methods applied to the study of

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human history and beliefs have been the instruments of change. Those who were masters in their use, elated by the very joy of using them and carried forward from point to point of discovery and insight, thought that the history of philosophy would be a working substitute for philosophy, and the history of religion for religion. But it is not so. Many who come after and enter into their results find too little foothold for conduct in these provisional conclusions and formulas of relative truth. Many men and even more women begin to ask not for a process of thought, but for definite conclusions: for authoritative guidance, not for hesitating hypotheses. This is one of the deepest cravings of human nature, and no mere passing cowardice or fashion of the time. Hence, as in all earlier periods of intellectual "break-up," the longing for strong leadership and for more definite control. The prophets felt it from afar. This was the message of Ruskin and of his master Carlyle. And the control for which more and more of our fellow men are longing is a control which, though primarily intellectual and spiritual, will be social too. It will express itself in some order of society, not simply in abstract statements of intellectual belief. And must it not under modern conditions avail itself of the resources and the discipline now offered by applied science? Are there not signs of conflict between those ideas, dominant in the French Revolution, which centre round a belief in the essential goodness of human nature, and those other ideas, dominant in the thought of St. Augustine, of Macchiavelli, and of Calvin, which are rooted in a belief in its essential depravity? We may live to see the rise of a new Calvinism, stating itself in terms, not of theology but, of applied science.

Such a new scientific Calvinism, emptied of its earlier theological content, but inspired by its old enthusiasm for logic and for discipline, would be clear in its aims, unflinching in drawing conclusions, and ruthlessly severe in putting them into practice. It would point to the waste, disorder and degrading self-indulgence visible under present conditions as proving the need for stringent

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social control. This control it would vest in the hands of an expert executive, probably approved by mass vote in the first instance and subject to some form of periodical re-election, but while in office entrusted with supreme power. It would be secular in spirit, materialistic in its estimate of national well-being, and at heart hostile to many of the ethical and metaphysical assumptions of the older beliefs.

III.

May I now ask your leave, if the course of my argument has so far been intelligible, to submit for your consideration some practical conclusions? It is unwholesome to let the mind brood over these large and difficult matters without, from time to time, challenging it for practical advice. If these things are so, what must we do? That is the practical question which we ought not to flinch from asking ourselves, though we may be far from seeing our way clear to an adequate answer.

May I then, merely by way of suggestion, lay before you a few practical conclusions which seem to follow from what I have said? In England our aim should be to endeavour to combine as much as possible of varied freedom and of individual initiative with as much as is necessary of scientific regulation and of social control. If we fail to admit betimes the need for limitations on personal freedom after its proved misuse, we are preparing the way for the triumph of the new Calvinism which will sweep away much of the freedom that might otherwise have been preserved. If, on the other hand, we fail to preserve a large measure of individual initiative and of varied freedom, we shall have dealt a heavy blow at what is best in English life and shall destroy a safeguard of special value to a nation like ourselves, which is prone to forms of economic collectivism and to stubborn monopolies. But for such a combination as is desirable for us, there is no formula or

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ready-made prescription. That is the difficulty of the situation. It is all a question of degree and of practical wisdom. But this power of combining opposites is peculiarly English. Much of our strength is due to it, and, perhaps, our chief service to the world has lain in our refusal to accept either of the two logical extremes as a guide to practical action. The suggestions which follow are founded on the belief that we should endeavour to meet the new needs by combining in new proportions personal freedom and social control.

1. Should we not show the utmost readiness to make the best and most comprehensive use of applied science, especially for social betterment, and willingly submit ourselves to its necessary discipline (*e.g.*, in regard to the consumption of smoke, spitting in public places, etc.)?

2. Should we not encourage far more scientific inquiry into social problems and far more systematic experiment in the various ways of solving them? The work of Mr. Charles Booth, for example, has been a work of national importance. We know, too, what has been done by Mr. Cadbury. It will be well if we do more to encourage suggestions for improvement, and see that serious suggestions are welcomed and seriously considered. There is in this country a wealth of suggestion which has never been encouraged fully to develop itself, either in the sphere of industrial organisation or of social reform. Great improvements come through welcoming a great number and succession of small suggestions from those who are in actual contact with the facts. The creative, generalising mind—brooding over the whole situation and steeped in the atmosphere of the time—plays on these materials, and fits them—by the divination of genius and with an artist's certainty of touch—into their place in the larger truth.

3. Let us aim at a high ideal of service to the community of which we form a part. Let it be a felt duty to bear our share, strenuously and truthfully, in public work. And one of the hardest parts of this duty is to refrain from pretending to believe

in formulas or generalisations which we suspect to be incompletely true.

4. Do we not need (I am not speaking now of changes in administrative machinery, but of aims and methods of teaching)—do we not need much educational inquiry and experiment, and, in the light of such inquiry and of the results of those experiments, searching educational reform? And let us remember that education is something far greater and more difficult than book-learning. It should be a training for life.

5. Let us dignify the State: let us dignify the municipality. But let us not aim at any rigid form of State Socialism, or at any rigid form of municipal monopoly. As against the first, we need local variety: as against the second, economic problems are not precisely coincident with the areas of local administration. We need State action: we need municipal action: but we also need individuality more than ever. In the economic sphere, however, pure individualism is far weaker than it was. There is need for concert and co-operation. Why not, therefore, in many kinds of public work encourage *collective* private initiative, by means of small State subsidies, to undertake specific public tasks, *e.g.*, afforestation. This would combine the prestige of the State, the vigour and enthusiasm of private initiative, and timely financial resource.

6. Last but not least, let us not forget that all social problems, though economic in part of their structure, are ethical and spiritual problems too. We need the quickening and uplifting forces of personal devotion and personal self-control. No new addition to comfort, no mere changes in material circumstances, can by themselves reform human nature, though they may provide new conditions which are favourable to moral reform.


And let us be thankful that Great Britain is so rich in varied traditions of religious life. Where else in the world, within so narrow a compass, is there so priceless a heritage? Let us cherish our practice of religious and intellectual freedom, and keep fresh the memories of those men and women whose unselfishness and

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unworldliness won that freedom for us who follow them. Let us bear it clearly in mind that as knowledge widens and as our control over the material resources of the world grows more complete, men and women need, not the less but all the more, that personal sense of the presence of an unseen Power, "nearer than hands and feet," guiding life from point to point in its dark and difficult course; that Power, the worship of which may be combined with intense yearning for new truth—the Truth that makes us free.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN RUSKIN.*

By Selwyn Image.

HE first time I ever heard of Ruskin was—ah! what tell-tales these dates are—in the year 1863, exactly forty years since. A stripling then in one of the lower forms at Brighton College I managed to secure a prize, one of the very few prizes I ever managed to secure. It was the since well-known volume of *Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin*, in that year, 1863, I believe for the first time published. I remember the master saying to me as he handed me the book, that Ruskin's works were so voluminous and expensive, that a selection from them was all most people could come at. I remember carrying the book home in pride of heart, and asking my father who in the world John Ruskin was. "He is a great art critic, my boy," my father replied: and so the matter ended. I opened the book, and understood not a word of it. I closed it, and put it on my shelf, where it lay for years. It was a proud possession, because it was one of my very few prizes, and also because it was charmingly bound in green gilt calf. But that was all.

Some four or five years after, at an entirely different school, at Marlborough, then under the superb mastership of the late Dean of Westminster, Dr. Bradley, whose memory no one that came under his teaching can ever recall but with the profoundest and most affectionate reverence, we were set, I recollect, to read the twelfth chapter of the third volume of *Modern Painters*, "Of the Pathetic Fallacy," and to write an essay on it. I did my task—I should imagine, did it extremely ill. At any rate, I am sure that, with boyish impudence, I was much more intent on turning

* A paper read before the Ruskin Union, June 25th, 1903.

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out a showy essay, than on understanding what Ruskin meant. Certainly I have no recollection of the chapter greatly appealing to me. The time was not yet: but the time was to come.

It came in the autumn of 1868. I was on my way to sit for an examination at Oxford. To distract my thoughts from the terrors of examination my house-master lent me a book to carry off with me; it was the book I had received as a prize five years before, the *Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin*. I opened it in the train from Marlborough to Oxford; and this time it took possession of me as no book I had ever read had ever taken possession of me. I think I can remember even the particular selection which made the scales fall from my eyes, and revealed a new world to me. It was the selection on page 217 of the section on Architecture and Sculpture entitled—The Roof. From that day forward Ruskin was the one teacher of teachers to me. I read everything of his I could lay hands on. In the plainest sense of the word he inspired me. He had opened a new heaven and a new earth to one's youthful vision. No doubt the enthusiasm for him often made one priggish and absurd: in some sense it may have upset and hindered one in the plain duties of the moment. But on the whole it was a blessed enthusiasm for a young man to feel, and I have never ceased to thank God for it.

Imagine, then, one's feelings when the news came—it was at the end of 1869 or the beginning of 1870—that Ruskin had been appointed to the Slade Professorship of Fine Art in Oxford, and that he was to come amongst us to deliver lectures and to establish a practical school. Hero-worship is a splendid thing in this dusty world—for all of us, if we can attain unto it. The years come and go, robbing us of many things: I am not sure that any theft they practise on us is worse than their theft of our capacity for hero-worship. But at one-and-twenty the theft has not been perpetrated. Imagine, then, our feelings when the news came that this Prophet of the Lord was actually to come among us in bodily presence. It was in 1870, I think, certainly, that Ruskin was to

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deliver his inaugural lecture, and the excitement to see and hear him was immense. The lecture was appointed for two or three in the afternoon in the lecture-room of the University Museum. We lunched early, for we knew what a rush there would be, and we were determined to be there in good places. How well I remember the day! My rooms were in New College Lane, and more than an hour before the time I hurried off. As I turned the corner a continuous stream of people, graduates, undergraduates, dons, ladies, townsfolk, met me, hurrying to the lecture-room. It was no moment for formalities, and I pushed ahead as fast as my legs would carry me. The lecture-room was reached, and in a corner of it I found the last spot of standing-ground. The selfishness of my contentment, however, was quickly rebuked. A gowned figure almost immediately rose behind the lecturer's desk, and said—"Ladies and gentlemen, it is very flattering to Mr. Ruskin that such crowds of you are flocking to hear him. This large room is clearly too small to hold you. We must adjourn to the Sheldonian Theatre." Alas, alas, for us, who a moment before were so pleased over our providence. The assembly rose as one man, and struggled to be out and retrace its steps. But the news of adjournment had spread like wild-fire; and when we were in the Wadham Road, the stream we had left behind us had faced round and was hurrying back to the Sheldonian. The first were last, the last first. One was thankful to get a place anywhere high up in the gallery of that spacious building. It was packed quickly from floor to ceiling with a crowd the most motley and expectant ever on such an occasion—one would imagine—gathered there.

And when the hour had struck, and the vice-chancellor and proctors had taken their seats, and there was silence that might be felt over all that vast, strangely-assorted company, Ruskin, in a long, old-fashioned silk gown and master's hood, passed up into the pulpit, and bowing to the vice-chancellor and proctors, began in a low, thin voice, to all appearance entirely calm and collected,

that superb first lecture. He spoke low and very deliberately. Even at this interval of time one can almost hear the quiet fall of those sonorous opening sentences. "The duty which is to-day laid on me," he began, "of introducing, among the elements of education appointed in this great University, one not only new, but such as to involve in its possible results some modification of the rest, is, as you well feel, so grave, that no man could undertake it without laying himself open to the imputation of a kind of insolence: and no man could undertake it rightly, without being in danger of having his hands shortened by dread of his task, or mistrust of himself. And it has chanced to me, of late, to be so little acquainted either with pride, or hope, that I can scarcely recover so much as I now need of the one for strength, and of the other for foresight, except by remembering that noble persons, and friends of the high temper that judges most clearly where it loves best, have desired that this trust should be given me; and by resting also in the conviction that the goodly tree, whose roots, by God's help, we set in earth to-day, will not fail of its height because the planting of it is under poor auspices, or the first shoots of it enfeebled by ill gardening."

Was there ever a more restrained yet majestic exordium, more incomparably uttered? Some of you have heard Ruskin lecture in the days of his health: and I am sure you will bear me out in what I am going to say. To those of you who never heard him, or never heard him at least in such days, it is perhaps impossible to convey any adequate impression of what a lecturer he was. In bodily presence small, slight to fragility, at times almost as it were crumpled in appearance—with a voice neither powerful, nor in itself musical, with even a slight impediment in his utterance—how he held his audience, how he imposed himself on them, how he charmed them! I have heard in my time many speakers of high repute, but I never heard one that gave me the same sense of what I may call genius for the art of speaking, quite apart from the value of the thoughts uttered. It used to

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be said of Savonarola that when he preached his physical presence seemed actually to be enlarged. I would say the same thing about Ruskin. This slight, almost insignificant man towered over his audience. He had the fire and force of a prophet. His eyes flashed upon you. Always beginning in a low voice, slowly and quietly, he grew more and more full of sparkle and vigour as he proceeded. But he never lost command of himself, or became the plaything of his eloquence. Towards the end of his lecture he generally grew more quiet. Those perorations, those incomparable perorations, were delivered very gravely, with the most exquisite sense of cadence, of rhythmical modulation. Everybody, of course, looked forward to them, knowing by experience how sure they were of not being sent empty away. Ruskin, too, knew that quite well himself. I remember an amusing instance of it. During the second series of lectures, lectures of a more directly practical kind, delivered to a much smaller audience, partly composed of working pupils in the Museum, he suddenly stopped dead one day just towards the finish, just when we were expecting the peroration. Drawing himself up and looking straight at his audience, his face half reproachful, half agleam with malicious fun—"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "there is to be no peroration to-day. I know you think I take immense pains with these endings. I do take immense pains with them. But they are not what I want you to come and listen to me for. So to-day we will have none." And he abruptly stopped.

I forget whether it was in 1870 or 1871 that the art classes for members of the University were started by Ruskin in the gallery at the Taylorian. He took extreme pains over them. He presented a large number of invaluable studies and pictures, Turners, Prouts, and Burne-Joneses, and a quantity of his own work, for the use of the students to copy and study from. They were framed and glazed and stored in little mahogany cabinets; but we had access to them whenever we liked, under the superintendence of dear old Mr. Fisher, the curator of the galleries.

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Every convenience for copying these beautiful things was arranged for us; and within reason we might copy what we liked. Mr. Macdonald was the art master, and an admirable one. But Ruskin himself constantly came round to us, and showed us, one by one, what was the thing to admire in the copy we had chosen, or he had selected, and with his own hand drew on our paper. Sometimes he would bring us in a plate of small wild-flowers and grasses, and bid us try our hand at them for their forms and chiaroscuro. Twice, during my time, he took a party of us out sketching to Hincksey. I remember on one of these occasions, while we were all seated by a bank drawing some cottages, a rude little brat of a child held out a stick with a dead snake at the end of it pretty well into Ruskin's face. "I say, guv'nor, draw this," shouted impudence. "My dear child, I should be delighted to," gravely answered the professor—"if I had time," and went on placidly with his work.

At the first start of these schools, in order to qualify for becoming a personal pupil of Ruskin, one had to make a copy of one of his drawings from a Greek vase of the Wheel of Triptolemus. We were to use compasses and rulers as much as we liked, but the thing was to wash the drawing in in monochrome evenly without showing any seams. The colour he always made us use for these drawings was violet-carmine. The reason of his choice of this colour I could never quite understand; for I thought it then, and I still think it, a hideous colour. But perhaps it washes easily, or has some other virtue hidden from me. If Mr. Macdonald passed your drawing of the wheel, you were entered on the list to be introduced to Mr. Ruskin as his pupil.

Ah! how well I remember that introduction; how one's heart beat, partly with nervousness, partly with inexpressible pleasure at the anticipation of it. One was to go at last actually into the presence of one's Hero, to be alone with him in the same room, to speak with him face to face, perhaps to take him by the hand. Remember, one was only one-and-twenty—a shy, uncouth lad not

long from school. But I don't know that it is much gain, that to-day the thought of entering no presence in the world could bring me that nervousness or pleasure.

I was amongst the first batch of pupils to be ushered in to him. Old Mr. Fisher took me up to the door of Ruskin's private room, opened it, in the most solemn manner announced my name and college, and left us. With that exquisite old-world courtesy that was innate in him Ruskin came forward, took me by the hand, and led me to a chair. He asked me what I could do, and what I wanted to do, and begged me show him some of my work. He was pleased to approve it. He went on talking to me in the kindest manner imaginable. At last he rose and said—"Mr. Image, why, you have been sitting all the while with your face to the light—let us change places." The words and action were simple enough; but what a world of delicate consideration was in them! They put one at ease in a moment—as much at ease as a shy youth could be in the presence of a great man he worshipped.

The first drawing Ruskin gave me to copy was an enlargement of his own of a laurel sceptre of Apollo from a design of Baccio Bandinelli. The thought of it brings a flush of shame to me even at this length of time. In expiation I will here make confession of my stupid impudence. The copy was a fine drawing with a brush, full of Ruskin's characteristic nervous handling. What little training I had had before was under the old South Kensington system. Nervous, sensitive handling was not encouraged under that system: the thing was to draw hard outlines, hard as nails. Into such hard outlines I did actually have the audacity to translate this splendid drawing of Ruskin's with the purely conceited intention of showing off my firmness of hand. By-and-by Ruskin came round and looked. He said only a few quiet words—but I can assure you, they effectually killed my conceit. Then he took the brush into his hand, and showed me what kind of touch was worth having, what kind of line and form were fine or not fine,

and wherein lay the splendid quality of design in this Apollo's sceptre. There are days in one's life upon which one can lay one's finger and say, on such a day a new thing was revealed to me, my blind eyes were opened and I saw. And this was one of these days to me. Before Ruskin rose from my seat, he had revealed to me what Design meant. Whatever small power of Design I may possess, I date the dawn of it from that lesson: and my sister, who has had good opportunities for judging, assures me that I have never made a design in my life in which the trace of that laurel sceptre lingers not.

It was during Commemoration Week, I think in 1871, that Ruskin delivered his lecture on Michelangelo and Tintoret. I sometimes cannot help thinking that the knowledge of the special kind of fashionable audience before which he would have to deliver it roused in him a spirit of extreme wilfulness, which he was at little pains to curb. Anyhow, its extravagant laudation of Tintoret, its still more extravagant damnation of Michelangelo, raised a storm about Ruskin's head, and caused even his friends to protest. I remember meeting Burne-Jones shortly after this famous lecture, and his expressing to me his deep regret at it—not because he thought it would injure Michelangelo's reputation, but because he feared it might very seriously injure Ruskin's, and obstruct his influence. Ruskin himself, it may be, after the thing was over, realized that he had allowed his likes and dislikes to carry him a little too far. Anyhow, I recollect seeing a letter of his to a friend of mine in which he alluded to the matter, and the hubbub it had caused, at some length. But a single sentence of this letter—thirty-two years have gone since I read it—remains in my memory: but it was a sentence that struck me forcibly at the time, and has again and again recurred to me as full of suggestiveness. It was this: "Michelangelo," wrote Ruskin, "is so great a man as to need both praise and blame."

The words occur to me this evening, occur to me as most pertinent in relation to Ruskin himself. I will venture to say

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that no member of the Ruskin Union more loves, and reverences, and would wish to set upon a higher pinnacle the memory of this great man, and great master in Israel, than I do myself. But to be merely idolatrous of him is but a disservice we pay to his memory: it harms it in the eyes of the world, and it harms us who pay it. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—let us say of the dead nothing but what is good—is a creditable and touching sentiment: but it is not in place when we are thinking of the great dead. Those who really know their greatness and are jealous for it, it is the last thing they would desire, if there are some spots on the sun and some weak joints in the armour, to refuse discernment of them, or to resent their exposure.

I have been speaking of Ruskin as a personal teacher of art: I have said how inspiring he was, how illuminating. What one owes to his personal teaching is inexpressible, incalculable. At the same time there is no denying it, that if a pupil was to get all the good he might out of that personal teaching, if he was indeed to avoid getting some not inconsiderable harm from it, it was absolutely necessary that he should be able to keep his head.

The danger was this. Ruskin was exceedingly—well, what shall I say?—impetuous, unguarded in his criticism of one's performances, heedless or oblivious of the effect words from his lips must inevitably produce on a student. One day he would belaud your work so effusively, that your brain would go round dizzy with excitement, and you felt that Leonardo's subtle draughtsmanship, or Turner's imagination and colour, might really sometime be within your grasp. The next day he would condemn your work so unconditionally that you were fit to sink into the floor. I don't mean, of course, that either his approbation or his condemnation were idly uttered or groundless: but unless you could keep your head, the one was calculated to exalt you into folly, the other to debase you into despair.

Now, how did this defect in his teaching come about? I think the secret of it was this. If the drawing you were engaged upon

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had at the moment Ruskin came round to look at it some quality in it that appealed to him, showed that you had seen and were making for what he felt to be the fine virtue of the original, he was at once so entranced and overjoyed at this that accompanying faults were for the time non-existent or at least negligible for him—and he took no pains to conceal or moderate his delight. If, on the other hand, you had missed the special quality he cared for, or had not yet been able to come to the point of realizing it, no other good things in the drawing counted with him a jot.

I will illustrate and enforce what I am here saying by the experience of a dear friend of mine long since gone to his rest. Some of you certainly know the name of Arthur Burgess, for many years Ruskin's assistant and friend, a man of extraordinary gifts in many directions, a first-rate draughtsman, a wood-engraver—you must all know some of his exquisite work in *Proserpina* and elsewhere—second to none in manipulative skill that our country has produced. Shortly before, and at the time when Ruskin came to Oxford as Slade Professor, Burgess was much with him, and made any number of diagrams and enlarged drawings for the purpose of the lecture-room. I know from his own lips and writing what Ruskin's deliberate opinion was as to the merit of his assistant's work—he held it in its way incomparable. But I well remember Burgess telling me how, in the earlier days of their connection, Ruskin was in the habit of coming into his room, when he was starting on, or had got but some little way with, an enlarged cartoon for a lecture: and how if Ruskin did not see in the drawing at that early stage indication of the particular qualities he set store by nothing would satisfy him with it; and he would count it a failure to the last. So often did this happen, and so embarrassing did it become, that at last Burgess plucked up courage and one day said, "Sir, I am going to ask a favour of you. I think when you have once explained to me what you want in a drawing I can mostly get it for you. But sometimes what you want cannot be had till the drawing nears completion—and at any

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rate I can only get it my own way. Will you do me this favour of never coming in to look at the thing till I can show it you finished?" Ruskin knew his man, at once consented, and loyally kept his promise. There were few occasions after that on which he had to find fault with Burgess's drawings.

When one passes to a wider field than this of one's own, or one's friends', personal experience, I think we find that this characteristic of Ruskin in his criticism, his impatience of anything in art which lacked qualities that appealed to him, his unbridled eulogism of anything in art which possessed them, accounts for much which has made many men, especially in these latter days, impatient of his authority as an art critic, and quite ludicrously blind to the immense service art in many ways received from his superb genius. To return to the instance I have already quoted, it accounts for his unqualified admiration of Tintoret side by side with his unqualified depreciation of, almost contempt for, Michelangelo. It accounts for his unqualified admiration of Turner side by side with his unqualified depreciation of, almost, sometimes absolute, contempt for, Constable. I cannot resist quoting one criticism of his on Constable—the man over whom artists nowadays the world through are so enthusiastic, and I think rightly enthusiastic. I cannot resist quoting it for two reasons: first, because it shows how wrong Ruskin could and would let himself go about work that lacked qualities appealing to him; and, secondly, because it shows what supreme mastery he possessed over language, what an incomparable power of putting into a few words the most biting scorn of what he thought ignoble and pernicious. The criticism is this—from his *Notes on Pictures*, No. 5, to be found on page 178 of the volume of selections in the edition of 1863. "One of our English painters"—he writes—"Constable, professed this pursuit (the pursuit of chiaroscuro) in its simplicity. Though my pictures should have nothing else, they shall have chiaroscuro. The sacrifice was accepted by the fates, but the prayer denied. His pictures *had* nothing else, but they

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had *not* chiaroscuro." Is it possible to conceive any criticism more wrong than that? Is it possible to conceive any feeling of contempt more exquisitely conveyed?

Further, I think it is quite certain, that for what one may call the purely artistic side of art, that side of it—and but a side it no doubt is, after all—which to the born-artist is so absorbing, the sensuous appearance and effect of things, Ruskin had no extraordinary eye. At any rate, other sides of art predominantly absorbed his attention. We see this as much in the professed grounds of his championship of Turner as in the professed grounds of his denunciation of Claude and Constable. And it accounts for his attitude towards Michelangelo. A friend of mine was once walking with him through the British Museum. My friend stood before one of the statues there, and expressed his admiration for it. "No doubt," said Ruskin, "you are right: but to tell truth, the nude human figure has no interest for me." A most frank confession: but a confession that very largely puts his opinion out of court where Michelangelo is concerned—Michelangelo, to whom the nude human figure was the supreme object of artistic contemplation, and the supreme medium of artistic expression.

On one occasion it was my privilege to spend a night under Ruskin's roof at Denmark Hill. It was while I was still an undergraduate. I had written to him from Oxford on a matter of, to me, immense personal moment: he asked me to come up and talk it over, and said—"Sleep the night here, that you may have the chance of seeing Turner under the morning light." The main thing we talked over I cannot tell you about: I need only say that our talk revealed Ruskin, in the most practical manner, to be as generous as he was sympathetic and wise. On this occasion—in little trivial ways, it may be, but none the less significant for that—his beautiful courtesy impressed me as it had done on my first introduction to him. If, instead of being a troublesome youth, I had been a great man or a prince of the

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blood royal, he could not have shown me greater courtesy. I remember his taking me himself on my arrival up into the bedroom to see that the servants had made everything comfortable, and that the fire burnt well. I remember his apologizing at breakfast for what he called his lack of hospitality in not seeing that there was a choice of coffee or tea. At dinner we had fried slices of cod—and he expatiated on the beautiful colour that particular fish always seemed to him to fry—so much finer than other fish. At the time I was wholly absorbed in devotion to Rossetti and Burne-Jones. “You seem to be much more taken,” he said, a little reproachfully, “with my Joneses than with my Turners!” An original Rossetti painting I had never seen. On my telling him so, he walked without a word out of the room, and brought back under his arm that superb drawing of *The Passover in the Holy Family*—unfinished the drawing, as you all know—but assuredly Rossetti at his best. “I had to carry the drawing off,” said Ruskin, “finished or unfinished. You see Rossetti has cut the head of Christ out and put in a fresh one. He put it in and scraped it out so many times, that I feared he would end by scraping the whole thing clean away—so I carried it off.”

I know these are but trivial reminiscences, but I think they have their significance: at any rate, they may perhaps entertain you a little.

And I will end them, trivial, brief, and scattered as they are, with but one more—not trivial, at least not trivial to me. It concerns a matter of extreme delicacy and painful memories, and I have hesitated long over mentioning it at all. But it gives me the opportunity of paying one more tribute to the name of a man whom every disciple of Ruskin ought to know and to honour; and it shows the exceeding tenderness of Ruskin’s heart, and the generosity of his nature, so desirous to make amends if ever he thought he had dealt, or might seem to have dealt, over-harshly.

I have mentioned to you the name of Arthur Burgess. In the

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earlier eighties, to his exceeding grief, Burgess's employment under Ruskin ceased; and I suppose it was for two years or so that no communication of any kind passed between them. In the year 1886 Burgess was stricken of the illness, a rapid consumption, of which he died. In the early days of the illness one morning came for him a letter in Ruskin's handwriting. It was a long letter of extreme affection, saying how all the old memories had been revived in looking over a quantity of his splendid work, and begging him to write and tell all about himself. I sometimes have half a fancy that if that letter had arrived two months' earlier, acting on so highly strung a nature as Burgess's, it might have prolonged his life. One cannot tell. The one thing certain is that it would have been the lifting for him of the heaviest sorrow his sorrowful life had known; and that if his fate was irrevocably sealed, he would at least have died far the happier for it.

But it was not to be. When the letter reached Peckham, the sick man was held by the doctor too ill to be allowed to hear of it. The one only chance was to keep him perfectly unexcited; and to have known what Ruskin had written would have been fatal assuredly.

It fell to my lot to have to write and tell Ruskin exactly how things stood. By return of post came a letter from him imploring me to keep him constantly acquainted as to how the illness developed. I wrote several letters to him, and received little pathetic notes in reply. But the illness sped rapidly. More and more poor Burgess sank into unconsciousness. At last my letter went to Brantwood to say the end had come. The correspondence is still by me—but no one will ever see it. It is enough to say that its pathos is indescribable.

In 1887, for the pages of the *Hobby Horse Magazine*, I begged Ruskin to write a short memorial of Burgess: and he wrote it at once. There it remains for those who care to read it in the sixth number of the *Hobby Horse*—the most touching of memorials,

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both for what it reveals of Ruskin's own feelings and of his esteem and poignant sorrow for his dead friend.

Here, then, I end. And if in conclusion, I refrain from any panegyric of our revered master's life and work, it is only because in such a company as this no panegyric is needed, and any attempt at one would seem something of an impertinence. For all of us, at any rate here, are assured that amongst the great thinkers of England and her great writers his place is secure: and that—higher still—in the goodly fellowship of her prophets stands, and will stand for ever, not the least eminent amongst them—John Ruskin.

JOHN RUSKIN : A VINDICATION.

An Address to British Workmen.

By Κατὰ Ἀληθείαν.

UNDER ordinary circumstances the appearance of a new volume in the series upon English Men of Letters might be considered a matter for quiet comment among strictly literary readers rather than a fitting subject for an address to the world of British workmen. The facts, however, that a recent volume in that series is devoted to one who has not long been missed among us ; that it deals largely with problems of the most intense contemporary interest ; that it is written by one who is the leader in Great Britain of a cult which was singled out for antagonism by the man with whose teaching the volume deals ; and that the work itself is marked by inaccuracies and misconceptions almost beyond the power of words to characterize, may perhaps excuse a departure from established usage. The harm to the public conscience likely to ensue upon the acceptance, as a truthful survey, of this latest estimate of Mr. Ruskin's thought and work is so great—the fallacies, if not the deliberate misrepresentations, of the volume are so many and so pervasive—that some attempt at a redressing of the scale is demanded in the interests of common honour.

I begin with the statement that what will here be said will fall naturally under four heads. I shall attempt to deal, first, with Mr. Ruskin's position as a writer upon human life and industry ; secondly, I shall say something of his art teaching as exemplified in his *Art of England* ; thirdly, I shall endeavour to point out

such inaccuracies or inversions of actual fact as seem to me most conspicuously to disfigure Mr. Harrison's work and to call for reprehension ; and, lastly, I shall ask attention to at least one attitude of the writer of the volume, and one court of his appeal against which, it seems to me, all decent men are called upon to protest. Let those to whom the memory of Mr. Ruskin's chivalry is a matter for reverent gratitude console themselves—in the face of Mr. Harrison's treatment of delicate episodes in his subject's life, and his appeal to the standards of those who are least refined among us—with the reflection that, to these departures from good taste and their attendant outrages upon hospitality, the subject of this vindication could no more have been reduced than he could to theft or incest.

There is one more element in Mr. Harrison's volume to which, at the outset, it is necessary to call attention. Let it persistently be borne in mind that the one essential point in which Mr. Ruskin differed from nearly every other recently accepted writer, both in art and in political economy, was in his insistence upon the fact that the industrial and artistic life of man is in its essence moral, and falls or rises in proportion to the reality and the simplicity of man's belief in a righteous over-seeing God ; and that Mr. Harrison categorically denies the existence of such a being. I shall not go into any discussion of the grounds for Mr. Ruskin's or for Mr. Harrison's contention, nor shall I say anything as to the comparative standing of Positivism among the beliefs, or non-beliefs, of existing or once-existing men ; but I ask you to remember that what we have, in the volume under review, is a study of the work of a man to whom belief in an all-seeing, all-inspiring Providence was the keynote of his thought and life, by a man by whom the existence of such a being is held to be inconceivable. And I shall do this the less reservedly from the fact that Mr. Harrison is himself careful to align Mr. Ruskin's teaching, wherever it lends itself to such alignment with advantage to his personal predilections, with the teaching of the man to

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whom—at least in modern Europe—the propagation of this belief, or non-belief, is principally due.*

I.

First of all, then, we attempt to say something of Mr. Ruskin's work in the field of our industrial and associated life as exemplified alike in his published works and in those concrete departures from established modes to which he lent his countenance or his initiation. One of the charges which Mr. Harrison brings against our author is that of temerity, in that he essayed the solution of problems vital to man's existence with a painfully inadequate knowledge of the field and an equally inadequate equipment. It is asserted that he attempted, out of hand and without previous training, to settle problems in human life before which Plato, Aristotle, Aquinas, and Leibnitz retired discomfited, and which Locke, Hume, Kant, and Bentham touched upon but in sections. And for this task, it is averred, "he was utterly unfitted by his very scanty learning, by habit, and by the cast of his mind. He can only throw forth a few suggestions more or less echoes of Plato, the Bible, mediæval art, and Carlyle. Nothing less adequate as a coherent and systematic synthesis of society can be imagined."

Fortunately, this is a subject upon which it is possible to speak—if not with absolute finality—at least with something like precision.

I. Among those by whom the problems of man's existence as a social and industrial being have been investigated, two schools

* Concerning the vaunted superiority of M. Comte's system of economics, and Mr. Ruskin's failure to recognise its merits, it may be sufficient to point out that—in its final disposition of the forces of society—the parasitic callings are placed at the top; and, in its analysis of the conditions which lie at the basis of human industry, labour is asserted to be the outcome of slavery, and man is held to have been originally spurred to toil through the withdrawal of his personal liberty and initiative, and under the encouragement of the lash! There are few more ignoble paragraphs in literature than that in which Mr. Lewes sums up M. Comte's idea of work, and his avowed belief that all men share his aversion to it, in one of the closing sections of his exposition of that author's *Philosophy of the Sciences*.

stand out conspicuous—the schools which we may briefly classify as the Vital and the Artificial: the one devoting its attention to the facts of life and the impulses by which that life is governed: the other concerning itself principally with the formation of some set arrangement under which what it recognised of man's industrial impulses and creations may methodically be marshalled. To the former class belong Homer, Thucydides, Herodotus, Plato, Xenophon, Pindar among the Greeks; Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Livy among the Romans; Dante, St. Bernard, Bacon, Sismondi, Milton, More, Mazzini, and Carlyle among the moderns. To the second class belong, to some extent, Aristotle among the ancients,* and—more completely—Smith, Bentham, Ricardo, Mill, Malthus, Spencer, and Comte among writers of recent times. Now it is the peculiarity of Mr. Ruskin that, appearing in the arena at a time when what I have characterized as the Artificial school was so much in the ascendant as to be practically in possession of the whole field of British professional economic study, his place was, from the first, among the men of the more vital, and broader, outlook. *And with the life and work of every one of the great names in this field he is as familiar as he is with the ten commandments.* There is no single author in the list I have enumerated with whose character and whose output he is not acquainted to the verge, or beyond the verge, of a playful *camaraderie*.

2. Further than this, however, it is the fact that everything which man does as an associative working being may be referred to one or another of these three heads—as *production*, as *transportation*, or as *enjoyment*:† under the first being included all the output

* I have placed Aristotle—at least qualifiedly—among the artificial economists, in spite of his firm hold on reality, because in him we have the first exhibition of undue deference paid to analysis, and the first indication of the tendency to arrange the facts of life according to the requirements of an arbitrary system.

† The term *consumption*, as substituted by the Artificial school for the third term in the classification here adopted, has had an especially deplorable effect. It has called attention to the least essential element in the disposal of the product of human labour, and tended to strengthen—where it did not in fact create—an intention on the part of the manufacturer to produce articles and fabrics designed explicitly not to last. As a result we have the industrial and the creative energies of the modern

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of his ingenuity in the mechanical and imaginative arts ; under the second, its conveyance from place to place ; under the third, its ultimate destiny as a useful or pleasure-giving thing. And in no circumstances can any product of our industrial or our creative energy be conceived of as transcending this simple classification. To whatever height of attainment man arrives, and however complicated his activities, there is no production of his hand or thought the creation and the history and the final fate of which is not included under one or another of these three terms. It is as the producer, as the distributor, or as the user of some commodity essential or auxiliary to man's material or immaterial well-being that every man, save the wholly useless man, is perpetually employed. And it is Mr. Ruskin's great distinction, among those who have attempted to treat of man's composite activities, that he has recognized and insisted on this fundamental fact, clearing away the cobwebs which had attended the discussion during five or six generations, and especially insisting on attention being directed to that one division of man's creative energy under which its most vital results are marshalled—of which division all his predecessors among modern political economists had been entirely oblivious : the ultimate end and aim of man's industrial and creative strength.* I know of nothing which so conclusively established Mr. Ruskin's supremacy as an investigator of the facts of human industry, over

world directed chiefly to the production of things concerning which its hope is that they may *sell*, and not that they may lastingly supply any proper human need or vitally satisfy any noble human longing.

I have used the term "enjoyment," rather than "use," because it embraces not only those things which have a relation to our material necessities, but those which have a relation to our immaterial. A man enjoys (that is, is made glad by, has a feeling of satisfaction in) the possession of a field which he can plough, a hoe which he can wield, and a picture which he can look at ; and the last is as much a *useful* thing to him—if it is a good picture and he has an intelligent appreciation of its meaning—as the implement or the glebe ; and, if he is a healthy man and not indolent, or lackadaisical, he *enjoys* the use of the hoe and the cultivation of his field as much as he enjoys his picture.

* The neglect, or the obscuring, of this point is among the most fatal of the omissions of the so-called professional economists. Nearly every curse which attaches to our present industrial life, and nearly every insincerity which distinguishes our existing commercial activity, may be traced unerringly to the refusal of modern British economic writers to treat explicitly—or indeed at all—of the end and aim of work.

the complete procession of so-called economists from Adam Smith to Henry Fawcett, as his treatment of this one point, and I can conceive of no man, whose attention has once been called to this fact, as being ever afterwards capable of reading with patience the conclusions of his opponents. To do so is like returning to the conceptions in astronomy which prevailed before Copernicus and Galileo, or like reverting to those theories in physics to which Newton gave the fatal shock.

There lie, however, behind this threefold expression of man's industrial and creative activity, certain impulses and conceptions out of which the product of man's energy springs and grows; and these impulses and conceptions are, to the forms which the results of his activity takes, as the spirit to the body which it inhabits, and as the momentum behind the blow.

Now, it is to the existence of these forces—it is to the influence of these most real momenta—that Mr. Ruskin, at the outset, directs attention. He is concerned, initially, not with secondary but with primary conditions, and it is not too much to say, as he himself says in his preface to *Munera Pulveris*, that his works comprise “the first accurate analysis of the laws of Political Economy which has been published in England.” No investigation of the springs of our creative and industrial action, no arrangement of the forms under which that action finds permanent and intelligent expression, at all comparable to that contained in the chapters which he has contributed to the discussion, is elsewhere to be discovered in our tongue. Disregarding alike the phraseology and the pitfalls of the Artificial school, Mr. Ruskin concerned himself with the impulses which underlie all normal creative and mechanical activity, and with the forms which the expression of these impulses must take in any sanely ordered and healthily constructed system of human life; Kant having, in his *Critique of Pure Reason*, hardly gone more conclusively behind the shallow and tedious lucubrations of Hume and Locke and their disciples than Mr. Ruskin, in his *Unto This Last* and *Time and Tide*

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and *Munera Pulveris*, behind the theories and the contentions of Smith and Mill and Malthus.*

Passing next to some examination of Mr. Ruskin's economic teaching as exemplified in his writings and in those practical undertakings to the furtherance of which he lent alike his influence and his fortune, we may say of them that they differ from what had, until his time, been for something like three centuries the accepted code in Britain in their recognition, first, of affection and admiration as among the moving springs of human life ; secondly, in their assertion of the dignity of labour, and their belief in the possibility of industrial honesty ; and, thirdly, in their persuasion that the only intelligent and legitimate end of creative and industrial association is the providing of the State with loyal and contented and healthful human lives, rather than with a superabundance of machine-made fabrics or steam propelled contrivances. Especially scathing, also, was his arraignment of our modern system of absorbing so much of the vital and material resources of the nation in preparation for contingent war.

Well, there is, I believe, no single one of his contentions upon all these points to the influence of which the historian of our economic life to-day could conceivably be oblivious ; and there is not one which has not been, more or less, explicitly embodied in the treatises of those who are, at this moment, in the van of our industrial thought. At Oxford and at Cambridge, in Dublin and at St. Andrew's, we find formal recognition of the principles which Mr. Ruskin enunciated in those authoritative expressions of economic opinion which issue from their several chairs. No intelligent man to-day dreams of dissociating thought from work, or affection from industrial activity, any more than he dreams of

* I ask the reader of these pages to bear the facts presented under the two subheadings of their division persistently in mind, because the man who brings the charge of arrogance and of insufficient knowledge against the widest visioned, as well as the most penetrating, economic thinker of our time is himself apparently quite ignorant of their existence, and as hopelessly involved in the confusions of the school to which Mr. Ruskin, more than any other individual influence, gave the first deadly and decisive blow.

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dissociating thought from life or affection from domestic happiness. And the condition which this fact discloses, and which is in reality a return to the more sane and healthful conceptions of the pre-Reformation economists, is due chiefly to two teachers of the nineteenth century—of whom Carlyle was the first in time, the second is Mr. Ruskin.*

Again, Mr. Harrison is at the pains to tell us that Mr. Ruskin's attempts at a practical amelioration of the conditions which surrounded him—all his efforts to effectually embody his economic theories—ended in futility. Speaking of the Sheffield Museum, he says: "This is, perhaps, the only remaining result of any importance of so many years of anxiety and toil, of such generous

* How completely Mr. Ruskin's economic principles have penetrated the whole fabric of modern investigation, and how little ground there is for Mr. Harrison's contumelious treatment of them, let the following extracts, from a survey of his position by a distinguished member of the biological school, attest.

Speaking of Mr. Ruskin's equipment, it says: "So much grasp of facts and of their order in nature, such power of observation and description, with varied knowledge of history and art, constitute more preparation alike in preliminary and social sciences than could be shown by any of the economists whom he was wont to deride."

Again: "While on one hand the orthodox political economy affords little residue to scientific criticism, Ruskin furnishes much solid material for the new construction. . . . Exceeding all other economists in clear vision of physical realities, in insight and criticism of the quality of production, he was more than any other writer the legitimate continuator of the Physiocratic school, and the forerunner of its complete resystematization by the aid of physical and biological science; while his statement of the aims of practical economics in terms of the quality and significance of human life, his treatment of criticism of art and other aspects of production from the same point of view, and his clear enunciation of the essential unity of economics and morals in opposition to the discord assumed as a deductive artifice, will remain especially and permanently classic."

Again, as to Mr. Ruskin's influence: "Of Ruskin's practical influence much might be said; but this cannot be measured until the younger generation, whom he has educated to active social sympathy, has brought forth its manifold results of economic research and practical application. Everywhere organic filaments are spinning; reform in the production of wealth and economy in its consumption are alike in progress; more slowly indeed, yet surely, news of its distribution at once more rational and more generous are gaining ground; the health and culture of the worker, the ennoblement of function, the purification of environment, have at last won recognition as truly practical. . . . We are rising not only to finer mechanics and labour-saving, but to finer organics, subtler psychics of labourer-saving. As with things go corresponding thoughts, so a finer, a more human theory of economics is also spinning. This great social change is all immature as yet, still more so is its theory; but of those whose criticism did most in dissolving away the lower elements, whose suggestions aided most in creating the newer and nobler ones, perhaps no one will be longer or more honourably remembered than John Ruskin as economist."—Professor Patrick Geddes, in *The International Monthly* for March, 1900.

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sacrifices, of such noble ideals which [*sic*] were embodied in the Utopia of St. George, the mediæval symbol of England, of chivalry, and of culture of the soil."

I cannot, of course, go into detail concerning every form of industrial activity which Mr. Ruskin originated or resuscitated, or to which he lent his aid. I ask you to recall, however, the fact that the Irish hand-weaving and embroidery industries, which owe their existence principally to him, are still in active and successful and beneficent operation; that the same is true of the hand-weaving of the Lake District; and that the School of Industrial Art at Keswick continues to exert a wide and enduring influence for good, not only upon its students but upon the industrial consciousness of the North. And I ask you, further, to bear in mind that all we know of the work of our University Settlements, and of schemes for the better housing of the poor and for bringing them into immediate and constant contact with refined and kindly persons; all the revivals of delight in hand-made fabrics and utensils; all the removals of manufactories to interesting and healthful situations, as well as all sane views of the connection of art with industry, owe themselves primarily to his teaching. There is no one man to whom the world of Christendom is so much indebted for its deliverance from the mercantile ideals and practices of the eighteenth century, with its systematized condonation of the enslaving of the weak and its organized debasement of the general industrial mind; and there is no one influence still so operative for good upon the consciousness of humanity. You can infallibly measure the standing of any man writing upon the industrial and the creative activities of men by the extent to which he agrees, or does not agree, with the subject of this vindication.

II.

I pass next to some examination of Mr. Ruskin's art criticism as exemplified chiefly in his lectures on *The Art of England*. It is,

of course, impossible, in the limits imposed by the form of this address, to traverse the field of Mr. Ruskin's utterances upon art from the appearance of the first volume of *Modern Painters* in 1843 to his closing Oxford Lectures four decades later; but we may briefly say of them that they differed from the work of all previous teachers in their recognition of the intense importance of the ethical element in art; in their insistence upon the necessity for serious observation of the actual aspects of Nature—as presented in her mountains, her clouds, her waves, her fields, her woods—on the part of every painter of landscape; in their contention that every consummate and healthy expression of the creative faculty is unconscious; in their assertion that the exhibition of a state of conflict in any spirit is a source, as well as an evidence, of limitation; and in their determination to regard, as the normal and legitimate art of a people, only that which pertains to the period of its vital activity, and not that which appears in the period and under the influence of its depravity or its decay. To precisely the extent in which these principles have been embodied in all subsequent art criticism—to exactly the degree in which Mr. Ruskin's contentions in this field have been accepted by the world at large—I shall not here invite attention. Instead I shall content myself with asking you to observe, concerning them, that they are eminently intelligible and coherent in themselves, and that they lend themselves beyond a cavil to calm and serious examination.*

Now it is the peculiarity of Mr. Harrison's treatment of his subject, in this field, that he seems to be quite unaware of the reasonableness as well as of the coherence of Mr. Ruskin's principles, and apparently labours under the impression that there

* As Mr. Harrison has nowhere attempted any discussion of the principles of art, or any refutation of Mr. Ruskin's conclusions, it is unnecessary to do more than point out the legitimacy and the coherence of Mr. Ruskin's method, leaving his application of that method to speak for itself. What the writer has felt it to be imperative to do, in this connexion, has been to insist upon the absurdity of any man having so slight an acquaintance with his subject as Mr. Harrison evinces venturing to cast ridicule on the conclusions of the most definitely instructed mind in the orbit of the modern world.

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are, in art, no established rules and no valid methods of analysis. He gibes quite as frequently at what have always been accepted, by all authorities in art, as axioms of their craft, as at those which he supposes to be peculiar to the object of his depreciation. He is entirely unaware, for instance, that there can be such a thing as "the dimness and coruscation of ominous light" as distinguished from interior twilight, or that there is any recognised legitimacy in the use of the term "vaghezza." I need not, of course, point out to you the absurdity of this position—an absurdity to be equalled only by the writer upon modern science who should pour ridicule upon the accepted phraseology of Maxwell in electricity or of Pasteur in fermentation.*

Passing at once to what is the principal stumbling block of Mr. Harrison—Mr. Ruskin's discussion of the merits of the British "Classic School," in the third of his lectures on *The Art of England*—let me say that this lecture exhibits its author in an attitude of restrained and sober analysis; that there is in it but little trace of the exuberance which too often accompanies Mr. Ruskin's investigations; and that it contains no declaration which is insusceptible of defence at the hands of any intelligent person to whom Mr. Ruskin's attitude and principles are not in themselves ridiculous. Personally, the writer of this address would be as willing to hold himself responsible for the support of its main contentions as for the support of the main contentions in any accepted work in observational science—let us say of Professor Newton in ornithology or Sir Archibald Geikie in field geology; and he is unaware of anything, either in the principles themselves or in Mr. Ruskin's application of them which can rightly be provocative of ridicule to a competent enquirer.

* The writer of these pages disclaims any knowledge of painting other than that which is within the reach of every intelligent mind; but as every educated person knows the difference between half and full light, as between cold and warm shadow, so every student of the art of Mr. Alma Tadema is aware that this painter works habitually in two or subdued, and never—or almost never—in open or clear, light. It appears, however, that Mr. Harrison is unaware of this distinction, and therefore feels free to call in question criticisms which are based on this exceedingly elementary recognition.

JOHN RUSKIN: A VINDICATION.

Impossible as it is to touch upon all the infelicities of Mr. Harrison's treatment of this lecture, two preliminary things may be said concerning it. One is that Mr. Ruskin's discrimination between Mr. Alma Tadema's use, or disuse, of light* and that of Mr. Burne-Jones is as explicit and as definitely marked as in any textbook of astronomy would be the difference between the spectroscopic analysis of the light from Aldebaran and the analysis of the light from Sirius. The other is that there is absolutely no similarity between that element in his work for which Mr. Watts is praised and that element in *his* the presence of which precluded Mr. Ruskin's discussion of the work of Sir Frederick Leighton; nor is Mr. Ruskin guilty of the smallest atom of confusion in his discrimination of the merits of these two painters. It is Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Harrison alone, who imports into his bewildered and impossible account, elements alike of confusion and of exaggeration which have no basis in Mr. Ruskin's printed page. Mr. Ruskin explicitly, and with the most delicate courtesy and generosity, recognizes to the full Sir Frederick Leighton's transcendent gifts; and, except in his disclaimer of sympathy with the results of his studies in anatomy—results apparent in his portrayal of attitudes and movements of the body not discernible by the unaided eye, and hence legitimately held to be improper to an art dealing exclusively with appearances—expresses no iota of disapproval of his achievement.

In the case of Mr. Alma Tadema, however, the matter is somewhat different; I shall therefore ask your patience while I transfer to my own pages what is the substance of Mr. Ruskin's contentions:

* A pensive mind may of course legitimately choose twilight as the medium of its expression if the objects depicted are such as the coming on of darkness suggests, and if the things depicted are depicted with the twilight feeling. But in the case of Mr. Alma Tadema we have an artist to whom neither the pensiveness nor the peace of twilight made any appeal, and who simply recoiled from open light through his absence of sympathy with its glory and his inability successfully to embody its effects.

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“Nor is the lesson one whit less sternly conveyed to you,” he says, “by the work of Mr. Alma Tadema, who differs from all the artists I have ever known, except John Lewis, in the gradual increase of technical accuracy which attends and enhances together the expanding range of his dramatic invention ; while every year he displays more varied and more complex powers of minute draughtsmanship, more especially in architectural detail, wherein somewhat priding myself as a speciality, I, nevertheless, receive continual lessons from him ; except only in this one point—that, with me, the translucency and glow of marble is the principal character of its substance, while with Mr. Tadema it is chiefly the superficial lustre and veining which seem to attract him ; and these, also seen, not in the strength of summer sun, but in the cool twilight of luxurious chambers. With which insufficient, not to say degrading, choice of architectural colour and shade, there is a fallacy in his classic idealism against which, while I respectfully acknowledge his scholarship and his earnestness, it is necessary that you should be gravely and conclusively warned.

“I said that the Greeks studied the *body* glorified by war ; but much more, remember, they studied the mind glorified by it. It is the *μῆτις* Ἀχιλλῆος, not the muscular force, which the good beauty of the body itself signified ; and you may most strictly take the Homeric words describing the aspect of Achilles showing himself on the Greek rampart as representative of the total Greek ideal.”

[Here follows the exhortation to “learn by heart, unforgettably,” the seven lines from the *Iliad* “which are enough to remind them of the whole context, and to assure them of the association of light and cloud, in their terrible mystery, with the truth and majesty of human form in the Greek conception.” The lecturer then proceeds :]

“In all ancient heroic subjects you will find these two ideas of light and mystery combined ; and these with height of standing—the goddess central and high in the pediment of her temple, the

hero on his chariot, or the Egyptian king colossal above his captives.

"Now observe that, whether of Greek or Roman life, Mr. Alma Tadema's pictures are always in twilight—interiors, *ὑπὸ συμμυγῇ σκιῇ*. I don't know if you saw the collection of them last year at the Grosvenor ; but with that universal twilight there was also universal crouching or lolling posture—either in fear or laziness. And the most gloomy, the most crouching, the most dastardly of all these representations of classic life was the little picture called the Pyrrhic Dance, of which the general effect was exactly like a microscopic view of a small detachment of black beetles in search of a dead rat.

"I have already named to you the Achillean splendour as the primary type of Greek war, but you need only glance, in your memory, for a few moments, over the habitual expressions of all the great poets, to recognize the magnificence of light, terrible or hopeful ; the radiance of armour over all the field of battle, or flaming at every gate of the city ; as in the blazoned heraldry of the Seven against Thebes—or beautiful, as in the golden armour of Glaucus, down to the baser brightness for which Camilla died : remember also that the ancient Doric Dance was strictly the dance of Apollo ; seized again by your own mightiest poet for the chief remnant of the past in the Greece of to-day :

‘ You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet ;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ? ’

"And *this* is just the piece of classic life which your nineteenth century fancy sets forth under its fuliginous and cantharoid disfigurement and disgrace.

"I say *your* nineteenth century fancy, for Mr. Alma Tadema does but represent—or, rather, has got himself hopelessly entangled in—the vast vortex of recent Italian and French revolutionary rage against all that resists, or ever did resist, its license ; in a word, against all priesthood and knighthood.

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"The Roman state, observe, in the strength of it, expresses both these: the orders of chivalry do not rise out of the disciplining of the hordes of Tartar horsemen, but by the Christianizing of the Roman eques: and the noble priesthood of Western Christendom is not, in the heart of it, hieratic but pontifical. And it is the last corruption of this Roman state, and its Bacchanalian phrenzy, which Mr. Alma Tadema seems to hold it his heavenly mission to portray."

Now, disregarding the manner of Mr. Ruskin's contentions in these paragraphs, we find that they have to do (1) with certain fundamental principles, and (2) with certain minor matters of selection and technique.

1. And first as to fundamental principles. Throughout the whole of Mr. Ruskin's criticism of the productions of the creative faculty he has insisted, you remember—and in the degree at least of his insistence has differed from all previous writers upon art—on the fact that it is in its essence moral; and in the application of this canon he has further pointed out that the glory or the discredit of any attempted artistic embodiment of human life attaches to its tendency,* rather than to the precise amount of skill with which the particular phase of life depicted has been seized. And these two fundamental principles lie at the root of what he has here to say concerning the work of Mr. Alma Tadema.

We endeavour, then, to understand the way in which—taking these principles for granted—they apply to the artist under review; since manifestly the principles are in themselves legitimate and a subject for considerate and courteous treatment. Mr. Ruskin finds in the work of Mr. Alma Tadema three things which seem to him explicitly to invite disparagement. He finds (*a*) that Mr. Tadema has elected to depict the life of the Greeks and Romans not in the period of its greatest and most noble vitality,

* As exhibited in the subject chosen to be represented and the impression which its treatment conveys to the trained observer.

but in the period of its supineness and decay ; (*b*) that he portrays, in the activity of this period, those elements of its life which are least uplifting and least aspiring ; and (*c*) that he delineates the human form, not as giving expression to feelings of the heart and mind, but as giving expression to physical feeling only, thus directly contravening the spirit of those nobler writers of antiquity from whom our knowledge of Greek and Roman life is most intimately derived.

2. Secondly, Mr. Ruskin criticises Mr. Tadema's predilection for portraying the human form in lolling or crouching postures, and for his constant preference for working in subdued interior in opposition to open light.

I shall not here concern myself with any attempt at deciding upon the finality of Mr. Ruskin's main contentions, nor shall I endeavour to say in precisely what degree they support his conclusions regarding the work of Mr. Alma Tadema. I shall merely point out, concerning his principles, that they are in themselves legitimate ; and I shall ask the reader who has access to the creations of the artist criticised—either directly or through the medium of photography—to decide for himself the degree to which they lend themselves, in view of his expressed convictions, to Mr. Ruskin's disapproval. It is always open to the individual to prefer twilight to open sun, and to choose to dwell upon the aspect of the human body in a lolling or crouching, rather than in a more dignified or strenuous, pose. It is also open to the individual to select, as the subject of his contemplation, the life of a people in the hour of its decadent and licentious decadence rather than in that of its informing and healthful activity. But in precisely what degree the avowal and the indulgence of such propensities is compatible with the possession of a pure and healthy taste may conceivably be a subject for disagreement.

III.

1. Coming next to those matters of concrete statement upon which Mr. Harrison's assertions are at variance with established fact, I note, first, his contention that Mr. Ruskin mocked at the economists "from Adam Smith to Henry Sidgwick, with no more knowledge of their books than has any æsthetic curate in deacon's orders."* Concerning this, it is necessary to say explicitly that Mr. Ruskin had studied political economy under one of the clearest and most vigorous, as well as one of the most nobly passionate, of nineteenth century economic teachers at Oxford—Professor William Nassau Senior; and he also discloses in his published writings an exhaustive and fatal familiarity with the contentions of Ricardo and Mill, as well as of that latest mind to embrace the tenets and involve himself in the confusions of the plutonist and utilitarian school—the late Professor Henry Fawcett. Further than this, however, it may perhaps be permissible to suggest that there are two ways in which a man may become an authority upon a subject: one is by so mastering the principles of that subject as to be able to apply them instantly to any particular set of facts with which he may be confronted; the other is by knowing what has been said about a subject by a specified number of selected minds. Now it is to be remembered that it is among men of the first description that Mr. Ruskin finds a place, and that Mr. Harrison has nowhere attempted any refutation of a

* Concerning what Mr. Harrison says of Mr. Ruskin's equipment, on p. 72—that "as in theology, so in history; as in art, so in economics, Ruskin was perpetually constructing *a priori* out of his own head new schemes and theories, without any serious or systematic knowledge of theology, or history, or economics, or even art"—we can parallel it, if we will, by the assertion that Mr. Harrison has lately been writing about the philosophic and literary achievements of his countrymen, without any serious or systematic knowledge of philosophy, or literature, or æsthetics, or even style. And our statement would be much more easily susceptible of proof than his if we take the volume which he has lately given us on Tennyson and Ruskin and Mill as the basis of our remark. The only point upon which Mr. Harrison is disposed to recognize Mr. Ruskin's transcendent gifts—a point concerning which Mr. Ruskin was himself either careless or scornfully self-depreciatory—is with regard to his mastery of English. Here Mr. Harrison is unstinting in his praise—to the extent of losing his hold on the principles of syntax!

single one of his conclusions. It is also to be remembered that for that parrot-like accumulation of hypotheses and explanations having little foundation in fact, with which the study of political economy has, for six generations, been clogged among us, he had nothing save impatient scorn.

2. Again: Mr. Harrison asserts that "it is not apparent that Mr. Ruskin at all understood the real relation of the buildings and arts he found at Venice to their true sources in the Byzantine School and in Greek invention." Surely a sufficiently amazing remark in connection with the activity of the man whom Mr. Harrison himself accuses of having founded the pre-Raphaelites—that little band of scholars which was the first in the modern world to trace the developments of Greek mythology through Byzantine into Christian art—and who himself so persistently insisted on the connexion between the Athenian achievement and that of the Adriatic, and between the Etrurian and that of Christian Rome! Here, also, the reader may be reminded that Mr. Harrison adduces, and endeavours to adduce, no particle of evidence in support of his innuendo.

3. And here forgive me if I say candidly that I recoil from any attempt to characterize Mr. Harrison's tortuous misrepresentation of Mr. Ruskin's religious* views. In the case of the leader of a sect which, more than any other, the subject of this vindication persistently and deliberately antagonized, the mantle of charity may, perhaps, be drawn over some of the results of a feverish and distorted point of view; but it is difficult to acquit Mr. Harrison of conscious and painstaking misrepresentation upon matters concerning which—if he treated of them at all—it was incumbent upon him that he should do so with the most persistent and explicit truth. That some change in Mr. Ruskin's religious views took place between his twentieth and his fortieth year is

* I use the word "religious" in its wider, or Scriptural, sense, as descriptive of all that side of our nature in which sanctions not drawn from our material environment have their play. Art, literature, industrial activities, man's social life, are, on certain sides, religious, in so far as they attempt to embody or impress upon us invisible and eternal truths.

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familiar to all students of his writings: as is also, to most of us, the fact that this change consisted in the supersession of his inherited "evangelicism" by broader and more catholic convictions. Similar changes had taken place, however, in the case of nearly every Christian thinker of his century: and Mr. Ruskin's experience is paralleled not only in the development of the general lay consciousness of his time; it is paralleled also by the man who is the most gifted exponent of a catholic nineteenth century theology in the Church of England, if not in modern Christendom—Frederick W. Robertson, of Brighton. But that Mr. Ruskin ever so far departed from the teachings of Christianity as to warrant the assertion that "he groped through middle life in theological darkness," from which he later emerged into "a rather vague form of orthodox belief," both his writings and his actions disavow. There is no more real divergence between his earlier and his later convictions than between those of any man to whom the teachings of his childhood prove inadequate without necessitating his abandonment of the central citadel of his faith; and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Ruskin's system of belief is as completely coherent in its fundamental principles, throughout the whole period of his activity as a writer, as, from first to last, was that of Plato, of Dante, or of Kant. It is as fatally inaccurate as it is without the pale of justification to confuse his abandonment of the narrow "evangelicism" of his youth with the abandonment of his belief in the necessity for "fidelity to the legible laws of an undoubted God"; and Mr. Harrison's treatment of his subject's religious development is as detrimental to the interests of truth as any tenet of Mr. Ruskin's inherited theology which the wider and deeper thinking of his manhood caused him explicitly to disavow. I cannot pause to controvert in detail the several statements wherein Mr. Harrison repeatedly distorts the facts with regard to the religious prepossessions of the subject of his monograph: it must suffice for me to say concerning them that they do violence

throughout to easily ascertainable truth, and are as incapable of external support as they are in themselves unhappy.

4. Closely connected with Mr. Harrison's criticism of the change in Mr. Ruskin's theological belief is what he has to say regarding Mr. Ruskin's opposition to the establishment, in the Oxford Museum, of a physiological laboratory within the precincts of which vivisection was expected to be—and ultimately was—practised. Concerning the attitude of Mr. Ruskin in this matter Mr. Harrison says that it was "partly the opposition felt by all synthetic philosophers to the pedantic specialism in fashion; partly it was a religious horror of the revolutionary and materialistic ideas, as he understood them . . . but mainly it was the cast of mind which made St. Bernard denounce Abailard and the Inquisition, persecute Giordano Bruno, and Galileo." Passing by the state of mind which could identify the temper of St. Bernard with that of the Inquisition, permit me to point out to you the fact that Mr. Ruskin, in his Oxford lectures, has himself provided us with a statement of the explicit grounds for his opposition to the establishment of the school of physiology, and that they are precisely what, from his character and principles, we should naturally have inferred. Mr. Ruskin refuses to be a party to the relinquishment, on the part of the University, of the distinctively Oxford ideal which regards the chief function of its teaching body to be the imparting of intellectual and ethical culture—the creation of a temper and an attitude of the spirit—rather than the production of anatomists or physicians. The departure, in Mr. Ruskin's view, imported into a great and noble university elements to be found properly in a school of medicine or an institute of physiology; and he declined resolutely to countenance the degradation. It is perhaps not too much to say that his position on this subject is increasingly that of all thoughtful persons in the new as in our older world.

IV.

We come, lastly, to the closing division of our task—to some examination of Mr. Harrison's treatment of certain delicate matters in connection with Mr. Ruskin's personal life.

1. The first of these is with regard to Mr. Ruskin's marriage, which Mr. Harrison describes as "a miserable episode in a chequered life," and asserts that "neither the marriage nor the dissolution of it seriously affected his habits or his books." Concerning the latter assertion it may be worth while to point out that, in the most widely circulated of his writings, Mr. Ruskin explicitly and in the strongest terms asserts the contrary; and, concerning the adjective which Mr. Harrison selects to describe the dissolution of Mr. Ruskin's marital ties, we may point out that it was indeed "miserable" in the true sense of the word, but that in the sense apparently intended by Mr. Harrison the "miserableness" pertains to the attitude of the mind which—presumably knowing the facts—could descend so far as to describe it. That there was absolutely nothing in Mr. Ruskin's relation to it from first to last incompatible with the utmost consideration for others and the most delicate and scrupulous chivalry, every one who knows anything of Mr. Ruskin's life and character is unalterably assured.

2. The second matter of a purely personal kind upon which it is necessary to touch is with regard to Mr. Harrison's treatment of Mr. Ruskin's mental malady. And the first thing to be said concerning it is that Mr. Harrison's frequent and unfeeling allusions to it come with an especially bad grace from one who is the leader in Great Britain of a cult whose founder was for long a maniac, and in a fit of suicidal insanity once threw himself into the Seine. Secondly, we may deplore the taste which condescends to record details which the laws of hospitality alone should have prevented. It is possible that there are those, among the followers with Mr. Harrison, by whom his repeated appeals in this matter

to the standards of the unrefined among us may conceivably be condoned ; but the sensitive and puissant mind can only recoil from them as from things as incapable of explanation as entirely to be deplored. They are like the things of which the shade of the most reverent among the Romans once counselled a great Italian : " Let us not speak of them, but look, and pass."*

At the outset of this address the fact has been recognized that it is, at least in manner, a departure from established modes. The questions, however, of which Mr. Harrison's volume treats, relate themselves so intimately to the public conscience—they are so vitally connected with the growth of our moral life—that to have kept silence concerning them would have seemed to the writer of these pages the part of cowardice. In its effect, the monograph by Mr. Harrison in the English Men of Letters series is an attempt to pour ridicule upon the ideals and belittle the achievement of the last great Englishman of our time ; and it is calculated—so far as it can be held to have an influence—to turn backward upon the dial the hands of the development of our industrial and associated, as well as our creative and religious life. To have refrained from criticism of it, therefore, would have been to have acquiesced in whatever power for evil the prestige of its author, and its inclusion in a well-known and widely-circulated series, might conceivably have involved. Fortunately, there are thousands among those by whom the memory of Mr. Ruskin is still revered to whom the inadequacy and the misrepresentations of Mr. Harrison's performance will be alike innocuous ; but among these it is possible that there are some who will be able rather to feel than to apprehend its fallacies, and there are others to whom some explicit pointing out of the incompetence of Mr. Harrison's work may be a matter of essential moment. For ignorance masquerading under the guise of knowledge—for superciliousness arrogating to itself the title to sit in judgment upon the achievements of its superiors without concerning itself to comprehend even the rudi-

* *Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.* The reader may perhaps recall the two preceding lines : " Report of them the world permits not to exist ; Mercy and Justice disdains them. Let us not speak of them, but look, and pass."—*Inferno*, III., 49-51.

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ments of the subject of which it treats*—there can be among decent men no tolerance, and from generous men no quarter. The writer of these pages is well aware of the slightness and the inadequacy of his performance. This attempted vindication has been written hurriedly, at a distance of some six thousand miles from the theatre of events, in order that it might come under the eyes of those to whom its appeal is made while the ineptitude and the impossibility of Mr. Harrison's attempt is still vivid in the public mind. It is addressed primarily to those for whom Mr. Ruskin's later work was almost uninterruptedly done—the world of British workmen. By them it is possible that no vindication—as also no analysis and no memorial at the hands of Mr. Harrison—of the life and the achievements of their great teacher is demanded, or will be thought desirable. With them, more than with any other class among us, however, rests the memory and the accomplishment of the last great wielder of our tongue to pass into the unresponding precincts of our imperial repository of unregretted and unceasing fame. It will be theirs, therefore, to continue gratefully to remember that for them literally he gave his all—not in the brief spasm which accompanies the perforation of a rifle bullet or the tear of an exploding shell, but in the reasoned leashed endurance of the anxieties of a protracted life. With them, and such as they throughout our Empire, rests the duty of securing to posterity a just and faithful recognition of the character and the achievements of this great leader of our thoughts and work. In so doing it may be that it will be required of them to secure, further, that—while the temper of this study of him by Mr. Harrison is as corrosion, and its activity as that of the worm—in its influence it shall be but as the passing of a vapour, and in its lastingness as fretted snow.

* How completely Mr. Harrison has failed to grasp even the most elementary of Mr. Ruskin's contentions in Art and Architecture, and how guiltless he is of any comprehension of the principles whereby the merits or the demerits of any work in either field are estimated, let the following fact suggest. He has instanced, in this monograph, in each department of investigation, four examples in illustration of the absurdity of Mr. Ruskin's position, three at least of which, in each quartette, Mr. Ruskin himself—or any competent exponent of his principles—would have alleged as evidences of its truth.

ATHENS REVISITED.*

By Franklin T. Richards, M.A.

IT was with no small trepidation that we went on deck on that rainy morning in April. What should we see? How would Piraeus receive us after so many years? Should we find the coast-scenery marred, and the distant view of the Acropolis hidden, or disfigured by chimneys? The first glances were tolerably reassuring. Piraeus has spread out. The hills have on them more buildings than of old, those curiously pale, naked, treeless buildings of which the Mediterranean seems to have the secret. The harbour is more active, more full of ships. Yet the growth which these things show has not brought with it much disfigurement. The great features of the landscape remain visible and unchanged. The hills near the coast are still open to walkers. The Acropolis is still to be seen as our ship travels slowly in (although the greater mass of house-roofs makes it go out of sight sooner), and no chimneys are at present visible near it.

The harbour is indeed full of life. The flags of many nations are flying from the masts of the ships. It may be mere accident, but we cannot anywhere or on any day see those undecked Greek boats, full of loose oranges, which lay against the quays years ago in such picturesque lines. But, if they are wanting, their place is amply filled by larger ships. There is one vessel which specially shows how safe the anchorage is, how quiet the water; for she is cut open by workmen just down to the waterline, and is being repaired as she floats. Opposite her rides a Greek Government vessel, apparently moored there for good, and serving

* *The Sculptures of the Parthenon*, by A. S. Murray. (Murray.)

A Short History of the Ancient Sculptors, by H. E. Legge, with Introduction by Professor Percy Gardner. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Ancient Athens, by E. A. Gardner. (Macmillan.)

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perhaps as a meteorological station, for at the top of her mast slowly revolves a windgauge. The scene is lively, so many boats are in motion, so many men at work about the ships and quays. Even below the water something is going on. There is a helmeted diver, with a boat in attendance, and we can mark his progress by the little outbursts of bubbles above his head. He is hunting for something on the bottom, and our passengers make many queer guesses at what it is: but we shall never know, for presently he scrambles into his boat and his fellows row off, dragging after them under the surface something which he has found and secured, but which he does not wish the world to see. But meanwhile we have taken up our anchorage, in six fathoms of water, close to the quay and to the strange church of St. Nicolas. The rain is ceasing, and the swallows are flying higher. We shall have a muddy, but a tolerable, day ashore. No place is more dusty than Attica, and, therefore, after rain few places more muddy. That "light soil" which Thucydides talked about keeps its character. It has done strange things since his day. Always on the move when the weather is dry and the wind up, it has buried many of the objects most familiar to his eyes and so preserved them for us. Fire and earthquake, the rubbish of falling buildings, and the refuse of human habitations, have helped to cover up tombstones and statue-bases and the lower stages of buildings; and under the heaps thus formed the old Greek work has lain soft and warm, to come to light again in our time: but the flying dust must have been the greatest preserver. No one can doubt this who faces a dust-cloud near Phaleron, or who, looking down from the Acropolis, sees the roads as white lines of dense dust which stand out sharp against the fainter haze that envelops the whole country.

Presently we land and realize how much the town of Piraeus has grown since we were here. It has become far cleaner, too, which must mean a certain education among the people. There are now broad and regular roads, spacious buildings, businesslike

quays. The modern Greeks have always said that their great harbour must command a large share of the traffic of the Levant, and their words are coming true: they have worked hard and wisely for their success. A writer of Cicero's day speaks of seeing Piræus, like many other Greek towns, "overthrown and ruined," probably by war: but when the new kingdom of Greece came by its own, less than a century ago, Piræus was in a worse state still, its old name forgotten, its population a mere nothing. The change visible to-day is a great and creditable one.

In this new harbour-town there is very little to be seen: it is a place of business. If we try to think of any "antiquities" of Piræus, most people will probably not get much further than one which, after all, is not now in Greece, one of those great stone lions which stand before the gate of the Arsenal at Venice (carried thither in 1687). It has a curious double connection with the past. Not only is it of Greek workmanship, but there is on it a Runic inscription, due no doubt to some raiding party from North Europe and the sea. That is to say, a thousand years after Thucydides' time, the stone bore witness how Greece was feeling again the danger to coast-towns from pirates, the very thing which he said led so many Greek tribes before his civilized day to build on hills or up the country.

Tramcars circulate in the thick of the town, and will even carry you up to Athens, but it is quicker and surer to go by rail. The train sweeps rather suddenly out of the houses into a country partly cultivated, partly wild and used for pasture, I suppose, but certainly not taken in hand or laid down with grass. It is nowhere broken by hedges, or other visible fences. The absence of any such lines of enclosure, the sight of horses or sheep browsing in the cornfields, the carelessness with which a cart and horses are backed on to a growing crop and there turned round, give an Englishman an uneasy feeling that this is poor farming, and that the best is not being done for the land. Yet the cultivation is better than it was years back. Whether it is extended further in

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the immediate neighbourhood of Athens I am not able to say, but at all events the fields of corn are cleaner than they were. There are fewer weeds—or flowers—in the corn. As to the beasts which graze here, they are but sheep and horses; the goats are elsewhere, on higher ground; and Attica does not find good keep for cattle. The river, Cephissus, has been embanked since I was here last. Now, in April, in spite of the rain, this looks like a needless precaution; the river-bed is dry and stony: but in winter there must be another tale to tell.

Meanwhile, the winding railway-line is giving us glimpses on both sides, first of the outer hills of Athens and specially of the lonely Monument of Philopappus, and next of the Acropolis. The other hills stand up, graceful if you like, in their curves, but looking very white and barren: the Acropolis, pale as its limestone is, makes no such impression owing to the colour of the buildings at its foot, and the dignity of the buildings on its summit. Massed together as these latter are by distance, perpetually re-sorted by the movements of the train, they give us a series of ever-changing, ever-charming groupings. Over one hovers something like a mist, and presently we discover that it is the scaffolding for the restoration of the Erechtheum. Poor Erechtheum!

At Athens, where there was but one railway-station there are now three. We get out at the old one, the nearest, now called the Theseum Station, full of all we are going to see, and we are met by the shocking news that this is a general holiday (the King's Name-Day, I think), and that every place will be shut up. Perhaps we had better not even try the Theseum; leave it till to-morrow. There it rises, clear, sharp, golden in colour, on its lonely little hill, in a drill-ground, looking over the station one way and the Old Quarter another. It is the best preserved temple of Greece, a temple, too, of considerable size and great beauty, although Pausanias, the Guide, who visited Athens in the Golden Age of the Antonines, did pass it over in absolute silence and thereby causes much trouble to the moderns, who cannot discover

its real name or dedication. "Theseum" is but our conventional name for it, not one known to be right or now thought very probable. Even from where we are now walking toward Hermes Street, we can see how some of the drums in the temple columns have been shaken a little out of line by earthquake.

But if we are cut off from the regular sights by public festivity, we shall no doubt get something in exchange. We shall see the people in holiday-mood and holiday-clothes. The jewellery, the costumes, the head-dresses, which I remember from another holiday occasion, will be out again. Yes—and there are the soldiers too, lining the streets and riding in the Place de la Constitution. I rather think that, if my soldiers had disappointed me six years ago, I should not let them parade the capital in such gaudy uniforms: but, merely as a sight for travellers, they are very effective. Where, however, are the civilian costumes? Here is the crowd, a very close crowd too, good-humoured, and orderly: but the costumes are far less numerous than they were. What I must call European clothes have largely come in. Here and there are splendid figures; and the male wearers of bright native dresses are finer men than the wearers of coats and hats: but in the mass the Athenians are evidently growing like the dingy crowds of Western Europe. Their loyalty, or their good-tempered acceptance of things, is plain; but they are not excited, and their little enthusiasm does not last long. Between midday and one o'clock the crowd is all melted away, the shops are shut, and the streets are quite startlingly deserted. Luckily, we found that the festival did not shut up quite all the sights, and we managed to see something of the Lower Town.*

* We found Mr. Gardner's *Ancient Athens* of the very greatest use. It is emphatically a book to be used on the ground. Mr. Gardner's long familiarity with the city, where he was Director of the British School, makes him a very sure and trustworthy guide; and his careful explanation, aided by numerous photographic illustrations, renders his book, perhaps, the best to carry about. His words and his illustrations, between them, make it impossible for the reader to miss anything that he wants to find. Sometimes Mr. Gardner discusses a disputed point of topography without seeming to come to any clear conclusion; but this is rare: and when he has made up his mind, he generally does so on good and sufficient evidence. Above all, as we have said, he enables us to see what he saw, and so to test his conclusions for ourselves.

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Of course, in twenty years or so Athens has been a good deal altered. The Old or Turkish Town is, perhaps, a bit narrowed, but it still clings to the north foot of the Acropolis. Something has been done to air and ventilate it. The fire in the Bazaar some years ago was not altogether a curse. The ruins of classical buildings, chiefly of late Greek and Roman periods, have been disengaged. The Serpent-Footed Giants, which formerly stood in a large low enclosure, full knee-deep of the most venomous nettle known to the present writer, are now in but a small sunk space. The ground round this has been raised and levelled, and, probably, the neighbourhood is more healthy for the change. North of this part we have modern but not perfectly new streets. Hermes Street, new only in one part, is still, and I suppose always will be, blocked or hampered at an important crossing by the little Byzantine church of Hagia Kapnikaraea. But beyond this again, north and east, the town has spread a long way, and is still spreading, while the ground south of the Acropolis is left almost bare. It is not quite clear what the population lives on. Agriculture does not go far; manufactures are few; but the hotels, the palace, and the Government must have given a lift to the capital. At all events, Athens is full of life, and, apparently, not pinched for want of money. Perhaps the best kept garden that I have seen in either Italy or Greece is that in front of the National Museum. It is the creation of the last few years, and its brilliant parterres make an excellent approach to the somewhat severe building. Others of the gardens and public squares are meant to be attractive, but strike us as unfinished and untidy. Partly they *are* untidy, partly they look so because they have no edgings. Turf will not thrive in that climate, and no good substitute has been found. The sort of park which now lies round the Olympieum has a curiously neglected air. It is, no doubt, to be preferred to the old café which stood formerly by those vast columns, but it might with advantage show something more trim. I suppose we shall never get used to the sight of a "park"

without good grass. The grasses at Athens (as in so many parts of Italy) are not turf-grasses. They do not run and grow close, but flourish in single plants, and the rest of the ground is either bare or clothed with weedy wild flowers.

Where the soil is naturally deep, or where the soft earth from excavations has been suffered to lie and become overgrown, these flowers are better to look at and add to the beauty of whatever stands among them. No one who has seen the great mutilated altar close to the Theatre of Dionysus, rising out of a tangle of acanthus leaves and blue goat's beard blossoms, will forget how much it gains in mere picturesqueness from its little associates. The tomb-reliefs of the Outer Ceramicus (the "Potters' Field"), both the originals wisely left, and the casts cautiously set up in the place where the reliefs were found, though they stand on the line of the old road (like the tombs on the Via Appia outside Rome), are yet on a road which is green and overgrown with a wealth of leaf and blossom.

Behind these tombs are the scanty remains of the Dipylon Gate, exposed since my last visit, and already growing green. From so humble a fragment it is hard to re-construct in the mind the gate and the wall—or rather the walls, for more than one line has come to light there.

"The foundations of the line of wall in which the Dipylon Gate is set may well have formed part of the original wall as built by Themistocles, and some of the lower courses of the same date still remain; during the excavations there were actually found, built into the wall, some early tombstones which illustrate the statement of Thucydides, that in the haste of the building, 'many tombstones and wrought blocks from earlier edifices were pressed into the service.' On the hill that slopes up to the south, though the foundations are early, the superstructure is of the most heterogeneous character; and so we are reminded of the fact that Sulla had razed this portion to the ground. Outside the main wall at this point was a second line of wall set about twenty feet in front of it, and constructed in a good period, perhaps the fourth century." (Gardner, p. 64.)

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It is hard also to imagine any of the scenes that this gate has beheld, perhaps most hard to call up the picture of the night when Sulla's army stormed the town somewhere close by here, and of the day following, when the blood of the massacred Athenians "ran out under the gate into the suburb." Yet that must be one of the most important things which have happened in this region : for the great slaughter would go far to alter the population of the city. Where Athenians had been, there came in (as a plain speaker said about a century afterwards) "the offscourings of many peoples."

Another sort of change has passed and is still passing over Athens—the reconsideration of some of her great sites. The spade and the careful collation of ancient written evidence have made some changes necessary and opened yet further questions. The "Theseum" is, as we said, given up. The old harbours of Phaleron and Piræus have had to submit to re-arranging their names. The third Long Wall is displaced. The position of Callirrhœ is still under discussion. We are rather glad to find that Mr. Gardner throws the great weight of his authority on the side of the old view that Callirrhœ was in the bed of the river Ilissus. But the disappearance of the masonry about it is total, and the volume of water yielded very small. When I visited Athens before, the site of the old Agora was still thought open to question : now there must be few who doubt that it lay North of the Areopagus and Acropolis. The Pnyx has been challenged for many years ; but Mr. Gardner, maintaining the old site, removes ingeniously what was in our eyes the greatest difficulty, that of the ground sloping down *away* from the speaker. The Pnyx, he says,

"Lies just beyond the Areopagus, and appears just above it in the view from the Propylæa. In the slope of the hill facing the Acropolis is a scarped face of rock, not straight, but consisting of two equal portions meeting at an obtuse angle ; and where they meet is a square block, like an altar, approached by steps, all cut in the living rock. Below the scarp is a semi-circular area, retained at its outer edge by a

wall of huge blocks, partly squared, partly polygonal. At either side, where the ends of this semi-circular retaining wall abut against the face of rock, they are considerably higher than the foot of the square block : but in the middle several of the upper courses have given way, and consequently the area retained by the wall now slopes downward from the face of rock. If, however, we imagine the retaining wall of the same height throughout the whole semi-circle, we must restore the area which it contained as sloping down from the circumference toward the centre, like a rather shallow theatre. Such a form would be admirably adapted for a place of popular assembly." (P. 103.)

True, but then where are the hard seats of rock on which Demos could not sit comfortably without a cushion, as Aristophanes says?

But all that we can see on the lower ground or on the outer hills must pale in interest before the most ancient City, the Acropolis itself. Let us take our way thither across the Hill of Mars, the Areopagus. Nothing can be much barer than this venerable monument. Now, in spring, there are tufts of green and some flowers about it, chiefly in cracks of the rock, but in a few weeks these will have perished under the intense sun ; not a single shrub or tree relieves the outline of the hill. In the main it is a mass of rock sloping up from the Theseum neighbourhood, and dropping less gently at the end which fronts the Acropolis. The only thing to break its regular outline is on the North side a cleft (now disgracefully filthy), where once the Eumenides were worshipped in gloom and awe. We say the only thing, for the remains of seats, or whatever they may be, cut in the rock, and associated by universal consent with the Court of the Areopagus, are of so humble a sort that they are positively hard to find. We scramble down over them, and so by the ancient steps to the level of the carriage-road, and push on again up-hill to the entrance of the Acropolis.

This, too, has been changed. We are let in now by the Beulé Gate, the opening that is exactly at the west end of the hill ; whereas formerly we entered by a gate round the corner to the south. Our finer susceptibilities about time and place were then

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offended by some strange bits of sculpture which lay about the entrance, obviously Byzantine, and no fit preparation for visitors going up to see what is left of Periclean Athens. Now these are out of sight, and we begin immediately the ascent to the columns which Mnesicles put up for his Propylæa. Roofless as they now are, admitting the daylight straight from above, these are singularly shadeless, glaring, and ineffective, and they put an extra strain upon the visitor who would fain recover something of the old aspect of the place. But, just inside, a small carved stone carries us straight back to the time when these were erected and roofed. "The most active of Pericles' workmen," Plutarch tells us, "fell from the top of the works, and the doctors despaired of his life. And when Pericles was in low spirits, the goddess Athena appeared to him in a dream and told him of a remedy. This Pericles used and quickly cured the sufferer : and so he set up the bronze statue of Athena, Goddess of Health, on the Acropolis beside the already existing altar." The basis of this statue, with the inscription, has been found and stands on or near its old place.

As we climb up we see by degrees that much more has been done in the examination of the ground. The great mounds of regularly heaped earth down below, just south of the hill (well shown in the most familiar photograph), indicate how much loose soil has been moved off the Acropolis, and make us wonder why they have not been spread and turned to agricultural account. But these heaps were there twenty years ago. Since their time, since a time when it already looked as if the Acropolis were scraped to the bone, far more thorough diggings have been carried out, and with excellent results. Nakedness, exposure to injurious weather, stripping bare of work which in its fresh isolation looks rather raw and thin—these things have followed upon the more recent excavations, but the finds are worth them all. The place had to be examined. Nothing venture, nothing have : and, till we dig, how can we tell what there is to discover? No one could have

guessed at the great treasure of early sculpture waiting hidden in a depression of the rock.*

But digging is one thing, and demolition is another. Since we were here last the Bastion of Odysseus has followed the Tower of the Franks and the minaret of the Parthenon. The Turkish Wall of Fragments, too, has recently disappeared. How far is this destruction right or necessary? We hardly know. Professor Freeman had no hesitation on the point, and he wrote in no flattering terms of the "pedants" who destroyed the Tower. The stones of Bastion or Tower, once separated, are of no further interest. The Turkish wall was made up of fragments, Greek, Byzantine, and other, all carved and wrought, and all susceptible of interest, even apart. Doubtless they are now all in the Museum. No one likes to see a historical or architectural monument disappear, but such a loss is sometimes a necessity. Almost any structure, whether loose, as this wall, or regularly built, as the Bastion and the Tower, must give place if there is good assurance of finding something better or of learning something on their site. Our own explorers in England have not hesitated lately to cut into our Roman Wall in Northumberland. But, if the motive of demolition be merely patriotism misapplied or architectural Puritanism, then the wrath of Professor Freeman is justified.

Digging, we say, is one thing and demolition another. Surely re-erection is a third. Here we are glad to find ourselves in line with Mr. Gardner.

"A matter on which considerable difference of opinion is possible is the question of restoration. When all the portions of an ancient building are lying around its foundation, it may seem at first sight a harmless and even desirable proceeding to rebuild it again out of its original materials. We have, however, seen, in the case of the

* In a like spirit "the excavations at Priene, which resulted in important acquisitions [to the British Museum], were conducted at the expense and under the direction of the Society of Dilettanti, reinforced by pecuniary assistance from Mr. Ruskin." (E. T. Cook, *Popular Handbook—British Museum*, p. xxi.)

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Parthenon, a warning of the impossibility of replacing the drums of a Doric column when once they have fallen; the fluting of the columns can never regain that perfect regularity which it obtained at first by being carried out after the column was erected; and, in its absence, the result is an unsatisfactory and even revolting appearance, as of a galvanized corpse. In the case of the little temple of Nike, indeed, the restored building is a distinct gain to a distant view of the Acropolis, and reproduces pretty nearly the original effect; though even here the lines of the temple, when seen from near, are displeasing to the eye. The very perfection of Greek architectural form makes its reconstruction from dismembered blocks an impossibility." (P. 509.)

We can see for ourselves how true these statements are. The miniature temple of Nike Apteros (or Athena Nike), standing out boldly above us on our right as we climb to the Propylæa, on a high foundation of masonry, is a plain warning against reconstruction. No rebuilding could ever be undertaken under more favourable circumstances. All the stones were found on the spot; there was no doubt as to the identification or place; yet the result is tame and lifeless. The joints have been chipped; the fluting is out of line; the drums of the columns no longer meet quite evenly. The platform on which the temple stands is, of course, a remarkably good look-out point.

Passing inside the Propylæa, we find a little thing on which no book that we know of throws light. A sort of pathway starts from the Propylæa, not quite in the centre, and goes about one-third of the way to the Parthenon before dying out. It is very narrow, say two to two-and-a-half feet wide, and marked on the native rock by a series of transverse grooves. What are these, and of what period? Many years ago there was at one point on the path a lump of concrete or cement fixed firmly into the grooves: now it seems to be gone. But the question remains, What were the grooves for? Were they simply to make a better foothold for the horses and chariots of the great time of Athens? (But the cement would be against that, and they are not at the steepest part of the hill.) Or were they cut to hold cement and

make a firm roadway of that kind? Or are they something of altogether later date? No writer appears to mention them.

Away on our left, as we follow this track, stands the Erechtheum, now under repair. Its repair, we suppose, is necessary; but the place was scraped uncomfortably clean years ago; and Mr. Gardner speaks of it as already "perhaps the most extensively restored building in Athens." When we saw it of yore, there was something still which might pass for the marks of Poseidon's trident, and some pious hand had planted a little olive tree. Now that tree has had to make place again for workmen, and we hear nothing of its shooting afresh. "I will now explain," as Herodotus says,

"why I have made mention of this circumstance. There is a temple of Erechtheus the Earth-born, as he is called, in this citadel, containing within it an olive tree and a sea. The tale goes among the Athenians, that they were placed there as witnesses by Poseidon and Athene, when they had their contention about the country. Now, this olive tree had been burnt with the rest of the temple when the barbarians took the place. But when the Athenians, whom the King had commanded to offer sacrifice, went up into the temple for the purpose, they found a fresh shoot, as much as a cubit in length, thrown out from the old trunk. Such at least was the account which these persons gave" (Hdt. viii, 55. Rawlinson's Translation).

Where, however, is the "sea"? The interpreters say that this was a well of salt-water. But why there? and, if there, what has become of it? There are tanks and cisterns underground, but no salt-water.

To the right again of our path, as we go East, we find the Parthenon, recently restored, and yet wonderfully fresh after all its vicissitudes. Unroofed, with its centre blown out by the Venetian shell, with its sculptures mostly removed to safer places, and its west front still splashed with the marks of cannon balls—it is none the less dignified and impressive beyond compare. In itself a compendium of history, it reveals to us in little marks and traces, here and there, what curious changes of purpose it has

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undergone. Now it was a temple of Athene Parthenos, Athene the Virgin; then dedicated by Greek Christianity to another Virgin; then a Roman Catholic Church; then a mosque, and a powder magazine; now the object of a world-wide curiosity and admiration without any mixture of religious feeling.

When we last looked upon this great building, we approached it from the West over ground containing two open graves, probably Turkish, with bones in them. To the South lay a deep, recently opened pit, evidently in made earth. The soil, where exposed in section, was traversed across and across by veins of greenish stuff, apparently decayed or oxidised bronze, and I took these to be remains of the bronze gates of other buildings in that part, destroyed or melted by the fire which the Persians kindled. Little, however, seems to have come out of that particular excavation as compared with what other diggings have yielded.

But the Parthenon is not to be left in a hurry. Even in its present state it has many lessons for us, and close examination lets us into many secrets of its construction.

"Dr. Curtius, in writing on the Greek temple, has finely pointed out how, though so simple in its proportions, it yet comprises a variety of mutual relations and uses. 'There is the contrast between vertical and horizontal, between open and closed, between supporting and supported, yet all dissolves in a higher harmony, which arises before one's eyes in solemn and tranquillising calm, embodying the sacred significance of Measure and Law.' . . . The aspect of vital harmony in the form of a Greek temple was gained by subtle and delicate calculations. In peripteral temples, for instance, the corner columns were just a little larger than the others; all the columns sloped slightly inwards toward the building, and were rather thicker midway between top and bottom. This slight swelling of the column was called *entasis*, and prevented it from seeming to get thinner in the middle, as is the tendency of perfectly straight pillars. Thus, by a system of finely curved and sloping lines, the effect of straightness, harmony, and stability was produced on the eye." (Miss Legge, pp. 18-22.)*

* Miss Legge's very unassuming and modest little book is useful as putting together shortly and clearly what is known of the lives of the Greek sculptors and what is known or inferred of the quality of their schools. As we shall see later on, it is a convenient work to have in hand in the galleries of the Athenian museums, and that is partly because it does not confine itself to artists

To this enumeration of curves underlying apparently straight lines we must of course add Mr. Penrose's demonstration that the steps of the Parthenon are not perfectly straight, but slightly convex.

With what Dr. Curtius, quoted above, says of the solemn and tranquillizing effect of such a building, it is worth while to contrast the remarks of a much older traveller, one who looked on the Parthenon before it was injured, even before it changed its god. Of what use, urged Seneca the Younger, is foreign travel to the moralist? (Letter 104.) "Suppose you have gone to Athens, or suppose to Rhodes, . . . no good will that running to and fro do you, for you travel with your own passions, your own evils follow you. Indeed, I wish they did *follow* you—they would then be further off. As it is, you carry, not precede, them. . . . No journey can put you beyond desires and fears and anger." Seneca argues plausibly, yet Dr. Curtius felt differently, and we all of us, when we pass within the Parthenon or the lonely temples of Paestum, feel that Seneca had not got hold of all the truth. And it is odd that he should have forgotten what another art, a sister art to architecture, had achieved. In the statue of Olympian Zeus at Olympia, Pheidias, the master-spirit of the Parthenon, had enriched Peloponnese too with a statue whose moral effect we must, unless we deliberately reject a wide body of testimony, rate very high. To calm, to soothe, and tranquillize, are the very powers ascribed to this great figure.

The sculptures of the Parthenon are of course chiefly, but not altogether, in London. Paris, Copenhagen, and Palermo have a few fragments, and many still remain at Athens. Of these again some have of late years been taken down and put under cover on the Acropolis along with a few casts of pieces in the British Museum. That every fragment of the pediments and frieze, if not of the metopes, should be under cover and no longer exposed

at Athens. Miss Legge enables us to enlarge our view and contrast one school with another, as the Argive with the Athenian. We come back to Athens after such an excursion with the feeling that the glance away has taught us something new about the Athenian schools themselves. Indeed each set of artists, as Miss Legge teaches us, throws light on others.

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to the weather is most desirable. The very clearing-out and consequent isolation of old monuments must expose them to rain and frost in a way which they had not to fear when they were covered over or built up by later erections. The tiny reliefs on the Choric Monument of Lysicrates (the "Lantern of Demosthenes") show how weather has told upon the work even in the short time which has elapsed since a cast of them was secured for the British Museum; and the chances of war and earthquake must also be remembered about Athens. We think, therefore, that, as the less of two evils, the Parthenon must be content to go even more bare of its plastic decorations, and we are glad to find that the Government has already put a share of what remains safe into the Acropolis Museum. But neither the Athenians nor their visitors will, we fancy, be content much longer with so few pieces of the frieze. A complete set of casts of the whole, so far as the French or English have it to give, should enjoy a long gallery to itself at Athens, and be added to the original pieces which the city has still kept. Probably the little hill of the Acropolis (barely four-and-a-half minutes' walk from the foot of the Propylæa to the East end) cannot find room for so large a display: but, if so, the mere desire, however natural, to keep together all the objects which belong to the Acropolis must give way.

But whoever would henceforth adequately enjoy these priceless sculptures must begin by understanding them with Dr. Murray's help.* His keen perception of what the sculptors meant to

* His stately volume reproduces in its lavish illustrations every fragment which is known to exist of Parthenon sculpture, as well as the drawings by Carrey or Stuart of portions since lost. The 158 yards which are still preserved or otherwise known out of the original 174 yards of the frieze furnish a long sheet of photogravures in a special pocket. Here we get the procession and the meeting of the gods put together for our quiet study. As to the pediment-groups, Dr. Murray finds in the secondary figures not so much gods of Olympus as personifications or heroes of the Attic landscapes, to whom comes news about Athena that deeply concerns them. He will not, of course, carry everyone with him, but his temperate discussion moves the matter on a stage toward settlement. He suggests that his present examination of the sculptures is on artistic more than on archaeological lines, but the two things cannot really be separated. It is extraordinary to observe how much long familiarity and mature reflection have taught him to see in the sculptures. Their varying slope, their different degrees of relief, the bearing of the light and the angle or distance in which they were originally meant to be seen, these are points to which the ordinary visitor has no chance of doing justice unless he is guided by an expert.

express, his sympathetic appreciation of the feeling under which they worked and those which they were trying to meet, his ready application of literary hints and other ancient aids in furtherance of the task of interpretation, make his new book indispensable to the traveller or to the stay-at-home student. Such minute knowledge was certainly not built up by one man, nor is it the fruit of only a few years; it has been long growing: and the student must not expect to capture with a rush the secrets of Greek sculpture or all the meanings of the Parthenon frieze: but let him trust himself patiently to Dr. Murray's guidance, and all will be well. Dr. Murray combines the advantages of a naturally penetrating eye with those of a thorough study of the great literature of the subject.

Even those views about the Parthenon sculptures which Dr. Murray would claim only as possible—as his theory—not as certain, have a charm or instruction for us, especially when we think them over, either in the presence of the Elgin Marbles, or in the very different atmosphere of the Acropolis. If they are not true, they well might be, and they light up for us what may have been in the mind of the Great Director of Works and of the citizens who saw his designs grow. Behind the obvious meaning of the pedimental figures, the Birth of Athena and the Struggle of the Rival Deities; behind the plain subject of the frieze—the great procession of citizens to honour their own goddess,—there lies, if we may follow Dr. Murray, a further meaning to which the metopes give us the clue. Those entangled and struggling figures in our Museum, which visibly interest our public much less than the other sculptures from the same building, have a special and appropriate sense of their own. “In the metopes we have a long series of combats with barbarism, in which we may trace the state of things which Athena was born to rectify.” For the working out of this central idea we can but refer readers to Dr. Murray's book.

But with all the labour of love spent on these priceless figures,

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there is much yet to be done in interpreting and naming them. Dr. Murray is remarkable for his candid suspension of judgment about certain points and his hope of fresh evidence to settle in the future what is uncertain to-day. A good example of such uncertainty is afforded by the figures L and M of the Eastern pediment (now in the British Museum). Dr. Murray sees in them "interested local spectators" of the Birth of Athena: while Dr. Waldstein finds "Thalassa, the Sea, reclining in the lap of Gaia, the Earth; Thalassa, whose exquisite drapery, with its rippling multitudinous folds, implies, in a manner of unequalled beauty, the fluent quality of the sea." (Miss Legge, p. 94.) The more that acute observers like these point out small beauties and appropriatenesses in the workmanship of the Parthenon sculptures, the more difficult it is to refuse bluntly any ingenious argument, any such bit of appropriateness as this of the "undulations" or "fluid rhythm"; and we are left with conflicting arguments, evenly balanced, and each suggesting such beauties of idea that choice is painful or impossible.

The Acropolis Museum has been very considerably developed, and its collections now possess enormous importance. When we remember the huddled little collection of former years, we are the more impressed at sight of the care with which the marbles are now arranged in spacious rooms. There is one striking difference between the looks of collections of sculpture in Greece and in Italy. The latter country has often housed her collections in old palaces or town halls, and the architecture, both outside and inside the building, gives a fitting frame to the figures, lends them dignity, and softens away the incongruity inevitable where many pieces of different age, style, and subject are put together.* In Greece the collections are much more of one time and kind, it is true; but Greece has no palaces or town halls: and her sculptures

* Sometimes the character or other modern use of these old Italian buildings makes them unsuitable as museums, but that is not what we are speaking of just now. The very interesting little collection of sculpture at Mantua is kept over, directly above, a great store of fire-wood and timber!

are now to be seen in buildings simply made for the purpose and possessing no age or character of their own. They may be specially adapted, as the dimensions of the great hall in the Museum at Olympia are meant to reproduce the breadth of the temple of Olympian Zeus, and so to fit the pediment statues: but they have a cold, uninhabited, show-room sort of look. Yet, at all events, there is space, there is light, and care is taken of what is exhibited. The Acropolis Museum, too, has been placed with taste and judgment in a site (east of the Parthenon) so far sunk that the building is little seen by visitors strolling on the summit, and does not in any way appear on the outline of the hill as viewed from a distance. If we contrast this happy reserve with the way in which Olympia is dominated, almost to the dwarfing of Mount Kronion, by a showy museum and a great hotel, both planted on a hill, we shall feel what a danger Athens has escaped. It is impossible to enumerate a tithe of the important sculptures now stored on the Acropolis, but we must not leave unmentioned the considerable remains from the pediments of temples older than the existing Parthenon, or the quaint collection of figures of Athenian ladies. These have all come to light since about 1884 in the diggings on the Acropolis, and, of course, they cannot be matched elsewhere. So far, the traces of colour on the ladies' robes have survived the coming of light and air, and, as each is safely under glass, the inevitable fading may be postponed for some time. The history of these statues is curious; their destruction was their preservation:—

“Just before the battle of Salamis the Persians entered Athens, knocked down, broke, or carried away its statues, and set fire to the old temples. Afterwards, stimulated by their victories, the Athenians adorned the Acropolis anew, and they levelled its inequalities and enlarged its surface by means of the mass of débris of the overthrown temples and statues. In this way these figures and many others were hidden underground near the Erechtheum, shortly after the year 480 B.C., therefore we can safely date them as belonging to a previous period. . . . They now stand in the Acropolis Museum, and

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form, certainly, a striking and extraordinarily vivid assembly of women—extremely valuable as specimens of early Attic art. Archaic, stiff, erect, robed in elaborate drapery richly decorated with painted bands and borders, drapery hanging loosely but with exquisitely refined arrangement of folds over the body, yet drawn tightly by the left hand round the legs—what gives these statues their marvellous animation? The answer is unmistakable—the treatment of the face. The hair is mostly in spirals, or curves, or zigzags, but the faces, whatever they may lack, have at any rate *life*. Archaic, primitive as the statues are, in their vitality lies the promise which culminated in the great performance of the following century. And even in them is a progress towards loveliness. Two of the heads, the two most advanced, have a beauty and quaint fascination hardly to be put into words. The eyes look natural, the mouth and cheeks are delicately moulded, and the odd archaic smile has been softened into an expression so elusive that we seem to understand what the writer, Lucian, meant when he spoke of a ‘sweet and subtle smile.’ . . . From the gradual advance in style to be observed in these figures we can infer that they were made during a period extending over forty years, and it is a vexed question whom they were intended to represent. Certainly not the goddess Athena; probably not priestesses; the most likely supposition is that they were figures of votaries, worshippers of the goddess, who dedicated to her their own statues.” (Miss Legge, pp. 43-47.)

These figures are very unlike the older conceptions of Greek art, the feeling of the days which were fostered in blind admiration of the Apollo Belvidere; but it is just this enlargement of our materials and our knowledge which makes the discovery so important. We see so much more now of the history and the growth of the art that we can appreciate the later works more rightly by comparing them with the difficulties and the triumphs of earlier artists, and can reduce to a juster position figures which we over-admired while we had few standards of comparison. Professor Percy Gardner, in his introduction to Miss Legge's *History*, says—“Compared with the art of Egypt and Assyria, that of Greece is humanly modern; compared with the art of Japan it is noble; compared with the art of modern nations, it is infinitely simple, quiet, and dignified.” This, I take it, applies

only to the best age. The remains from Pergamus are neither simple, quiet, nor dignified. But, with all the striving after life, on which Miss Legge lays stress, the spectator will turn away from the Athenian Ladies with the feeling that they are indeed infinitely prepossessing in their gentle dignity and simplicity. Miss Legge's illustration at p. 44 does justice to the calm beauty of its subject.

Before we go down again from the height, we ought to look round us at the views and notice what changes there are. The mountains stand unchanged. The little scar on Pentelicus, which marks the works of an active Marble Company, can hardly be seen, and does no harm. But the hill we stand on and the town below it have altered amazingly—not within the last few years so much as in the period since Otho—or even since George—mounted the throne of Greece. What the Acropolis used to be like we can still tell from drawings and pictures which are not yet so very old. Covered with Turkish domestic buildings, ringed with comparatively modern walls, deep in earth, green with a vegetation of figs and olives, and carpeted by wild blossoms of a hundred sorts, the Acropolis, which the young Greek nation took over from its former masters, looked singularly unlike what it is to-day. The painting of the Erechtheum, by Prosper Marilhat (1811-1847; No. 334 in the Wallace Collection), shows us two things there for which we might now search in vain—aloes and camels. Everything, as we said, has now been cleared for the sake of research, for the ends of art and archæology. The hill has little earth on it except what the dust of the city is again beginning to deposit. Every mediæval and modern wall and building is gone. What there is hidden, above or below ground, we must find, the Greeks said; and they are well rewarded for their pains. They have now a hill which is less roughly picturesque, but which can never lose its majesty, and which has rewarded its explorers with an endless series of inscriptions, of statues, architectural fragments and minor objects. The foundations of the primeval

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palace near the Erechtheum have opened an entirely new page of Athenian history ; and the inscriptions fill up many a gap in the religious story of the city, and in our knowledge of how its local business was done and its foreign empire constituted. We must balance what we have recovered against what we have lost.

When we look beyond the somewhat cold and arid stone on which we tread, a gayer picture meets our eyes. Very light, bright, and airy is the view of the long valley between the hills. The shadows of the floating clouds relieve the grey slopes, and the very olives of the plain do not look dark here, as they do in Italy. Perhaps they are lighted up at this moment (April) by reflection from the intense green of the young corn about them. What a difference it would make if the hills, too, could be persuaded to turn green and bear woodland trees. Many people think this possible, and say that, if the hostility of goats and goatherds could be got over, there is no reason why timber should not grow, at least up the sides of the hills. I am not so sure of this ; the absence of humus must make the growth very slow, if possible at all, and the expense of a fair and full trial would be another burden for a poor country. But the experiment might be worth making if experienced foresters from other countries decided that it could be tried on a reduced or merely local scale in the first instance.

Between us and the open plain spreads the new capital, very modern and bright looking. Houses painted red or blue or green seem less numerous than they used to be ; but the colours which are now used, are, like the building stone itself, light and cheerful. Few tall chimneys disfigure the landscape, though there is one far too near to the Theseum. In another point the aspect is greatly changed. Old views of Athens (for instance the one on the title-page of Sibthorp's *Flora Græca*) show a little town that positively bristled with minarets. Now there is no minaret whatever left, and the city has indeed enlarged its borders. That is to say, Athens has, as it were, sunk down, shrunk vertically, and spread

in width. Church towers, even if we include domes, make very little show here, and do nothing to redeem the appearance of flatness. There is only one mosque left. It is not used for its original purpose, and I hardly understand why it is spared when the Athenians have made so clean a sweep of everything else which they do not care to remember.

A certain number of large and rather imposing buildings are visible in the streets from our elevation, not to mention the King's palace ; and they excite some surprise in one who remembers how poor Greece is. Whether these buildings are public or private, the outlay must have been great, and must in most cases fall ultimately on the people themselves. No doubt foreigners have helped, or have lent money ; Athens always did get foreign aid. But Greece is only a poor little kingdom, starved for space by the jealousy of the Powers and the resistance of Turkey, originally confined to the most unproductive parts of the peninsula, and only recently somewhat relieved by the acquisition of the corn-fields of Thessaly. She is compelled by her situation to have a foreign policy which costs much in all ways, and a big outlay on buildings sets one wondering. But Greece must needs prove her civilization to be of the genuine Western type, and perhaps this is one way of doing it.

It is curious how Athens has always enjoyed help from abroad, and generally help voluntarily given. The world cannot say that she has not done her own share of work, but she has also in a marked degree got others to work for her. At least three times in her history she has, as the phrase goes, been a centre of attraction as well as of production. First, in the best days of her old republic, there came to her not only philosophers with gifts of thought, not only allies with tribute, but also artists and craftsmen. Hence that convergence of streams of tendency in, for instance, sculpture which had such happy results for the Attic school about the end of the sixth or the beginning of the fifth century. Then in later days, when Athens stood, still a republic, among great

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kingdoms, or rested under the shadow of the vast Roman state, many were the benefactions and endowments showered on her from outside. The temple of Olympian Zeus, begun by the Pisistratidæ, remained unfinished for centuries. Antiochus IV., of Syria (a foreigner, therefore), employed on it one Cossutius, a Roman, as architect, but left it still incomplete. Yet even in that state it so struck the historian Livy that he proclaimed it "the one temple on earth which matches the greatness of its god." The Roman Emperor, Hadrian, finished it, and lavished on Athens many other expensive gifts. Antoninus Pius helped to improve her water supply. The Stoa of Eumenes, that of Attalus, and that of Ptolemy are presents from foreign kings. The South wall of the Acropolis, too, was decorated with statues by King Attalus of Pergamus. And now, in these latest of days, foreign excavators, students, and schools are bringing to light the hidden treasures of Athens and putting meaning into her shattered sculptures. Beside them the Greek Government is at work, but results would have come in more tardily without foreign aid.

We cannot remember that the Turkish governors of Athens ever did anything for her antiquities. We shudder to think how many masterpieces of sculpture must have been mutilated in those days from fanaticism or burnt into lime from Turkish economy. We can put nothing to the 'Turks' credit. The Museum of Antiquities at Constantinople reveals a development of Turkish character (or business capacity) later than the day when Athens was a Mussulman town.

Ever since this foreign horde was withdrawn from Greek soil, the Greek nation has been labouring to work back to its past. Even many years before the War of Liberation patriotic Greeks abroad had been trying to educate and re-nationalize their crushed compatriots: and, wherever it is possible to do so, the modern kingdom, its societies, and its wealthier citizens, have all been strenuous in the work of re-constituting the Greek nation on the basis of its old language, literature, and thought. We should be

the last to deny that there is sometimes something grotesque about this forced revival of the past. But, as the generations go on, if the effort is continued and the education pushed, what was revival will become a new living tradition. And, whatever the modern Greeks are by race, whether the old culture is really theirs by inheritance or not, it is for the general good of Europe that one people at least, even if it be but a small one, should be steadily and intentionally soaking itself with such Hellenism as it can recover from the abyss of time.

"Whatever the Greeks are by race!" Who can say what they are? Mixed beyond doubt: possibly a mixed race in Pericles' time? certainly a mixed race before Piso told them to their faces that they were "offscourings"; far more mixed by the intrusion of Slavs and Albanians, and by the forcible seizure, going on for centuries, of women and children by Vandals or pirates or Turks. But there are some curious facts elsewhere which show an apparent ability of the native race or races of a country to revive after a time, to increase faster than the newer comers, or to absorb them. And, however this may be, there is an assimilating process as well as an absorbing one; and the determined Hellenism of the present day must be increasing the rate at which Slavonic or other alien blood is being merged and one type of character or training produced. The process will go on fastest in the towns, but even military service will help it. What is a race? Take Mr. Flinders Petrie's definition: A race is a group of persons whose type has become unified by their rate of assimilation, and affection by their conditions, exceeding the rate of change produced by foreign elements. This is not quite what was understood by *race* a generation ago, but it is a key worth applying to many European problems.

But, anyhow, when we have stayed among the Greeks in their own country, they inspire us with sympathy and goodwill. We lose sight of the tricks of railway-porters, hotel-clerks, and shopmen. We take a wider view, and remember that disparaging pro-

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verbs were coined in the days when no Greek was a free man. We are willing to think of the modern citizen in the light that he claims for himself. We remember his burdens, and reflect with regret that they may become heavier still. Much, very much, has been done : much remains to do. Above all, it must be borne in mind that nothing can be got or kept to-day unless men can and will fight for it. We end, therefore, pretty much where we began—with the wish to see a Greek army for use and not for show. Spirit must flourish, as well as Intelligence, in the Greek character. When Plato wrote that Intelligence or Quickness was the chief feature of his compatriots, the humiliation of Greece was not far off.

REVIEW.

The Works of John Ruskin. Edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn. Library Edition. Volumes I., II., III., and IV. London: George Allen, 1903.

IT is the intention of those responsible for this edition to bring together the whole of the published writings of Ruskin, which are at present contained in some seventy or eighty volumes, excluding a large number of pamphlets and magazines. Many of these volumes and pamphlets have for a long time been out of print and practically inaccessible to the general reader. The editors of the new edition announce that it will not only include all Ruskin's books current in other editions, but all publications by him now out of print or only privately circulated, together with all his letters, articles, and other writings published but not hitherto collected, and that all the different editions of his works will be collated, thus bringing within the pages of each book everything that he at any time published in it. The edition will also contain all the illustrations which have previously appeared in any of Ruskin's works. Where possible the original plates will be used; in other cases the best modern processes will be employed. A large number of the author's drawings which have not hitherto appeared and some portraits and other illustrations will also be included.

So far as we have written we have been guided by the statements made by the editors in their announcements of this new edition, but as the first four volumes are now before us we are enabled to adequately judge as to the manner in which the great task involved in this publication is being carried out. We have no hesitation in saying that this edition of Ruskin's works will place all his admirers under a great debt of gratitude alike to his literary executors and to his publisher. It is, in a true sense of

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the word, a beautiful edition, and one worthy of the great teacher. In only one respect do we confess to a slight disappointment: the paper, though otherwise excellent, is not sufficiently opaque.

The first volume of this edition contains Ruskin's early pieces, written prior to the publication of the first volume of *Modern Painters* in 1843, when the author was in his twenty-fifth year. Mr. E. T. Cook contributes a masterly introduction, in which he tells the main story of Ruskin's early life and gives "the biographical data necessary for placing the several pieces in relation to the influences in Ruskin's environment and education which they reflect." Though this introduction may not contain many new facts, it is marked by sympathetic yet critical insight, and it presents us with a thoughtful and original picture of the young author and his surroundings. Its value, in this as in the other volumes, is much increased by the liberal extracts which are given from Ruskin's private letters and diaries.

The most important work in the first volume is *The Poetry of Architecture*, which originally appeared in *The Architectural Magazine* in the years 1837-8. This, like many of the other pieces which accompany it, is of special interest because it shews many of those great qualities which mark Ruskin's later works. His power of interpreting the beautiful; the association of moral considerations with his criticisms of architecture; the wholly original standpoint from which he writes; his intellectual bravery in resisting the conventions of his day; all these features are to be found, more or less pronounced, in *The Poetry of Architecture*. Not less interesting is it as showing the development of his literary style. All the essential marks of his more mature work are visible. Here are that mastery of words, that entire confidence in the use of his own tongue, and that freedom amid the subtleties of our language which are always associated with his name.

The first volume also contains the many contributions which Ruskin made to Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History* and to Loudon's *Architectural Magazine*, as well as many minor pieces.

The three letters and an essay on "Literature" found in his tutor's desk are also included, as is his charming fairy tale, "The King of the Golden River." The interest of the latter piece is heightened by the inclusion of the whole of Richard Doyle's original drawings, together also with a number of sketches which he made for the story, but for which others were ultimately substituted. It may be fairly claimed for Doyle that in these delightful sketches he has interpreted the spirit in which Ruskin wrote the story.

Mr. Cook, in his Preface to the first volume, has enabled us to realise something of the debt which the world owes to John Claudius Loudon, the editor who encouraged Ruskin's first efforts as a writer and gave them to the world. It was a great thing for Ruskin that he should at the commencement of his career have received the help of this chivalrous and far-sighted man, who in 1838 thus addressed the elder Ruskin:—

"Your son is certainly the greatest natural genius that ever it has been my fortune to become acquainted with, and I cannot but feel proud to think that at some future period, when both you and I are under the turf, it will be stated in the literary history of your son's life that the first article of his which was published was in Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History*."

The second volume is devoted to Ruskin's poems. They are of great biographical interest, and many of them are of great, even rare, merit. But Ruskin was not a great poet in verse, and he was wise enough to recognise this, and to use prose as the chief medium for expressing his thoughts. It is doubtless due, in some measure, to the great fame he attained as a prose writer, that his claims as a poet have been frequently depreciated to an unjust extent. He at least had the poetic spirit in a large measure, and this collection of his verses contains many poems of great beauty, marked by true feeling and happy conceits. The volume contains a large number of exquisite reproductions of drawings made by Ruskin to illustrate the poems.

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The third volume is devoted to the first book of *Modern Painters*. The frontispiece is an exquisite reproduction in photo-gravure of *The author of "Modern Painters,"* 1843, from the water-colour drawing by George Richmond, and the volume contains many other plates from drawings by Turner and by Ruskin. In his introduction Mr. Cook shows how the idea of *Modern Painters* was conceived, and traces its development from a pamphlet to the great work it became. The first volume of *Modern Painters* appeared in 1843, when Ruskin was twenty-four, but the germ of the book dates back to 1836, when, at the age of seventeen, Ruskin wrote a reply to a criticism in *Blackwood's Magazine* of Turner's pictures exhibited in that year. Ruskin's father thought that Turner should be consulted before the "reply" was published, and accordingly sent it on to him. Turner was indifferent to *Blackwood's* criticisms, but sent the MS. on to the purchaser of one of the pictures criticised. Ruskin himself describes this early essay as the first chapter of *Modern Painters*, and it is printed in this edition for the first time, a copy of it having been discovered amongst his MSS. It will be read with deep interest. It would have been noteworthy from a critic of mature years: for a boy of seventeen it is, indeed, remarkable. One extract will be sufficient to show that from the first, Ruskin's pen was an eloquent one:—

"His [Turner's] imagination is Shakesperian in its mightiness. Had the scene of 'Juliet and her Nurse' risen up before the mind of a poet, and been described in 'words that burn,' it had been the admiration of the world: but, placed before us on the canvas, it becomes—what critics of the brush and pallet may shew their wit upon at the expense of their judgment; and what real artists and men of feeling and taste *must* admire, but dare not imitate. Many coloured mists are floating above the distant city, but such mists as you might imagine to be ætherial spirits, souls of the mighty dead, breathed out of the tombs of Italy into the blue of her bright heaven, and wandering in vague and infinite glory around the earth that they have loved. Instinct with the beauty of uncertain light, they move and mingle among the pale stars, and rise up into the brightness of the illimitable

heaven, whose soft, sad blue eye gazes down into the deep waters of the sea for ever,—that sea whose motionless and silent transparency is beaming with phosphor light, that emanates out of its sapphire serenity like bright dreams breathed into the spirit of a deep sleep. And the spires of the glorious city rise indistinctly bright into those living mists, like pyramids of pale fire from some vast altar; and amidst the glory of the dream, there is, as it were, the voice of a multitude entering by the eye,—arising from the stillness of the city like the summer wind passing over the leaves of the forest, when a murmur is heard amidst their multitude.

“This, oh Maga, is the picture which your critic has pronounced to be like ‘models of different parts of Venice, streaked blue and white, and thrown into a flour-tub.’!”

The fourth volume of the library edition contains the second volume of *Modern Painters*, originally published in 1846, three years after the appearance of the first book. These three years had been largely spent by Ruskin in the study in Italy of the early Christian painters—a study which proved a great revelation to him. Perhaps its chief result was the knowledge it gave him of the genius of Tintoret, which he used to such effect in this volume as to immediately establish Tintoretto's fame. Mr. Cook well points out that this volume of *Modern Painters* occupies a central place in Ruskin's system. “It sets forth the spiritual as opposed to the sensual theory of art. It expresses what he elsewhere calls ‘the first and foundational law respecting human contemplation of the natural phenomena under whose influence we exist, that they can only be seen with their properly belonging joy, and interpreted up to the measure of proper human intelligence, where they are accepted as the work and the gift of a Living Spirit greater than our own.’”

There is in this volume, as in its predecessors, a large quantity of valuable Ruskiniana collected from Ruskin's many note books and diaries, and his letters from the Continent to his parents and others. Apart from their personal interest, these give considerable help to the reader and help him to a better understanding of the spirit in which Ruskin wrote and the aims he had in view.

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Our final word must be one of praise for the editors. They have done their work not only well, but perfectly. The edition shews every mark of scholarly care. The editorial notes, which occur on almost every page of the volumes, and which must have involved an extraordinary amount of research, have placed all students of Ruskin under a very heavy obligation to the two gentlemen responsible.—J. H. W.

RUSKINIANA.

Two unpublished letters by Ruskin.

(We are enabled through the courtesy of Mr. George Baker and Mr. W. A. Cadbury respectively to reproduce the following letters.)

Brantwood,
Coniston,
Lancashire,
21st February, 1884.

Dear Mr. Baker,

Will you kindly pay enclosed Guild account up to end of last year to Messrs. Ford: it is for very first-rate work. I shall have to charge the Guild, I find, with the topaz and emeralds instead of presenting them, for I have just paid a thousand cash down for a diamond, which will be the Guild's ultimately, and called "St. George's diamond," but at present I keep it in my power. It is to be exhibited on loan at the British Museum, the first stone they ever put in their gallery on loan; it weighs 129 carats and is a perfect xl.

Were you at the Tarrant Hill meeting the other day? I hope my letter was sufficiently businesslike.

Ever your affectionate
J. Ruskin.

Brantwood,
Coniston, Lancashire,
9th May, '81.

My dear Wright,

I hope your box will get safe back to you—that tourmaline is a nasty thing to send about. You will, I regret to say, find all returned except the well xliced bit of amazon-stone and one of the agates. But I hope you will not be discouraged from sending me things. You OUGHT to know by this time that I *never* buy ores of lead : seldom large detached xls like the topaz and garnet, that I hate cut stones in *shapes*—and that round eyes can be cut out of agates by the million—if people are fools enough to like them out better than in. I am always open to good silvers—good golds, (the one you sent this time was absolutely valueless!)—to anything strange in quartzs (I would have kept the millente, but the specimen was not pretty), to anything fine in chalcedonies—and any pretty piece of crystallization in tourmaline—beryl—rutile. With these openings you ought to be able to send me a box thrilling with interest ! once a quarter at least !

Ever faithfully yours,
J. Ruskin.

The Ruskin Society of Birmingham.

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THE RUSKIN MEMORIAL SCHEME

With the view of promoting village life and rendering its conditions more popular and helpful, it has been decided that the memorial shall take the form of a village library, art gallery, and museum, which will place at the disposal of those living in the country some of those educational and higher influences, which for the most part have now to be sought for in the large towns.

The scheme was placed before the Trustees of the Bournville Village Trust, and they generously presented, free of all cost, an adequate site for the memorial. The memorial is, therefore, being erected on this site, where it will be of use to the populous districts surrounding it, which are at present wholly without any such institution.

The following are a few of the purposes for which the memorial will be used :—

- (a) Lending and reference library.
- (b) Permanent and loan exhibitions of pictures.
- (c) The gradual formation of a museum, illustrating specially the natural history of the district.
- (d) The establishment of various classes, especially such as tend to promote the study of nature, and to encourage the revival of handicrafts. In this connection it is hoped to erect a Smithy where wrought metal working and other handicrafts can be properly taught.
- (e) The publication at a low rate of reproductions of great pictures, architectural subjects, etc.
- (f) The institution of village lectures.

In carrying out these objects the committee will be guided by Mr. Ruskin's teaching, who himself suggested the establishment of similar country institutions, and they hope to make the memorial a centre of effort for the betterment of the conditions of village life. The scheme has received the warm approval of representative public men of all shades of opinion, and a list of the preliminary committee will be found on the previous page.

It is estimated that the cost of the building and its equipment will be about £5,000.

The memorial committee cordially invites the co-operation of all lovers of the great teacher, in order to assist them in carrying into effect this scheme to his memory, which is in accord with the spirit of his teaching. The honorary secretary to the memorial committee (Mr. J. H. Whitehouse, St. George's House, Bournville, near Birmingham), will be pleased to give any other information possible, and to receive subscriptions toward the memorial. A sum of upwards of £3,000 is still needed.

Extract from the Honorary Secretary's Official Statement at the laying of the foundation stone by Lord Avebury.

“The Ruskin Society of Birmingham has existed for some seven years to do honour to the great teacher whose name it bears. It has endeavoured to promote the study of his works and to make them a real power in the land, and it has sought to draw together men of all parties and creeds, the bond of union being the common desire to share the spiritual impetus arising from the study of the works of one who preached a true philosophy, and the recognition that his profound genius was wholly used for the benefit of mankind.

“But since the death of Mr. Ruskin the Society decided to be no longer content with existing as an academic body only; and the members thought that the best memorial they could raise in Mr. Ruskin's honour was to carry out a practical scheme on the lines and in the spirit of his teaching.

“It was not difficult to choose such a scheme. The master's love for country life is known to his most casual reader, as also are his magnificent experiments to foster it; and the advice which in his later years he gave to those who sought his guidance as to practical work was to found a village institute to promote the higher life of the community around it.

"The Society resolved to act on this advice, and its members believed that in the district of Bournville, if they could secure the necessary facilities, they had a most suitable place for their experiment, for here some of those social reforms, notably the housing one—about which Mr. Ruskin had written long years before the statutes, conferences, and Royal commissions of our own generation—had been carried out. They therefore ventured to approach the trustees of the Bournville Village Trust and sought their co-operation. With a generosity only comparable to that shewn on so many occasions by Mr. Ruskin himself the trustees offered to present for the purposes of the memorial a site of upwards of two-and-a-half acres. Here we are building the memorial, of which Lord Avebury lays the foundation stone of the first portion to-day. That portion will embrace a library, museum and lecture room, and rooms for classes in arts and crafts.

"The site is a central one, not only for residents here, but for a group of thickly populated villages around, which are without any such institution, and we believe that no little part of the value of the memorial may be in the encouragement it will give to other village communities to copy its example. We seek to make the memorial building a centre of effort for the betterment of the conditions of village life and to bring to bear upon that life some of those higher influences which have now to be sought for in our large cities.

"We raise this memorial to Mr. Ruskin remembering that he taught us that 'There is no wealth but Life—Life including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration,' and that 'That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings.'"



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